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NAUTILUS,

OR

CRUISING UNDER CANVAS.

BY

CAPTAIN JOHN N. MAFFITT,

FORMERLY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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DEDICATION.

I AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBE

TO THE CONGENIAL SPIRIT WHO, ENJOYING THE RECITAL OF MY NAVAL EXPERIENCE, INCITED THIS ESSAY AT AUTHORSHIP—

My Wife.

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NAUTILUS.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HERO ORDERED TO THE NAUTILUS.—A DIVE INTO THE REEFER'S DEN.—OLD BRUIN IN COMMAND.—SEARCHING FOR DESERTERS.—HOW A PARSON WAS LIME-JUICED.—A DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT.—LIEUTENANT HILARITY.—QUARTER-DECK JUSTICE.

ABOUT the last of July, 18—, a frigate of historic renown lay moored off the naval hospital in Norfolk harbor, ready for sea, and under orders for the Mediterranean—a station eagerly sought for by the officers of the navy.

Though but recently commissioned, everything about her indicated the perfect man-of-war, from truck to keelson, forecastle to quarter-deck.

The meal pennant floated at the fore—a signal that the crew were at dinner. About one bell, a quartermaster reported to the officer of the deck: "A shore-boat coming alongside, sir, with a young officer."

The stranger passed the gangway, made the official

salute, and announced himself as under orders to the ship.

"Report to the first lieutenant, sir," responded the officer of the deck. "I think you will find him in the cabin." He called to one of the midshipmen of the watch and directed him to escort the stranger to the executive.

There was a mutual recognition between the youngsters.

"Paul Forbes! I am delighted to see you! How are you? We shall all be charmed to add you to our number!"

"Thank you, Clifford! It was no easy matter to obtain orders to this pet frigate; but, as you see, I have succeeded. Who are on board—any of my old friends?"

"Yes, quite a number—Randal, Benton, Hubly, and others with whom you have sailed. They will be pleased to hear of your assignment to the frigate. Report to the first lieutenant. I'll attend to your baggage. Then hasten to the port steerage, where you'll be in time for grub. Our fellows have a first-rate spread to-day."

After Paul's orders were countersigned by the commanding officer, he proceeded to the steerage. If experience had not taught him the course to steer for that famous locality of a man-of-war, the boisterous laughter of a crowd of boy-officers would have indicated the exact spot. Ere descending the ladder, he paused, and smiled at the familiar sounds.

The steerage is not inaptly termed the "Reefer's Den," as here the young wild animals are caged, fed, and berthed; here they roar, and kick up mischief generally. Blow high or blow low, these devil-may-care components

of a man-of-war heed not the weather, nor, in fact, anything that is above or beneath the ship.

Entering the port mess-room, our young gentleman found the midshipmen at dinner. Randal, an old shipmate and friend, occupied the caterer's seat, and was so interested in the business of uncorking a bottle of wine, that this addition to their number was unnoticed until Paul made his presence known.

"Hallo, Randal! Ah, my boy, ever tinkering with a cork-screw!"

"Paul Forbes! by all the rosy gods!"

The exclamation was chorussed by the entire mess, which welcomed a friend with the enthusiasm characteristic of the reefer.

"How are you, Benton?—and you, too, Hubly? Clifford told me I'd find a lot of old friends; and the sight of you is good for weak eyes. Give me a camp-stool, boy. Side out, some of you! I'm going to pitch in, for I see Randal has provided a regular banquet. Wine, too! By Jove! if some of the old magnates of the service were witnesses of this luxurious repast in a reefer's den, they'd turn green with anger, and growl out, 'The navy is going to the devil!'" Seating himself, the bottle was passed, and Forbes' health drunk with all the honors.

"You know, Paul," said Randal, "Benton's sister was married a few days ago; and, understanding that reefers were subject to 'short commons,' like a bonny good bride and considerate sister, she sent him several hampers filled with spoils from the wedding-frolic. We appreciate the fair, and have drunk to her health and happiness now and hereafter."

"A good act should be duplicated," said Paul. "I'll join you fellows in a repeater. Now tell me, Randal, what are the prospects of sailing?"

"On the arrival of old 'Bruin the bear'—our grand sachem of the flag—we'll up anchor and pay our debts with a flying foretopsail," responded Randal.

"Why the application of such a beastly sobriquet to our commodore?"

"Well, my lad, I rather fancy your first interview will convince you of the aptness of the nickname. You must know," he continued, "I made my first cruise on the coast of Brazil under 'Bruin.' He has no more consideration for a midshipman than for a poodle. Our fellows were constantly irritated by his extremely bad habit of proclaiming us 'd——d young whelps!' This unceasing outrage upon our official dignity was submitted to until forbearance ceased to be a virtue; so we summoned an indignation-meeting in the steerage, and a committee of ten were appointed to draft a complaint to the Secretary of the Navy. Reams of paper were produced. After much deliberation, reference to various dictionaries, and so on, the erudite communication was concocted, copied, and signed. No one seemed anxious to 'beard the animal in his lair;' so straws were drawn, and your humble servant became the victim. You may well imagine I did not approach the cabin with eagerness. However, I screwed my courage to the sticking-point, and handed the document, requesting that he would forward the same to the Navy Department.

"An assenting grunt and ferocious glance nearly lifted me out of my boots. Depend upon it, the interview was not by me prolonged, for I left with the most extraordi-

nary alacrity. Some time elapsed ere the return-mail arrived. One morning, about eleven o'clock, the orderly summoned the officers of the steerage to appear in the cabin. Like a party of criminals proceeding to the guillotine, we appeared before the presence.

"The 'bear' stood in front of the quaking crowd; in his hand was an open letter. Sternly he eyed us for a moment, and then, in no gentle voice, exclaimed: 'The Secretary of the Navy acknowledges the receipt of your report, my velvet-eared young gentlemen. He does *not* approve of my calling you "d——d young whelps."' There was a momentary silence. Every one felt that our cause had triumphed, and the commodore had been officially rebuked. Suddenly he reared his huge body to its fullest capacity, and, in a voice of thunder, roared out: 'But you *are d——d young whelps!* Go!'

"There was no necessity for pointing his long muscular finger to the door, for none stood upon the order of going, but fled with speed and consternation.

"No relief followed the action of the Navy Department, as Bruin continued to indulge in the epithet constantly, with a malicious twinkle of his wicked gray eyes. We bore the reflection upon our official dignity very meekly; nor did any one suggest another 'round robin' to the Secretary."

"Not a very flattering description of our commodore!" said Paul. "Has he no redeeming traits to offset these unpleasant peculiarities?"

"Yes," answered Randal; "he is an expert seaman, and occasionally exhibits some kindness; but such manifestations are like angels' visits—few, and far between."

"I fear," said Paul, "under his command our cruise will prove anything but agreeable."

"As to that," replied Randal, "you know we do not mess or sleep with him. On the quarter-deck he can roar at and pitch into us without stint, particularly if we indulge in kid gloves—which, I assure you, are the special abhorrence of the old chap. However, there is one consolation: he is no niggard in granting leave."

Dinner concluded, the gentlemen repaired to the starboard bridleport—the midshipman's resort for indulging in the luxury of the Havana.

While pleasantly passing the time in conversation, and soothed by the agreeable weed, the reunion was interrupted by the passage of the Washington steamer, from which a loud, stern voice was heard:

"Send my barge on shore!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the officer of the deck.

"Speak of Satan," ejaculated Randal, "and his imp will appear."

The boat was soon dispatched, and, after a brief absence, returned with the broad pennant in the bow, indicating that the chief was coming on board. The usual etiquette was observed, of assembled officers, marine guard, and rolling drum, to receive him.

Paul caught a glimpse of the commodore, and admitted the justice of his friend's portrait.

During the night five of the crew deserted from the frigate. Their absence was not discovered until morning muster, when Paul received an order, by way of initiating him in duty. Benton and himself were directed to proceed on shore and arrest the runaways.

Of all duties particularly obnoxious to midshipmen,

that of hunting for deserters is the most so. It leads them into the lowest haunts of vice, where they are liable to insult and violence.

Aware of the danger to which they would be subjected, the reefers armed themselves before leaving the ship. Repairing to the hotel, Benton sent for a certain constable renowned for his mixture of cockneyism with good language, as well as for his extraordinary success in arresting deserters.

"I really do not think this duty is by any means legitimate," said Benton; "it is a dirty business, and belongs entirely to detectives and constables, whom, after all, we have to employ to make the arrests. Now, I do not intend visiting the low rum-holes, but will make Smith, the constable, first hive the party, and then, of course, we must assist in their capture. So we'll take it easy, my boy, and enjoy a good dinner."

When Smith made his appearance, Benton inquired if he knew of any seamen who were deserters, lurking about the shanties.

"Why, yes, sir; I've hearn tell of some navy-chaps who are roosting from observation in Water Street, and rather 'spected my sarvices would be wanted. But, bless your hearts, 'taint no use to look for them in daylight. 'Twould be hunting needles in a hay-stack. Them boarding-house chaps are mighty cute, and have cut their eye-teeth, they has! Sailors is powerful scarce in this 'ere port, and the wages is high. So, to make up deficiencies, the runners takes to 'lime-juicing.'"

"And pray, what is 'lime-juicing'?" said Paul.

"Vy, haint you heard of that 'ere dodge?" responded Smith. "'Tis drugging their liquor; and when they sleep,

'tis monstrous sound, I tell you! In that state the runner shoves them on board of an outward-bounder, and when they comes to their senses, the poor devils finds theyselves off the capes of Wirginny, bound on a fureign voyage. One of our parsons was lime-juiced last month. Ha! ha! ha! it makes me laugh till my heyes bile over with tears when I think of it."

"What are the circumstances?" said Benton.

"Well, you see, sir, the Rev. Mr. Biles constitutes hisself a kind of missionary shepherd among them Water Street coves, and a pretty good thing the old hypocrite makes out of it, too. T'other day he goes down to one of the rum-holes to communicate what he calls 'the good tidings,' he does. Arter pirooting about for some time, the wenerable fraud brings up at Jim Simmons' doggery, and there he exhorts the runners to 'mend their ways' and 'shun the wrath to come.' They pretends to be open to conviction, and caved in, as it wur. This gives great satisfaction to the shepherd, and he becomes friendly like. Now, Jim was a supplying a bark with her crew, and wanted but one ord'nary seaman to fill up her complement. The idea struck the onpious rascal that the parson would do as well as any other man. The bark was a-waiting; so, puttin' on a serious countenance, he thanked the preacher for his exhortin', promising to abandon his rum-hole, attend prayers, and the likes of that. Arter playing his part skilfully, he asked the shepherd if he would not honor a poor conwicted sinner by taking a glass of wine, or summat like, to keep out the cold. The impostor at first declined; but Jim was pressing.

"'It's werry old Madeira, sir, and will do you no harm.'

"So Biles relented, and down he puts the wine. Ha! ha! ha! he was lime-juiced!

"The stuff operated at oncet. The rascals took off his robes and slapped him into sailor toggery. While thus insensible, they walloped him on board the bark, assuring the captain that, when he became sober, he'd prove a tip-top sample of an ord'nary seaman. The captain didn't care, so he had his complement; accordingly he ups anchor, and vamoosed—ha! ha! ha! Our poor parson, under lime-juice influence, slept like Rip Van Winkle. In fact, everybody on board thought him an old salt on a bust. The wind, fortunately for him, hauled ahead; consequently the bark had to anchor in Hampton Roads. By this time our shepherd rekivered his senses. Looking wildly about him, he exclaims:

"'Gracious goodness! where am I?'

"'On board the bark *Skylark*,' replied the chief mate, who, seated near him, was quietly strapping a block.

"'How came I here?—and what is the meaning of this nefarious outrage?'

"'You regularly signed articles, and shipped, be d——d to you!' says the mate.

"'This is fiendish!—horrible!—infamous kidnapping of a clergyman!' cried out the terrified pretender.

"'It's my opinion you're a liar!' replied the mate. 'Come, get up and tar down that ar mainstay; for, if you don't, I'll wallop you.'

"'My dear sir, I'm a clergyman, and no seaman. How I came here, Heaven only knows! Send me back to my charge.' And, weeping piteously, Biles fell upon the deck.

"The rude mate, not onderstanding the reality of the

case, but believing he was a longshoreman accustomed to cheat the shipping officers, up with a rope and gave him an awful drubbing. Thus electrified, he rushed aft in agony, and met Mr. Wilson, the pilot, on the quarter-deck, who was one of his admirers.

"'Gracious Providence! Mr. Wilson, save your shepherd from outrage! I calls upon you to succor me, sir!'

"It was some time afore Wilson could recognize him in sailor-trim. He told me the scene was so ludikrus, 'twas almost onpossible to preserve hisself from a collapse. However, he ewentually rekivered, and informed the captain that a wicked mistake had occurred—a parson was lime-juiced by Jim Simmons, who would perform the same operation on the Evil One hisself to supply a deficiency.

"The shepherd was restored to his flock, and would have prosecuted the 'runner,' but for his absconding until clerical indignation evaporated."

Our young gentlemen laughed heartily at the story, and flattered themselves that no such misfortune would interfere with their duty.

At the request of Benton, Mr. Smith gave his views for further action in regard to the deserters.

"Give me," said he, "your description-list—I'll arrange all the rest; then meet me at ten o'clock, near the ferry. This is quite enough. So, young gentlemen, for the present, by-by."

At the stated hour Benton and Paul met the constable. He informed them that the men had been under cover throughout the day, but as the evening shades came on, feeling more secure, they had foolishly presumed on their safety, and were in for a "regular bust."

Together the trio passed on to that infamous section of Norfolk—Water Street. Arriving at a notorious sailor boarding-house, the party entered, and, of course, were received with wrathful looks and indecent expressions.

"What in thunder brings you here, Mr. Constable Smith?" exclaimed a drunken female. "And with those two cussed midshipmites, too! Get out of this, you infernal limb of the law, or I'll knock the lights out of your carcass!" She would have exemplified her language, but for a somewhat sober conservative, who solicited prudence.

The congregated crowd hastily retreated as the officers entered, but not before Benton recognized, in half-disguise, the men he sought.

"I'm going to search this 'ere doggery," said Smith, "by vartue of my warrant to arrest deserters."

"Search and be d——d!" replied the landlord. "I do not harbor United States absentees."

"Maybe so, and maybe not. Come, young gentlemen; I seed some chaps staggering up them stairs, and I reckon they are our identicals."

Reaching the second floor, the constable roared to the midshipmen to take possession of the first room, while he examined the rear chambers.

Paul and Benton accordingly entered the chamber, when the door was hastily slammed to and immediately locked on the outside, making prisoners of them.

From a side-door four villanous-looking rascals rushed in, and at once a struggle began, the assailants using knives and clubs. Paul received a severe blow on his head, which staggered him. The villain was about to use his knife, when a pistol-shot brought him lifeless to the

floor. Benton badly wounded another; and the remaining two were kept at bay by the brandished dirks of the young officers. Their assaults were not as vigorous after the fall of two of their number, and furtive glances were cast about them for the means of escape.

In the scuffle, the candle was overturned and extinguished, leaving the room in utter darkness.

Paul fired his remaining pistol-shot, and exclaimed, by way of intimidation: "Benton, we'll reserve our next shots for close quarters." In the *mêlée* he was run against, as he supposed, by one of the assailants. Using his dirk, he plunged it into the man's body, shouting, "Now, Benton, close, and fire when you are sure of them!"

A crash of the window-sash indicated their escape—evidently not without injury, as a cry of anguish was heard from the pavement below.

"Benton," said Paul, "they have escaped through the window."

A low moan was the only response.

"By heavens! my dear fellow, I hope you are not wounded!"

"Yes," was the feeble reply.

During this time Mr. Smith, calling for help, attacked the door, which at length yielded to his strength. With a light he entered, and saw the result of the bloody rencontre.

"This 'ere is the cussedest night's job I've ever had! I hope the young gent ain't seriously pinked! Bind up his wound, and stop the bleeding. Bad—very bad! Hallo! here's the landlord lying here, and he has drawn his last ration. Well, the devil claims his own; and if

ever man desarved such ending, it's this 'ere unmitigated rascal! By jingoes, another! Jim Simmons' toes turned up, too! What's the matter, Jim?"

"My left leg is smashed in the knee—blast the ball! I know the leg will have to come off." And he groaned from excessive pain.

"If that be so," said the cool and unsympathizing constable, "your trade as 'runner' and 'lime-juicer general' will be at an end. Better go to your friend the shepherd and get him to app'int you sexton, or to some such billot."

Paul succeeded in stanching the bleeding from Benton's wound. Great became his distress on learning that his hand had dealt the blow. He had mistaken his friend, in the dark and the general scuffle, for one of the party of ruffians. Fortunately, a porte-monnaie in Benton's breast-pocket intercepted the full force of the stab, and saved his life.

When the excitement had subsided and they started below, Paul inquired of Smith if the deserters had been arrested.

"Yes," replied Smith, "and locked up, with a mighty scare upon them. So we will have no trouble in conweying them to the ship."

The women of the house were greatly frightened, and became as civil and polite as their coarse, depraved natures would permit.

One of the desperadoes was brought into the house with a fractured leg, received in leaping from the window. He suffered intense pain. Smith sent for a physician, who soon appeared and rendered surgical aid.

Benton, with Paul's assistance, was enabled to walk slowly to the waiting boat. The frigate reached, Benton

placed on a sick-cot, and the arrested men put in irons, Paul reported, and retired to rest, anathematizing all such duty, which he hoped to avoid in future.

At early dawn, under the influence of a fair wind, the frigate stood down to Hampton Roads, there to wait for final instructions from Washington.

Benton's wound, though painful, proved less dangerous than the first examination suggested. He certainly had narrowly escaped a fatal puncture. Recovering rapidly, much to Paul's delight, he soon left the sick-cot.

A man-of-war is always peopled with a singular combination, from the grave to the gay, from the sedate and practical to the eccentric and visionary. Among the officers of this ship was one whose oddity of appearance and queer mannerisms oft provoked laughable circumstances.

Lieutenant Hilarity absolutely stood but *five* feet in altitude; in his eccentric imagination, at least *ten*. He was a choleric little man, with pugnacious gray eyes, and a small, compressed mouth. The latter was almost hid from view by a nose and chin which approached so nearly together that it was a physical impossibility for him to place the speaking-trumpet directly to his lips; the application required a side movement, which always provoked sly smiles from the midshipmen.

The day after the vessel anchored in the Roads, Lieutenant Hilarity had charge of the deck from meridian until four P.M. Shortly before one, Paul observed a man at the mainmast seemingly desirous of addressing the officer of the deck. He reported this to Lieutenant Hilarity, who at once approached the fife-rail, and, in his sharp, twanging voice, asked what was wanting.

The seaman touched the brim of his hat, and answered:

"Please, sir, Bill Brown has stole my duff!" (*i. e.*, boiled flour pudding).

"Call Bill Brown," said the lieutenant.

Brown soon appeared.

"Thompson accuses you, my man, of having committed petty larceny, by pilfering his duff. Are you guilty, sir?"

"No, Mr. Hilarity. I never larcened anything sence I was a sucking hinfant."

"I have witnesses, who saw him steal my duff," responded Thompson.

With a magisterial wave of his hand, Mr. Hilarity said:

"Pro-du-ce your witnesses!"

Twelve men immediately appeared, who confirmed the charge against Brown.

"I have witnesses to prove I did *not* steal the duff. In fact, sir, I was not near Thompson's mess," said Brown.

"Bring forth *your witnesses!*" screamed the irate lieutenant.

It is nearly always the case among sailors, when charges are brought to the court precincts of the quarter-deck, and the accuser brings forward witnesses to support his indictment, that the defendant invariably produces an equal number to refute the charge. So, in this case, Brown brought forward twelve men to attest his innocence. They were all examined by the lieutenant with the pertinacity of a Tombs' practitioner, but without producing any result, as the evidence was equalized for and against the accused by twelve witnesses on each side.

The perplexity of the little officer was quite farcical.

He strutted up and down the deck in profound reflection, as if making mental inspection of the lore of great legal authorities. He would rub his forehead, and cast his ferret eyes upwards with all the customary mannerisms of profound jurists. Finally, inspiration came to his relief. Returning to the quarter-deck bar, or fife-rail, he mounted a carronade-slide, elevated his figure, and, with oracular profundity, addressed the parties:

"Ahem! My men, I have examined into the charge made by Thompson *versus* Brown. The witnesses (d—n them!) have been interrogated according to the most approved code, which, though, does not enable me to spot the side on which twelve liars are arraigned. However, according to the statutes made and provided, the case shall be adjudicated. Go away, principals. Stand up to the gangway, *all* the witnesses; for, blast your eyes! I'll flog every mother's son of you. Boatswain's mate, do your duty, sir, and do it well!"

The astounded witnesses received a "baker's dozen" each, amid the ill-concealed merriment of the assembled crew.

When the punishment was over, with an odd, serio-comic leer, the lieutenant waved his hand to the men, and yelled:

"Are there any *more wit-ness-es* among you?"

The answer was a rapid dispersion; for none felt desirous of receiving the attentions of the court.

During the cruise, there was, after this, always great deficiency of testimony in cases referred to the quarter-deck for adjudication.

CHAPTER II.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.—THE REEFERS OVER THE PUNCH BOWL.—SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES, AND HOME, SWEET HOME.—REVELRY WITHIN AND A GALE BLOWING UP WITHOUT.

THE frigate Nautilus is at sea. The brave vessel breasts the rolling billows, and Neptune claims his usual tribute from the uninitiated. Merciless are the tormenting "oldsters" over the sufferings of the sea-sick boys, who, if dry land could just then be reached, would gladly abandon naval glory, with all its romance and excitement. But they are in for it, and the superabundant bile is offered up as a midshipman's first libation to the uncompromising ocean.

In a few days this introductory episode ended; then came the ravenous appetite for "grub," and the longing for the steerage pastimes of tricks and jollity.

"Fellows," said Benton, who was a tall, gawky scion of Kentucky, "this is our first Saturday night at sea; let us do justice to the same, in accordance with the time-honored custom dating from the ancient days of Admiral Benbow.—*Boy*," continued he, addressing a son of Afric's torrid clime (who would never look upon his fortieth summer again), "clear the wreck!—produce the tureen!—fly to the galley before the lights are 'doused,' and bring a gallon of hot water!—let us have some sugar, a lump of butter, some cloves; and, Tom, produce your 'white eye' [*i. e.*, ship's whiskey."]

"Ay, ay!" growled Tom, who, as "master's mate" of the spirit-room, made it a religious duty to secure his perquisites.

The water was brought, the hot punch made, and all who were not on duty gathered around the table.

"Well, gentlemen," said Benton, "fill up, and we'll drink to a jolly cruise, a happy return, and speedy promotion."

This pleasant toast was quaffed in a bumper. A song being called for, Hubly produced his guitar, and, having adjusted the strings, inquired what the nature of his music should be—"love, murder, or 'choragic'?"

Benton, who was one of the controlling spirits of the mess, replied:

"Well, old fellow, the next sentiment, you know, is, by custom and feeling, '*Sweethearts and wives*,' in honor of the night we celebrate. Knowing that several of our messmates are particularly spoony, we'll take a pull at the sentimental halyards first. So, bouse away, my boy, and when the next song comes, with a hearty chorus we'll all heave at the *bars!*"

Hubly came from the Quaker State, and was a poetical, good-looking youth, who was by no means an indifferent performer on both the violin and the guitar. In a clear, harmonious voice, he sang Moore's exquisite melody of "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour." The silence in the steerage gave evidence of an appreciative audience; and the guitar accompaniment sounded agreeably, thóugh mingling strangely with the moaning of the wind as it came in puffs from the northward and eastward.

At the conclusion of the song, Paul joined the festive

board, and contributed not a little to the general hilarity. Again Benton rapped upon the table. He reminded the revellers that "Saturday night" at sea always aroused reminiscences, particularly in the bosoms of naval officers, who, in bidding their native land good-night, knew that three long and changeful years must elapse in the eventful circle of time ere the sight of that loved soil would again gladden their eyes.

All hands were primed, and the sapling Kentuckian rose to his feet. Dexterously holding his steaming glass with the disengaged hand, he gave an oratorical flourish, and thus addressed his messmates:

"Well, boys, some days ago we were all basking in the sunshine of happy associations; loved ones clustered around us; but the parting came, and those who had wives embraced them. That was denied us, as marriage, with midshipmen, is as yet tabooed. So, for lack of those charming appendages to manhood, we pitched into the rosy lips of our sweethearts. I boldly make the assertion, that we did of a verity perform this delicious ceremony; for I doubt if there ever existed a 'reefer' whose appointment reached the comprehensive reality of six weeks, who did not, no matter how juvenile, feel, under the pressure of his eagle and anchor-buttons, sufficiently matured to indulge in the luxury of a lady-love.

"Some are Oriental in their tastes, and have sweethearts by the score, like unto our friend Paul; but the old Benbow sentiment admits of no qualification, and so we'll swallow it whole. And now, my hearties, I give you, without the heel-taps, the good old nautical Saturday-night toast—'*Sweethearts and wives*'!'

It is needless to say the sentiment was rapturously

applauded; and when the rapping had ceased, Hubly, with guitar in hand, led off, the boys joining in this hearty chorus:

"All hands ahoy to the anchor,
From friends and relations we go.
'Vast grieving—why, d—n it, it's folly, boys;
Up with the anchor, ye, yo!
The boatswain takes care of the riggin',
Especially when he gets drunk;
The bobstay supplies him with swigging,
The cable he cuts up for old junk.
So sing away, haul away, jolly boys, etc."

At this moment the ship gave a lurch, and away to the lee-scuppers went midshipmen, tureen, tumblers, and hot-stuff. The crash below was deafened by the confusion on deck. Sails flapped from the yards, cracking like cart-whips; and the shouts of the officers were indistinctly mingled with the howl of the wind, that roared as if ten thousand demons were assailing the ship in their fury.

CHAPTER III.

A SQUALL IN THE GULF STREAM.—MAN OVERBOARD.—THE DROWNED OFFICER AND THE GLOOM-SHROUDED SHIP.—PAUL'S NIGHT WATCH.—NORRIS'S REMINISCENCES OF HIS LOST FRIEND.—LOVE IN THE TROPICS.—A SIGHING SAILOR.—A BEAUTIFUL SENORITA AND A SCOWLING RIVAL—OF COURSE.

'TWAS a Gulf-stream squall, of short duration, but terrible while it lasted.

When the blast reached its height, the appalling cry of "Man overboard!" was heard. It came from those stationed near the mizzen-mast. With the promptness characteristic of seamen, crew and officers rushed to man the lee-quarter boat, and were absolutely in the act of lowering the tiny craft into the seething sea, when the commodore's clear voice sounded above the din:

"Hold! this is madness! No boat would live five minutes. 'Twould only sacrifice more lives; and I deem it my painful duty, Mr. Person, to order the falls *kept fast.*"

It was only necessary to look out upon the angry sea for a moment to feel the correctness of the commodore's order. With a feeling of anguish, the officers and crew returned from the boat to attend to the pressing duties called for by the occasion.

The frigate must have been dashed along by the fury of the blast at least twelve knots an hour; nor could she

be checked in her velocity before the canvas was properly reduced.

The moment the frigate was brought under control, an anxious inquiry was made for the name of the lost shipmate. Among the men none were missing; then came the muster-roll of the officers. In a few moments the melancholy intelligence was announced that Lieutenant Pembrook could not be found.

As his voice of command had been heard when the squall first struck, his station being the port, at the time the lee gangway, it was conclusive evidence that the lost man was none other than the noble and unfortunate Pembrook.

Death on board of a ship at sea is always appalling. The members of the community, from the very nature of their association, become a large family, who sympathize with each other in the dangers of the profession; separated as they are from the dark gulf of water only by the narrow planks which form their floating home and ark of safety.

But when the hand of destiny sweeps from this domestic circle one particularly endeared to all his shipmates, the bereavement comes home to every heart, and all on board realize the truth of the admonition, that "in the midst of life we are in death." What added to the pain of the occasion, was that, at the commencement of the evening, the officers of the ward-room had also celebrated, though in a less boisterous manner than the middies, "*Saturday night at sea.*"

Lieutenant Pembrook was observed during the evening to be very silent and reserved, but it attracted no marked

attention, his disposition being usually inclined to melancholy.

As was before observed, the ship had experienced one of those Gulf-stream tornadoes, that come like a lion, but subside in a brief time to lamb-like placidity. The clouds soon dispersed, and the stars bespangled the blue-vaulted sky again. The ship naturally relapsed into its quiet, ordinary routine.

In the steerage, the *débris* of the jollification so sadly and abruptly terminated had disappeared, and order once more reigned. But the merry laugh was hushed; gloom clouded the countenances of the midshipmen as they talked with one another in a subdued—nay, almost whispered tone—of the manly qualities of the lost officer.

Eight bells struck, the regular watch was called, and, the night proving chilly from the rain and hail that accompanied the squall, Paul threw his cloak around him and repaired to the deck. There, solemnity prevailed. All felt that the hand of death had been among them, though the subject of mournful regret was far, far away, gradually sinking down in his ocean sepulchre.

The wind now blew lightly, and the recently boisterous sea settled into those long and regular undulations so suggestive of calm and peaceful slumber.

Paul hove the log, reported the ship's velocity to the officer of the deck, and then made the record on the slate. This young gentleman had become already quite a favorite with the older officers, and it was no unusual circumstance for them to engage in familiar conversation with him, particularly when the ship's duties did not conflict with their temporary waiving of rank.

Lieutenant Norris, the intimate friend of poor Lieuten-

ant Pembrook, had charge of the watch. He appeared to labor under a grief which he vainly strove to master. After walking the deck for some time in silence, a desire for sympathy prompted him to call Mr. Forbes to his side. In a voice broken with emotion, he said:

"This has been a night of sorrow, sir. The navy has lost an admirable officer, and I a most true and devoted friend."

"The loss," replied the midshipman, "is indeed deplored by all on board. No officer was more beloved than your friend, sir. Had you known him long?"

"Yes; we commenced our naval career together, sailed together, messed together, made all our excursions in company, until we became like brothers."

"It always struck me," said Paul, "that Lieutenant Pembrook suffered from some sad event in his life—something that cast a shade of melancholy over his countenance. Am I not correct, sir?"

"You are. One year ago he was the embodiment of geniality. He was bright, sparkling, generous, and brave. As a companion in a reunion, his wit and humor made him the most attractive person of the gathering. But, alas! he's lost to us all, now—gone, I hope, to a better world.

"I'll relate the circumstances," continued Lieutenant Norris, "that cast their shadows over his naturally merry countenance. They are sad, but romantic; and, now that my dear friend is gone, an inclination to converse about him comes over me. But, before I commence, heave the log and write up the slate."

The order was obeyed, and Lieutenant Norris began his narrative:

"About eight months ago Pembrook and I were attached to the schooner *Gallatin*, cruising off the north coast of Cuba. Our special duty was to capture the slavers, who were desecrating the American flag by using it as a cover for their nefarious and inhuman traffic.

"Most of the Africans imported into Cuba are, I am sorry to say, conveyed in American vessels, by American crews and owners. The New England States annually fit out some eighty slavers for the trade—surreptitiously, I know, for the law is imperative in its denunciation and severe in its punishment.

"Running under easy sail in the old Bahama channel, off Cape Molus, just after dark, a long, rakish schooner passed us. Our hail she heeded not, nor yet did a gun-shot bring her to. Crowded with canvas, the suspicious craft kept on with great speed. Out went our studding-sails, big ben, and flying kites, in full chase. By the aid of the night-glass we kept her in sight until near daylight, fully convinced the trail was struck and the game ahead.

"As the light of day broke over the sea, lo! our bird was not to be seen. She had either run out of sight, or disappeared in one of the many harbors indenting the northern shore of the ever-faithful isle. Eight o'clock found us off the town of Zebara; and as the crew had been enjoying Uncle Sam's 'salt horse' for three months, the captain concluded some good water, fresh meat, and vegetables would be an excellent change of diet.

"Accordingly, we ran in, anchored, and passed the customary ceremonious compliments with the Spanish authorities, who at once turned their attention to the schooner. Pembrook and myself started on shore for relaxation, and to gratify our very laudable curiosity.

"Zebara boasts a large cathedral of awkward architec ture, ancient fortifications tumbling to decay, narrow, dirty streets, and low, tiled houses. As you may suppose, we did up this uninteresting town in a brief time, obtained horses, and started for the country, which was certainly more inviting, with its fields of fruit—pyramidal oranges, varying from green to luscious yellow ripeness, its lime-trees and citrons, and the avocada (commonly called the alligator-pear), groaning under the ponderous weight of its heavy fruit.

"The cool-looking plantain and tall, spire-like cocoa-nut-tree, the convolvulus and the passion-flower, lined our road. The air was redolent with perfume of the most exquisite freshness. A mile's ride brought us to a massive gate invitingly open. Observing it led to a sugar-plantation, we decided to enter. The lane was lined with orange and cocoa-nut trees, and running rose-vines in full blossom.

"Halfway up the avenue we stopped at a steam mill for grinding and pressing the sugar-cane. Here we found a Scotch engineer in charge, who informed us that the estate belonged to a very wealthy Spanish gentleman named Don Figareo. We were entertained by the engineer's minute description of the process of sugar-making. He had resided on the estate three years, liked his situation, but particularly Don Figareo, whom he represented as a lordly old gentleman, just returned from Philadelphia with a beautiful daughter, who had been educated in that city. As we were about departing, a fine-looking, portly Spaniard entered. He approached with graceful courtesy, and gave us warm welcome.

"'I am delighted to see you,' said he. 'Consider this

place, and all I have, as yours' (which is a customary Spanish *compliment*, and nothing more). 'You must come to my hacienda. To visit my plantation and not enjoy its hospitality, would be a matter of pain. So, let us proceed, gentlemen; your horses shall be attended to.'

"We could do nothing less than accompany the don, and we felt that indeed our lines had fallen in pleasant places. The grounds about the princely mansion were prettily laid out, half-encircled by a garden, and were rich in tropical fruit-trees and flowers. Ascending a broad flight of marble steps, we came to a spacious veranda floored with polished mahogany.

"The house was divided by a broad passage-way, through which the sea-breeze passed, cooling and refreshing the building. Half-Venetian blinds shaded this comfortable piazza; and here we were at once seated in easy-chairs, puffing the best Havanas, and quenching our thirst with iced claret.

"After the lapse of some moments, the don observed that his daughter was in the parlor, and would be pleased to see us; for, having been educated in Philadelphia, she was naturally partial to Americans. Of course, we eagerly embraced the opportunity for an introduction. Following our host into his regal drawing-room, we beheld a beautiful lady seated on an ottoman, engaged in reading. She rose, and received us with graceful ease.

"'You are welcome to the Alhambra, gentlemen. I watched your vessel's entrance into our harbor, and experienced great pleasure in again seeing the "Stars and Stripes." I passed my school-days in Philadelphia—that good old Quaker city! There I learned English, and

became, in feeling, an adopted child of your great country. Are you acquainted in that city, either of you?'

"We answered that, being from the South, our acquaintances at the North were generally confined to society connected with naval stations. The conversation continued in an easy, unaffected strain, on both sides.

"Seeing an open piano in the room, I observed that we were both exceedingly fond of music, and requested her to gratify our taste.

"Rising, with a smile, she said: 'With pleasure! While I am not a superior performer, yet I am devoted to music, and very often indulge my father with my playing—such as it is. He, however, considers me quite a phenomenon; but that is paternal weakness.' Running her fingers over the instrument with practised ease, she turned, and asked what was our choice?

"Pembrook, himself no indifferent musician, replied, 'The Last Rose of Summer.'

"She gave him an arch look, and smilingly observed: ''Tis singular, sir, you have proposed my pet song! Indeed, it came into my mind as I touched the keys.'

"'Ah!' replied Charlie, gayly, 'music awakens mutual sympathy, strangers though we be.'

"The lady bowed gracefully, and at once began one of Moore's melodies. Ah, Mr. Forbes, it was sung with exquisite feeling, and in as rich a voice, I think, as ever I listened to.

"The song was finished. Silence reigned for some moments; such was the dreamy spell that bound our senses. A deep sigh broke from Pembrook, which attracted her earnest attention, and she gave him a look of interest I quite envied.

"Learning that Charlie was an amateur, she insisted on his joining her in several duets. The mingling of their voices was perfection in harmony. Don Figareo became very enthusiastic, and applauded excitedly, insisting on it that Pembrook's voice was second to none he had ever heard on or off the lyric stage.

"Music promoted an intimacy between them. The lady evidently was much pleased with my friend. You know, sir, his manly beauty was of that order that no woman could pass it unnoticed; and when added to this were his intelligence and conversational powers, you may imagine the interest he excited.

"Our sojourn had occupied several agreeably-spent hours. Feeling that it was time to leave, we rose to do so.

"The don would not listen to it. 'No, gentlemen!' he exclaimed, 'I have taken the liberty of returning your horses to the livery stable, and after dinner we will all ride in together, as we have music on the plaza at six o'clock. The band, for a small and isolated garrison, is decidedly excellent. Our commandant is a connoisseur in music, and, possessing means, expends it liberally for the enjoyment of his passion.

"Pembrook hesitated, but an appeal from the bright eyes of the señorita vanquished his opposition, and, to her manifest delight, he consented to remain.

"The don invited us to inspect his splendid garden. He led me off, while Charlie and the señorita followed. It struck me they had suddenly evinced a wondrous fond ness for each other's society.

"'So, ho!' thought your humble servant; 'sets the wind so speedily in that direction? Cupid is rushing

matters! But a little salt water, Master Charlie, will wash this sudden fancy away; and, when our topsail sinks below the horizon, the fair lady will sing merrily, and remember no more.'

"My conclusions were exceedingly erroneous. It was no evanescent fancy which animated the breasts of these lovers. As we were turning from the garden, I saw the lady hand Charlie a beautiful rose. She blushed when the offering was made, rivalling the flower in its deep carnation. He bowed his thanks, and placed the flower in his bosom with sparkling eyes and heightened color.

"After dinner was ended, and we were once again assembled in the parlor, the don and myself repaired to comfortable chairs on the veranda, smoking, and conversing on topics of the day. Ienze (I'd learned her name, and that her mother was in heaven) and Pembrook occupied the drawing-room in an earnest conversation, which, I presumed, related to music, as her taper fingers seemed to trifle with the keys of the piano. The old gentleman at length reëntered the drawing-room, and called for a duet, which had barely ceased when horses' feet resounded from the lane.

"'Henrico!' exclaimed the don.

"I chanced to be looking at Ienze at this moment, and was struck with her countenance, fading from red to pale, followed by a settled look of vexation. 'Some mystery exists here,' thought I; 'it will no doubt soon develop itself.'

"Footsteps approached. A tall, dark, but by no means ill-looking Spaniard, entered, with a freedom bespeaking the familiar visitor. He approached the don with easy courtesy, and gayly greeted the señorita. But Ienze met

his advances with an air of cold indifference as he seated himself by her side.

"Our host introduced us. Animal magnetism must have exerted its power; for it was instantly evident to me that a mutual repugnance was born between Charlie and Señor Henrico.

"The conversation, which had been free and unrestrained before the arrival of Señor Henrico, now became hampered. But we were not to endure the wet blanket long; for the carriage was announced, and Ienze left, to obtain her mantilla. She soon returned, looking most lovely in her romantic Spanish head-gear. Henrico pushed forward and handed her to the carriage; then abruptly turned to his horse, mounted, and rode rapidly away. We were soon seated, and the noble animals made excellent speed for the plaza.

"Arriving, we found the grounds crowded. Instantly the don's carriage was surrounded by the gentry, all anxious to glean a smile from the beautiful señorita. I knew nothing of Spanish, consequently their pretty Castilian compliments were all Greek to me.

"The music justified the commendation bestowed upon it by our genial host. As the time approached for the conclusion of this charming association, a shade of sadness clouded Pembrook's expressive countenance.

"This was noticed by the fair Ienze, who remarked, with earnestness:

"'Your cheerfulness has departed, Mr. Pembrook.'

"'It naturally fades as I appreciate the termination of one of the happiest days of my life,' sighed he.

"'I am flattered to learn,' she responded, 'that your visit to the Alhambra will be followed by pleasant memo-

ries. You alone will be in fault if every favorable opportunity is not embraced to revive them.'

"'Alas, dear lady! we cannot always sail beneath the summer sky of happiness. Duty will soon call us from Zebara, and the lovely Alhambra, with its enchantress, be lost to sight, though to memory ever dear.'

"'But,' she eagerly responded, while a blush of pleasure mantled her cheek under the influence of Charlie's impulsive language, 'you will return again? Lieutenant Norris informs me your cruising boundary embraces Zebara.'

"'Indeed, fair lady, I pray we may. Great would be my sorrow if I knew nothing hereafter was left me but delicious memories.'

"We were interrupted by an officer, who approached, and addressed the don:

"'I am directed, sir,' said he, 'by the commandant, to invite you and your family to a ball which he gives tomorrow night, in compliment to the American officers.'

"The don graciously accepted, and Ienze, with a joyous countenance, turned to Pembrook, and said:

"'Oh, this is delightful! And you will be there, will you not?'

"'Promise me the honor of your hand for the first round of dances, and it will be a happy ball to me.'

"Ienze promised without hesitation; and he grasped her hand, and, while pledging his attendance, gently kissed her fingers. As we parted, the eagerness with which she continued to remind him of his engagement convinced me that her pure and guileless heart had quaffed this day of the elixir of love.

"Proceeding with my friend to the boat, I observed, slyly:

"'Charlie, you have gone and done it!'

"'Done what?' he replied.

"'Fallen in love with that Cuban beauty.'

"'None of your absurdity, Tom! Here is the boat.'

"We were soon on board the United States schooner *Gallatin.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE BALL ON SHORE.—LOVE-MAKING ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.—THE SCOWLING RIVAL AGAIN.—THREATS AND MALEDICTIONS.—A BAFFLED ASSASSIN.—BILLY BLOWHARD DISCIPLINES THE BOAT'S CREW.

ON the following morning a beautiful bouquet was conveyed on board, addressed to Pembrook. No note or card was attached, but well he knew from whence it came.

"At noon the boatswain reported that the lower rigging, bobstay, and gammoning required setting up. Our executive anathematized the luck. 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish!' said he. 'Now we'll be detained in this miserable hole three or four days!'

"The captain came on the quarter-deck at this moment, and, on receiving the report, quietly observed: 'Well, sir, go to work at it to-morrow; we'll not knock off watering to-day. It has to be done, for, if neglected, we might be brought to grief.'

"Our chase, as you see, sir, eventuated in some good, after all. Pembrook heard the conversation, and his glance at me exhibited perfect delight.

"We went to the mess-room. Throughout the day the little vessel was constantly thronged with strangers. From some of them we learned Don Figareo possessed great wealth, and had but one child, to whom he was devotedly attached.

"Señor Henrico, the don's cousin, it was presumed, loved the beautiful Ienze. Some thought they were engaged; at all events, he desired so to impress the gentlemen of the neighborhood. These reports, however, gave me a cue to the señor's undisguised manifestation of anger when finding Ienze in familiar conversation with a handsome navy officer. No doubt he had good cause for jealousy.

"The ball came off at the appointed time, and was quite a brilliant affair. The women were very lovely, but the men generally fell far short of the softer sex in personal attractiveness. They were, with rare exceptions, diminutive, and wanting in physical development.

"Among the last arrivals came Don Figareo, Señor Henrico, and the incomparable Ienze. Her dress was exquisite, and she was herself as beautiful as a Hebe. No one could behold her without admiration. On entering the room, her eyes wandered over the guests with an earnest scrutiny, as if they sought an object of more than common interest. They brightened joyously as Charlie approached.

"Greeting the don with cordiality, and bowing to Señor Henrico with the haughty courtesy the Spaniard's cold reception warranted, Charlie turned with animation to the señorita, whose deep blush betrayed the influence of his presence. The lovers conversed for some moments in low tones. At last said Pembrook:

"'I fear my attentions, señorita, may annoy, possibly provoke you?'

"'Fear not, señor. The music begins, and our *vis-à-vis* are waiting!' she exclaimed, hurriedly, while blushes flushed her cheeks and pleasure beamed from her eyes.

"When the cotillion was ended, numerous applications were made for her hand, all of which she declined, assuring Charlie she would rather promenade with him.

"At last, the celebrated island contra-dance, 'the Cubano,' was called for.

"Pembrook was absent in quest of refreshments for the señorita, when Henrico approached her, and, with much irony, observed:

"'Has my fair cousin eyes and ears alone for the strange American, who seems to monopolize her every movement?'

"She replied, with an effort at composure:

"'I am not responsible to you, Henrico, for my actions; consequently, it is a *liberty* on your part to address your sarcasm to me.'

"'Restrain your indignation, my pretty Ienze! I merely intended to ask the honor of your hand for the "Cubano."'

"'Excuse me. I do not wish to dance.'

"'I understand!' said he, in a subdued tone; but, with a fiendish glitter of his black eyes, he whispered what seemed to be a threat.

"A shiver passed over Ienze, and then she became deadly pale; but with an exercise of mental will she as quickly recovered. Drawing her figure to its full height, and with an expression of scorn on her features, she spurned him from her presence.

"He obeyed the gesture and departed, not, however, without uttering the bitterest maledictions.

"Charlie brought the ice, and she partook of it nervously.

"'Do you like our island-dance?' she asked.

"'I do not,' answered Charlie; 'it is not becoming. I hope you will never dance it.'

"'I will not—no, never again!' said she, quickly.

"The look of gratification that beamed on her from Pembrook again brought the roses to her cheeks.

"During the entire evening they were inseparable. I whispered to Charlie that he was selfishly monopolizing the queen of the ball-room.

"'I cannot relinquish her society,' replied he, 'so long as she permits me to possess it.'

"When the hour came for parting, Ienze inquired, with a sort of flutter:

"'But shall I not see you at the Alhambra to-morrow?'

"'How early may I come?' asked Charlie.

"'As soon as you please,' was the low response; and, at her father's signal, our Spanish friends passed out to their carriage.

"The infuriated look of Henrico had betrayed so much mad jealousy, that my apprehension for Charlie's safety was aroused. I knew that these islanders glutted their thirst for vengeance with the assassin's knife, and I determined to be watchful. It was well that I did so; for, as Pembrook left the carriage and proceeded towards the wharf, a muffled figure emerged from an old portico, and with stealthy strides followed him. Observing this, I crossed the street. The movement placed me between the two. I halted, facing the approaching Spaniard. The moment he observed this act of seamanship he stopped, turned, and retraced his steps, but not before I became convinced that it was Henrico who was muffled in the ample Spanish cloak.

"When the enemy thus sheered off, I overhauled Charlie, and together we repaired on board.

"On the following morning, at breakfast, the ball was freely discussed; but Pembrook, who was usually an amusing annotator of such events, was now exceedingly reticent.

"Our first lieutenant was of the old Benbow school, seldom going on shore, and devoting himself to his profession with a zeal and earnestness rarely given. His doctrine of naval duty was carried to an extreme. He held the eccentric view that the executive and sheet-anchor were fixtures to the vessel. Though apparently over-exacting, and bluff in manner, no more manly or kinder heart throbbed beneath the naval uniform. He was what our 'sawbones' termed a 'curio.'

"Among the men the sobriquet of 'Billy Blowhard' was cautiously applied to him. It originated from his practice of arraigning the boat's crews, on their return from shore-duty, in the starboard gangway. With thumbs in vest, he would walk down the line, and, stopping in front of each man, would exclaim:

"'Blow your breath, sir! *Blow hard!* Phew! Stand out, you bottle-nibbing rascal!'

"Thus he would select the men whose breath indicated they had been 'sucking the monkey' on the sly.

"'Loblolly boy, bring up my antidote for the poison! Here, my man, partake of this medicine; it will preserve your life'—pouring out, at the same time, a wineglassfull of a nauseous mixture, compounded by himself, and consisting of asafœtida, salts, and a dash of rhubarb.

"'This, my lads, is the famous panacea, the elixir of life—the *omnium gatherum*, as the learned have it, of

correlative combinations, regenerative to the digestive organs. Down with it, you rascally imbiber of impure liquors!'

"None dared to disobey; and not the least part of the punishment to the culprits was the merriment indulged in by their shipmates, who gathered in the gangway, and laughed immoderately at their wry faces and lugubrious contortions. When the diseased organs were lubricated, as Lieutenant Walford termed it, he delivered himself thus:

"'Now, men, Uncle Sam serves out daily rations of good and wholesome liquor, in accordance with the rules and regulations of the service. The articles of war expressly stipulate that there shall be no drunkenness—it means, of course, when on duty. On liberty, you can swill *ad lib.*, as the learned have it. But I wish you to understand that, when *I* send you in the boats on duty, you shall refrain from temptation; and those who weakly give way to a depraved appetite, shall, on conviction thereof, suffer such punishment as the executive shall adjudge. Go to your duties! Boatswain's mate, call away the rigging gang!'

CHAPTER V.

A TENDER SCENE.—POPPING THE QUESTION BEFORE BREAKFAST.—THE LIEUTENANT IS ACCEPTED.—THE DON APPROVES, AND EVERYBODY IS HAPPY—EXCEPTING THE RIVAL.

ON the next day, Pembrook, not being restrained by duty, left early, to be in time for breakfast. As he passed over the side, he whispered:

"'Tom, by meridian, to-day, I shall have learned my fate. Give me your best wishes.'

"'They are yours, dear Charlie, with all my heart!' And I cautioned him again in regard to the animosity of Henrico.

"The day was oppressive, the duty fatiguing; so, at eight o'clock, when my watch expired, I sought my cot for a slight repose, intending to meet my friend on his return from the Alhambra, for my interest was intensely excited.

"Midnight found us walking the deck together in earnest conversation. Charlie's joyous manner indicated good fortune; but I was anxious to have the recital in detail.

"'So, my boy,' said I, 'the opportunity offered, and you made the most of it?'

"'Give me joy, Tom; the prize is won! On arriving at the Alhambra, the don was absent, attending to his mill. I met *my* Ienze alone in the parlor, looking like an angel of loveliness and purity. Our hands met invol-

untarily. I drew her to the sofa, and we were both seated. No words were uttered, and the silence was broken only by the beating of hearts that throbbed as audibly as the ticking of the master's chronometer yonder in the ward-room. At length I whispered: "Ienze, dear Ienze! it is to say this that I have come to-day. I love you; and can you reciprocate this holy sentiment?"

"'The little hand trembled, but was not withdrawn; the rosy tints mantled her lovely face. I could hear her heart throb louder and more rapidly. "It is true," I continued, with an eagerness I did not care to conceal, "we have known each other but a few days; but, dear Ienze, how much of existence has been crowded into that brief period—months and months of ordinary association! I doubt if years would develop more knowledge of each other than we already possess. From the first hour of our meeting instinctively I was drawn toward you, and you were enthroned in my soul of souls!"

"'I ceased, and slowly, slowly the downcast eyes were raised to mine; the truth flashed out of them, and our lips met in a long, burning kiss. Thus, Tom, was I answered.

"'The ice once broken, and then came the outpouring from the pent-up fountain of love, breathed in voice as musical as those of the birds that carol in Paradise. Ah! breakfast and the mundane affairs of life were forgotten in this delicious interchange of vows.

"'I asked if she wished that her father should be approached by me at once. "Not until you return," she replied. "Your captain says the schooner will not long be absent. After your departure to-night, my father shall learn all from me. Should he consent, it shall be

announced to you ere you sail in the morning, in a bouquet. I know my father entertains a strong personal regard for you; else he would not have permitted these visits, which his natural shrewdness would teach him were more on his daughter's account than his own."

"'We discussed a thousand topics bearing on our future. The clear, good sense with which she expressed herself quite charmed me. But, Tom, this matter-of-fact "course" could not long be held; so we went "in stays," or "box-hauled," on our "love-course," under a "taut bowline." In her sweet, confiding manner, she spoke to me of my first visit, her pleasing impressions, her reluctance to bid me good-night, and her sadness when I had left. She told me of her hours of solitude, where every look, word, and action was recalled and dwelt upon, while all the time she was wondering why a stranger should so suddenly have absorbed her feelings. "At the ball," she said, "Henrico taught me the secret of my soul, when he whispered horrible threats against your life. For months he had persecuted me with his love. As my father's cousin, free and familiar access was accorded him to the Alhambra, where recently he could not be welcomed by me. The first night he saw us together, the demon of jealousy was aroused in his heart. At the ball he strove to awaken fears for your safety, and partially succeeded. Not, though, in the direction he anticipated; for, in my apprehension and alarm, he opened the hitherto-closed volume of my heart. Oh, then, for the first time, I read the living truth! Thank heavens, Henrico is now in Puerto Principe, where I trust he will stay. It is sinful, I know, to indulge in dislike towards a kinsman; but I cannot help it. As you love me, Mr. Pembrook, avoid

him. His temper is bad; it might provoke a conflict, and that would be exceedingly painful to all of us. My father, like every noble Spaniard, is tenacious of family ties. Henrico, as his uncle's son, receives consideration; otherwise I do not think he is a favorite."

"'The conversation was interrupted by the hasty entrance of the don, who exclaimed: "Why! my daughter, is it your intention to starve Mr. Pembrook and myself? Nearly eleven o'clock, and no breakfast! What is the matter with my young housekeeper? Bestir thee, child, and let us have the morning meal while yet it is morning!"

"'Ienze gave me a meaning glance, broke into a merry laugh, and flitted away to obey her father.

"'When the repast appeared, neither Ienze nor myself could scare up the least appetite. Indeed, Tom, we had already breakfasted, and on such viands!

"'Gloriously passed the day! Over the extensive grounds we wandered, culling flowers, and admiring the beauties which Nature had here bestowed with bountiful hands. The earth and the sky seemed to smile approvingly upon our love. Even the birds sang more sweetly as we passed along.

"'Night came but too quickly, as it brought the hour of separation. I kissed away the tears which stood in the eyes of my Ienze, and, bidding the don farewell, turned my face to the sea. And here I am, Tom, happy, yet anxious.'

"Four bells were struck. It was two in the morning; so I left the fortunate lover, and retired to my couch, wondering when the gods would likewise bless my humble lot.

"At daylight the discordant cry (when one is sleepy) of 'All hands up anchor!' aroused me from dreamland. The shrill fife chirped as the crew 'walked away with the deck-tackle.' The anchor was weighed, and, like magic, a cloud of snowy canvas enveloped the schooner, and caught the propelling influence of an unusually light land-breeze.

"Charlie eagerly watched the shore; but no boat approached. His countenance fell, and so miserable was its expression of disappointment, that my own heart was deeply touched. I began to fear that obstacles had occurred—that the don must have objected.

"Slowly we glided from the harbor. Pembrook, with an expression of despair, ceased to gaze upon the shore, and with a sigh attended only to his duty. Just then I saw a boat leave the wharf, urged vigorously towards us by two strong oarsmen. They neared the schooner. In the stern-sheets a bunch of flowers could be discerned. Charlie's gaze followed mine, and the gloomy shadows were succeeded by an expression of extreme delight.

"As the boat gained the side, our eccentric executive demanded of the oarsmen the nature of their business; and the Spaniard at the helm displayed the flowers.

"'Ho! ho!' he exclaimed; 'some of those intriguing bum-boat women attempting to curry favor with the first lieutenant, eh? My patronage cannot be obtained through bribery. Toss the cabbages overboard!'

"Charlie promptly received the flowers, which were accompanied by a note, and handed one in return, which had been prepared ere we tripped our anchor. The executive eyed the proceedings, and grumbled:

"'*In hoc signo vinces*, as the learned have it. Haul

aft the sheets!—brace up the head-yards! The sea-breeze is setting in early, sir,' continued he to the captain. 'What course do you desire to steer?'

"'N.W. by W.," was the response.

"The sails were retrimmed, and away dashed the little craft. In a few moments the beautiful Alhambra and its gorgeous surroundings were in full view. From the veranda a white scarf waved an adieu. It was responded to, of course. The speed of the schooner soon left the romantic spot below the eastern horizon.

"When the watch was set, Charlie still held the deck. He had taken advantage of an opportunity to read the communication. I remember the language of that note even now, as well as when Charlie handed it for perusal. It ran thus:

"'MY OWN DARLING CHARLIE:

"'Father came to my room after you left, and found me weeping. He seemed greatly distressed, and asked what was the matter—if I was ill? I threw myself upon his dear bosom, and faltered out our story. He looked grave for a time, but finally said: "My beloved daughter, do you think you know Lieutenant Pembrook sufficiently to thus promptly award him your affection?" Then, Charlie, your language about brief *days* of acquaintance came to my aid, and I became exceedingly eloquent. He listened attentively, and at last said: "Well, your lover is undoubtedly a fine fellow. I have taken quite a fancy for him; but I must confess I did not anticipate this hasty proceeding. Why did he not speak, himself, to me?" "Because, dear father, I

requested him to postpone explanation until his return, as I preferred first entering the confessional-box."

"'Well, Charlie, in brief, the interview was affectionate and satisfactory. I have not time to tell you more, for I am impatient to express my entire faith in your love and constancy. Emanuel waits; he says you are leaving, and no time can be lost. Receive, dearest Charlie, the fond embrace and tenderest love of *your own*

"'IENZE.'

"The letter expressed all that man could desire, and Charlie was delighted, as well he might be.

"Days and weeks, and at last two months, passed in the usual routine of naval life. We had made one visit to Key West for provisions, and returned to our station.

"At last Zebara again loomed up before us, and the Alhambra was distinctly visible. By the aid of the glass a white flag could be seen waving from the veranda. The signal was responded to, and my friend trembled with excitement, and fear lest the captain might change his mind, and pass to the eastward.

"Fortunately, no suspicious sails were in sight. The weather looked threatening; so up went the helm, off flew the sheets, and away sped the saucy schooner before the brisk breeze for the mouth of the harbor. We were soon at anchor, and the usual official ceremonies took place.

"A boat came alongside with a note for Charlie, which, in his excitement, he failed to show me.

"Our kind-hearted executive, who by this time had obtained a clear insight into my friend's case, at once gave him liberty to go on shore. With a promise from

me to meet him at the Alhambra, off he started on the wings of love.

"I subsequently learned that the interview was warm and affectionate. The don, on being appealed to, replied that his daughter's happiness constituted his chief care in life, and, under the circumstances, he could make no objection to the engagement. The consummation he deferred until Charlie had finished his present cruise; 'and then,' said the old gentleman, 'your wanderings will have to cease. If it is the will of Ienze to live in the United States, I'll sell this plantation and live there also. Her fortune is most ample, and no necessity exists for your following the harassing profession of the sea.'

"In the evening I made my appearance at the Alhambra, and was warmly received. Indeed, I began to regret that the don possessed not another daughter, with whom I might fall in love.

"Our visit was prolonged to a late hour, when, taking leave reluctantly, we returned to the schooner. We were in the happiest spirits; for I sympathized with my friend in the great joy that had befallen him.

CHAPTER VI.

PARTING BY MOONLIGHT.—DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING THE PURSUIT OF MATRIMONY IN TROPICAL CLIMATES.—THE INEVITABLE RIVAL INTERFERES, AND ROMANCE ENDS IN A TRAGEDY.

OUR zealous executive reported to the captain that in twenty-four hours the schooner would be watered, and ready for the continuation of her cruise. This information tallied not with Charlie's wishes; but he tried to feel satisfied, as he was hopeful for the future.

"Accompanied by the captain, whom the don had invited to spend the day at the Alhambra, Pembrook departed. At five in the afternoon my relief-duty ceased, leaving me at liberty to visit the shore; which I did, with a view of bidding Ienze farewell.

"Passing up one of the narrow streets, I was suddenly confronted by Señor Henrico. He had just returned from abroad, and had probably heard of the engagement of Ienze. I judged so from the fiendish and repulsive expression of his countenance. He passed abruptly and without recognition, muttering curses quite audibly.

"This unexpected rencontre was rather startling. Some vague, indefinable feeling of dread came over me, and it was with difficulty dispelled during my pedestrian transit from town to country.

"In the veranda of the Alhambra I found seated the don and our captain. The fair Ienze had just handed

them coffee and cigars, and the like compliment was gracefully bestowed upon your humble servant.

"'By the by, Mr. Norris,' said the captain, 'as I was leaving Zebara, our consul presented an official letter from the commodore, ordering me to report to him at Key West immediately. But for this dead calm, the cornet would at once have been hoisted at the fore, and a gun would have summoned the absentees from their elysium to the less agreeable duties of quarter-deck. As it is, I cannot sail until the land-breeze makes, in the morning; so you must be on board this evening, with your friend. Duty, you know, before pleasure!'

"The don expressed his sincere regrets, and the señorita looked disconsolate.

"Knowing their association was now circumscribed, Charlie and Ienze left the veranda to enjoy the privacy of the garden, and for the indulgence in those tender expressions of affection natural to the occasion. We of the veranda smoked, and conversed upon various themes of interest; while ever and anon the forms of the lovers could be seen in the moonlight, earnestly conversing as they promenaded the garden avenue.

"Without impertinent curiosity, but from affectionate interest, I naturally watched their movements. Once I thought the shadow of a man passed in their rear. It was a fancy, no doubt. I looked again—no, 'twas a reality; I could see it stealthily approach. A feeling of dread oppressed me. Rising to my feet and seizing my weapon, I started for the garden.

"Alas, too late! The assassin was upon them. An exclamation, then a scream of anguish, broke upon our ears. By the moon's light I saw the gleam of a knife.

Ienze threw herself before it. The assassin-hand stayed not; the plunge was deep. Then followed the report of a pistol.

"Rapid though my movements were, these terrible events occurred in a moment of time. Woeful was the scene that met my gaze! Charlie and Ienze were prostrate on the ground, their blood mingling in one ruddy stream. I heard a fiendish laugh and exclamation of triumph, and, turning, my eyes rested upon the form of Henrico, who, wounded by Pembrook's pistol, was endeavoring to escape from the garden. Concentrated rage nerved my hand. I shot the scoundrel through the heart, and he fell dead by the fence.

"The don, our captain, and the domestics, hearing the shrieks and report of fire-arms, hastened to the fatal spot.

"Such a scene, my lad, as followed, language cannot portray. Side by side the lovers lay, profusely bleeding from wounds inflicted by the murderous knife of Henrico. Bending over his daughter the horrified father knelt, and moaned in agony.

"The lovers were conveyed to the house, and to the best of our ability the bleeding was stanched. In a brief time surgeons arrived, summoned through the captain's prompt thoughtfulness, and to them we intrusted the wounded.

"On inspection, Charlie's injury, though serious, was pronounced not mortal. But, alas! poor Ienze was dying. Pale as marble, and as coldly insensible, this beautiful, heroic girl seemed gently passing to the land of spirits. I could not but reflect with pain upon the sad mutations of life, while gazing upon this splendid establishment and its exquisite surroundings, remembering

how bright were the prospects and happy the anticipations which a moment of time had obliterated forever.

"The captain decided that it was expedient to convey Charlie immediately on board of the schooner. I knew full well, when he recovered his consciousness and learned that death had snatched from him his heart's treasure, nothing could restrain or prevent his returning to the side of her mortal remains.

"The sanity of a man of his strong feelings would, at such a sight, forsake him. Separated from it, the dreadful calamity might be gently and carefully made known to him, and his grief so softened by friendly solicitude as to open the floodgates of sorrow for the salvation of his mind.

"Placing Pembrook on a mattress in one of the don's carriages, with great care we conveyed him to the vessel, where, by the captain's orders, he was berthed in the cabin.

"At the suggestion of the American consul, I wrote an official account of the affair, and explained that I had shot Henrico the moment he committed assassination.

"At day-dawn the captain came on board, deeply depressed. I asked if Ienze yet lived.

"'Yes; the vital spark still lingers like a gossamer thread, suspending that sweet soul between earth and immortality. The physicians momentarily expect to close those beautiful eyes forever on this miserable world of ours. Her poor father clings to her side in mute and agonizing despair. I tried to speak to him. It was impossible. He has no thought for anything but his terrible affliction.'

"I left a note of condolence, expressing a hope that

God in infinite mercy would yet spare to him his incomparable treasure, and briefly stated it was necessary to sail, and every consideration required I should take Lieutenant Pembrook with me. This is a horrible winding up of all the romance connected with our visit to Zebara.

"We were soon slowly winding our way oceanward, while every one on board the little schooner was sadly depressed. Just as the offing was gained, the solemn toll of the cathedral bell sounded over the swelling sea. Every head was involuntarily uncovered, and the deep silence was unbroken save by the whispered word, 'She's dead!'

"My heart was nearly bursting. 'Oh, Ienze, my lovely sister—my Charlie's almost wife! are you really dead, or is this some horrible dream that tortures my soul?' I wept, and the dull, monotonous cathedral bell tolled on, 'She's dead! she's dead!' In the cabin, poor Charlie groaned in anguish.

"Fresh trade-winds blew our craft along. The Alhambra, in all its natural loveliness, faded from our view, and the Atlantic waves broke sonorously around, seeming to murmur in solemn cadences, 'She's dead! she's dead!'

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.—THE GHOST IN THE COMMODORE'S GIG.—HOW A BRAVE MAN STRUGGLED WITH A TORNADO.—EVEN BRUIN MELTS AT THE RECITAL.

I WILL pass over all the details of poor Charlie's sufferings. The painful duty devolved upon me to break the awful news that left him seared and blighted in the first bloom of his manhood.

"We were ordered to Norfolk, and it was not until the officers were detached from the vessel, and our steps turned to Charlie's home in Virginia, that I ventured to lift the curtain, and recite at full length the sad events of that fatal night at the Alhambra.

"His aunt and lovely sister were tender and devoted; but 'who can minister to a mind diseased, or pluck from the heart a rooted sorrow?'

"He was ill for some weeks—dangerously ill. When convalescent, at his request I wrote to the don. No answer came to the sorrowing letter, and we feared that the poor father had joined his idolized daughter in heaven.

"The White Sulphur Springs were visited, with the hope that change of scene and society might restore my friend. Physically, his health improved; but not so his mind. A morbid sorrow preyed upon him; and for hours he would sit alone, gazing upon the face of Ienze, miniatured by an accomplished artist, who had happily

caught her exquisite expression, and in living colors transferred it to ivory.

"His sister Mary—a lovely girl—nursed him with gentleness and care. Our consultations as to the patient brought us into close and harmonious communion, and—Well, never mind; I'll say nothing about that at present. We at length agreed that it was necessary Charlie should be roused to action, and ordered to sea.

"'But,' said Mary, 'you must go with him, as I now hold you responsible for his safe return; and when you deliver him, I'll render you a receipt in full!'

"I attached more meaning to these words than Miss Mary dreamed of.

"And now, alas! my friend is gone from me forever!

"Mr. Forbes, my story is told—a sad, but o'er true tale."

At this moment seven bells struck. "Why, Mr. Forbes, we became so absorbed in the melancholy past, the duties of the ship have been accidentally neglected. Heave the log, sir, and note the last hour's velocity by the present. I do not think the wind has varied since our watch commenced."

Mr. Forbes proceeded to call the men stationed at the log-reel. Nearing the taff-rail, he started back with a shout of alarm.

Lieutenant Norris heard the cry, and hastened aft, when his eyes became riveted on a pallid face seen peering over the gunwale of the commodore's gig.

"Oh, Pembrook! Pembrook! Does your spirit come to upbraid your friend? Poor Charlie, you know how dearly I loved you!"

A weak voice replied:

"Tom, Tom, I am flesh and blood; help me out of the boat! To get into it from the rudder-chains has cost me hours of labor and perfect prostration. I'm here, old boy —no ghost! Come, Tom, do not weep, but assist me, and let us have no scenes!"

It was indeed Lieutenant Pembrook, saved by a miracle. They helped him on deck, and, thus supported, he gained the carronade-slide. Paul rushed to Lieutenant Norris' state-room, and returned with a tumbler of brandy. In a few moments Pembrook revived sufficiently to explain the manner of his rescue.

"I was standing," said he, "in the lee-gangway, when the tornado gained its height. The main-sheet was slack, and, whipping about like mad, it struck and hurled me overboard.

"Grasping, like all drowning men, at straws, I seized upon a rope towing alongside, and clung to it with frantic energy. To hail, was impossible; for, as the ship dashed furiously through the sea, I was incessantly submerged; and when coming to the surface, it was all I could do to regain my breath.

"Suddenly the rope slackened. A horrible dread came over me, supposing it had parted, or was rendering through the block. But in a moment I found myself close under the counter, drawn there by the eddy-current caused by the ship in her rapid velocity.

"As she settled in the sea, I grasped the rudder-chains. Hope renewed my strength, and I clung to them with all the energy despair gives to drowning men. After repeated struggles, I succeeded in getting one leg across the chain; the next effort was to secure myself, so that nei-

ther by the dip of the ship nor exhaustion from constant submersion should I be washed away.

"A knife was in my pocket, but my clothes clung so closely to my body that some time elapsed before it could be extricated. I opened the blade with my teeth. Then, with great exertion, I cut the bight of the life-line, and passed the end round my person and the rudder-chain. You may possibly be able to conceive my fearful sufferings in this position. The plunging of the frigate submerged me deep into the sea, rising again just long enough to enable me to inhale breath for the next immersion.

"Thank God, the squall was of short duration; the swell gradually subsiding, my dives became less frequent and prolonged. Exhausted and suffering, it required a powerful exercise of will to command my fluttering senses. Vainly I endeavored to cry aloud for succor; my tongue seemed to be glued to the roof of my mouth, and could utter no articulate sound. An age of misery overwhelmed me; the events of my life arose in panoramic view before my tortured mind. Earnestly I besought our heavenly Father to forgive my sins and prolong my life yet awhile.

"At length something came in contact with my face. I grasped it, and at once comprehended that it was the stern 'Jacob's ladder' adrift from its sea-seizing. Hope dawned again. By a desperate effort I succeeded in securing the end of my life-line to the ladder and rudder-chains. This accomplished, drawing myself on the ladder-rounds, I cast off the lashing that bound me to my resting-place. Simple as this is in revelation, to my exhausted body it was a Herculean task.

"By slow degrees I gained the gunwale of the gig. Here came the greatest difficulty, as my prostration was such it seemed an impossibility to reach the inside of the boat; but struggling on, I eventually succeeded, falling powerless and insensible on the thwarts. How long I remained thus, I know not. Green fields, babbling brooks, the home of my childhood, with all its endearing scenes and reminiscences, appeared to my dreamy vision; and, Tom, Ienze appeared, smiling sweetly as of yore—oh, so beautiful! Pressing her lips to mine, she whispered, as my poor brain fancied: 'There is joy in store for us, Charlie. We'll meet in Rome!' I struggled to call her name and grasp her garments, but she faded, and the thrilling interview aroused me to consciousness. Then, Tom, I recognized you, and the evidence of your devoted friendship thawed my frozen blood, bringing back the power of speech."

As Lieutenant Pembrook was anxious to avoid excitement, he requested that his safety should not be made known until the morning. His friend Norris, Paul Forbes, and the quartermaster, were all who were cognizant of the rescue; and, their silence being promised, he retired to his state-room.

On the following morning, refreshed and invigorated from a good night's repose, he entered the crowded ward-room, startling his messmates like a vision from the dead. Intense was the excitement and sincere were the congratulations of his friends.

The news soon circulated throughout the ship, and produced a furore of enthusiasm. None offered more hearty congratulations than the granite commodore, who on this

occasion manifested an amount of feeling no one believed him capable of entertaining.

Throughout the day nothing was discussed but this remarkable escape from death; and the gallant Pembrook had every reason to feel flattered with the demontrations of regard exhibited by every one on board.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HURRICANE IN MID OCEAN.—A PLUCKY OLD COMMODORE.—THE NAUTILUS ENCOUNTERS AN ICEBERG.—NARROW ESCAPE FROM DESTRUCTION.—THE SINKING MERCHANTMAN AND THE TIMELY RESCUE.—GIBRALTAR.—ARRIVAL AT PORT MAHON.

IT required but a brief time, under the exacting discipline of the commodore, to bring the ship's company into the most perfect order. The officers were ambitious that the gallant frigate should enter the Mediterranean in a condition to stand competition with the crack men-of-war of all nations, which on this station, more than any other, indulge in general as well as national rivalry.

The guns were admirably handled, and sail was made and shortened with wonderful rapidity; giving satisfaction even to the stern old chief, whose approbation could only be elicited by extraordinary alacrity on the part of his crew.

On the eleventh day out, the weather, which had been most propitious since the night of the Gulf-stream tornado, gave evidences of change. During the day the rigging became festooned with gossamer, resembling spider-webbing. The wind veered coquettishly four and five points in half an hour.

At sunset the mighty luminary seemed loth to depart. Its blood-red rays, of unnatural density, lingered for many minutes on the sea of the western horizon. Overhead rolled masses of leaden clouds.

The warnings of the barometer were carefully heeded by the experienced commodore. Signs of nature, hieroglyphical to the uninitiated, were by him, from long experience, read with facility and acted upon with promptness and vigor.

Light spars and masts were sent on deck; booms, boats, guns, and everything liable to displacement by the plunging ship or rushing waters, were carefully secured; preventer-braces, life-lines, and rolling-tackles were fitted; tarpaulins and battens placed at hand for securing the hatches, and relieving-tackles manned in the ward-room.

From the southward and eastward came a long, heavy, portentous swell, indicating that Nature in that quarter was experiencing some mighty disturbance. The distance of the atmospheric combat could not be computed, but the commodore knew hurricanes, in their wild and terrific flight, annihilated space.

All these general warnings, at this season of the year, announced the approach of a terrible storm. The night was passed anxiously. Day dawned for a few moments only, and was speedily extinguished by an ominous darkness, as black clouds settled densely down, obliterating the horizon outline.

The mercury, which was anxiously consulted, continued to fall. On the starboard tack, the frigate, under close-reefed main-topsail and fore storm-staysail, plunged heavily into the mountain waves. She looked like a prize-fighter stripped to the buff, ready to do or die.

Suddenly the first lieutenant, who had the deck, turned to the commodore, and exclaimed:

"It's coming, sir! See how it walls up to windward and ahead!"

"Hard up!" said the commodore. "We'll take the first of it over our taff-rail, and bring her to the wind when its strength is felt."

The helm was put a-weather, and she fell off. Down upon the frigate came the massive sea and howling wind, like an avalanche. Propelled by the blast, the good ship flew before it. A peal resembling the cracking of a thousand cart-whips announced the tattering of the powerful close-reefed main-topsail.

Promptly the main storm-staysail was hoisted, and the ship brought by the wind before the sea began its fearful surges. At this moment the hurricane scalped the crested waves to a smooth surface. Hatches were firmly battened down, as now the "storm-king," Azrael, had come riding upon the cyclone, the demon of destruction.

Darkness shrouded the day, and a rain of salt, stinging like hail, blinded the eyes of the seamen whenever an effort was made to look to windward.

The recently-subdued billows now began to topple again with their foaming crests. The scene was grand, but awful. The crew were all on deck, summoned by that terrible and rarely-heard cry of "All hands save ship!" Eagerly were their glances turned to their commander—that indomitable old sea-lion who stood upon the "horse-block," a stranger to fear, and governing with an iron will the movements of five hundred men.

No orders could be heard. The human voice was drowned in the hurricane. The disciplined mariners were governed by a wave of their commander's hand.

Landsmen have often looked upon a tornado sweeping in mad fury over the earth. They have seen forests levelled, and homes and temples crushed. But the seaman

only has realized the effects of that greater power which comes from the combined rage of the air and waves.

The theory of storms, at this period, had not been developed by those cyclone philosophers, Reid and Red field. Every intelligent seaman understood the baromet rical warnings, though not, as now, how to act upon their prophetic instruction.

Such was the height of the sea, that, but for the life-lines, the crew would have been washed overboard. The gallant frigate breasted the waves like a steed conscious of the priceless burden he bears.

Another day dawned dimly upon the ocean. At seven, a sudden lull occurred, though the ship rolled fearfully.

"Now, sir," said the commodore to the first lieutenant, "we'll have the storm back again at once in all its terrors. See that your hatches are well secured, and our best helmsman at the wheel!"

The order was obeyed. Every officer seemed to nerve himself for the dread trial, as the information passed among them that the chief looked for worse to come.

Inky darkness closed around the struggling ship, but it was broken every instant by the lurid streaks which shot across the sky, and these were followed by peal after peal of heaven's artillery. There was no wind as yet, but the waves tumbled against each other, as if drunk with anger. Ports were stove in, and boats wrenched from their davits and crushed in this bacchanalian revel. Suddenly, like a million of demons howling in despair, the hurricane again burst forth. Every one on board expected to see the masts swept away, and the noble ship founder in the storm. It was well that the duration of the assault was brief. No fabric built by human hands

could have survived this contest forty minutes longer. The struggle gradually subsided. As the clouds passed to leeward, the thunder and lightning ceased. A rising barometer was reported, and in an hour some blue sky seen above comforted the weary crew.

"Mr. Person," said the commodore, "the struggle is over, and we have safely looked destruction in the face—thanks to a kind Providence and stanch ship! Pipe down, sir, and splice the main-brace. By meridian you can make more sail."

At this moment an officer from the forecastle sang out:

"Land, oh!"

"Impossible!" responded the commodore. "We are in the middle of the Atlantic! Go forward, and look for yourself, sir."

The executive struggled through the *débris* of the storm to the fore-rigging, and soon returned reporting "high land right ahead!"

"It may be an iceberg. If it is, the singular good fortune that has always attended this ship is again exemplified in our making the island of ice in daylight, when a collision can be avoided. What a calamity, if we had ignorantly approached at night! The ship must pay off, sir," continued the commodore. "Send a hundred men into the weather fore-rigging. In this sea it is a dangerous experiment, but there is no alternative. Put your helm up."

These orders were instantly obeyed, and, like a drunken man, the ship reeled under the pressure of overwhelming waves as they broke on board, sweeping everything not strongly secured before them.

Shortly there arose, a little on the weather-bow, a huge monument of ice. There it floated, grand and lofty, amid the stormy waters, which broke in wild spray against its solid, clear, blue base. Born in the Arctic, these monsters of Nature are torn from their icy homes by physical convulsions, and, through the action of mysterious currents, are floated to the southward, where they impede navigation, and hurl destruction upon any unfortunate vessel that may be sailing in their path.

As the frigate approached the gigantic wanderer from the polar regions, so extensive proved its area, it was necessary to give it a wide berth. The ship, under the influence of the heavy waves, did not fall off as freely as was required.

"Goose-wing your foresail, sir! She must pass well to leeward."

Up went the hardy forecastlemen. They passed a stout lashing round the bunt of the foresail, and relieved the quarter-gasket. The moment the weather-tack was hauled taut and clew-garnet rendered, the wing of the sail swelled out and received the powerful pressure of the gale; and, though small the surface presented, it bore the frigate off, with an irresistible force, three points from the frozen monster.

All hands breathed freer; but colder blew the wind, for the ship was still abreast of the iceberg. Under its enormous lee the wild waves ceased their tumult, and the gale was hardly felt. This transition to a comparatively peaceful sea was astonishing. For two miles this barrier shielded the vessel, while every one on board gazed with awe upon it. The end of this singular breakwater was reached, and with a wild plunge the ship again ploughed

deep into the agitated billows, and the cyclone burst with renewed force upon her, so suddenly and powerfully, that the foresail was torn from the yard, and in fantastic ribbons fluttered for a moment in the rigging; then, snapping away, it passed on the bosom of the gale. The main storm-staysail brought the frigate by the wind, and, as the seas became more regular, she labored less.

The improving change in the weather continued to flatter the exhausted crew with anticipations of relief. The regular watches were set, and refreshments obtained for the first time in twenty-four hours.

Among the officers, much admiration for the seamanship displayed by the granite commodore was expressed. The midshipmen, in their berths, freely discussed the manner of his handling the frigate; and Randal remarked to Paul:

"I'll tell you what it is, my boy: as I looked upon his cool countenance when danger became so imminent, I freely forgave him for calling us 'd—d young whelps.'"

Relief from peril restored appetites throughout the ship. How the grog, under the circumstances, was enjoyed, none but the storm-tossed mariner can tell. Even the youngsters of the steerage indulged in the potent glass, and gave way to jollity and humor.

In a few hours the sky put aside its cloudy mantle, and old Sol struggled to look amiable. Gradually the waves became less agitated, as blustering Boreas sobered down from his spree.

Damages were repaired, new sails bent, and, when night came, single-reefed topsails no longer oppressed the frigate. In the hours of darkness double look-outs were placed forward, and the thermometer constantly used to

find the temperature of the water. A fall of many degrees would indicate the proximity of another ice-berg.

At daylight a clear sky and fresh N.W. wind found the frigate in her natural condition again, though the sea still exhibited turbulence. At eight bells the mast-head look-out reported a sail one point off the lee-bow. But little attention was given to this ordinary occurrence at sea, and the crew were piped to breakfast. The relief look-out repaired to his station on the topsail yard. He had not been aloft more than twenty minutes, before he reported the sail ahead to be, as he thought, a ship in dis-tress. The midshipman of the watch received an order to take a glass and proceed to the mast-head.

He looked at the vessel a moment, and reported:

"A large ship, sir—foremast gone, and flag half-mast!"

In the course of an hour the vessel could be seen from the deck. Her bowsprit and foremast were gone, and no sail was set save a balanced-reefed maintrysail. The flag displayed was American, half-mast, and Union down. In the hollow of the sea, the ship wallowed fearfully. To bear down upon her, became a matter of forty-five minutes. On her quarter was chalked:

"We are sinking!"

As quickly as it could be gotten ready, canvas was dis-played from the beam of the frigate, with the words:

"I'll stand by you until boats can rescue."

The sea still broke heavily, and the wind blew with considerable violence. It was, as yet, impossible to use the boats, particularly as those on the boom had to be broken out; so the topsails were close-reefed and the

main thrown back, to retain a safe and convenient position for rendering assistance.

"Mr. Person," said the commodore, "the weather is rapidly moderating; so, get up your yard and stay-tackles, for launching the first and second cutters, the only small boats the storm has spared us. Appoint Mr. Pembrook to one, and Lieutenant Norris to the other; permitting them to select their own crews from among our most experienced men."

When it was reported that ladies were on board the doomed vessel, the officers were excited to unusual exertions to proceed to the rescue. But the chief decided that it was not yet prudent to venture with the boats, as their loss would seriously cripple the frigate. Moreover, he judged, from appearances, that the unfortunate vessel would float for many hours. He promised that, the moment his discretion dictated, the boats should proceed on their errand of mercy.

Signals of distress continued from the vessel, and the officers watched with extreme anxiety for the expected lull that would permit them to proceed to the wreck. After waiting for two hours, the commodore determined to hazard his boats. Exercising extreme caution, the cutters were safely launched, and sped on to the rescue.

All the ladies—fifteen in number—were put into the boats from the merchantman, and on board the frigate, by her yard and stay-tackle. After great exertion, hardihood, and energy, sixty souls were saved, consisting of all the passengers and crew, together with some of their baggage.

While the cutters were being hoisted into their positions on the booms, the last agonies of the unfortunate

vesssel were witnessed. She rolled deeply in the trough of the sea, which made a clear breach over her, settled deeper and deeper in the water, until with a whirl she disappeared.

The boats were secured, and away the frigate sped to the eastward, with flowing sheets and press of canvas.

The commodore very kindly domiciled the ladies in his cabin. The gentlemen picnicked it in various parts of the ship. The thanks of the rescued passengers were rendered with warmth, and other thanksgivings ascended to heaven for the Divine interposition, when hope had fled, and a watery grave seemed inevitable.

The captain of the lost vessel informed the officers that, two nights before, the cyclone had burst with such sudden violence upon him, that he lost his bowsprit and foremast in three minutes, together with three of his crew, his boats, and everything on his spar-deck. With extreme difficulty he cleared the wreck, and succeeded in setting a balanced-reefed main-spencer, which kept her for a time out of the hollow of the sea. "Bad as was my condition," said he, "I doubted not our ability to save the ship, as she was new and well-built. At meridian yesterday, the carpenter startled me by reporting five feet of water in the hold. The pumps were manned, but so fearfully blew the hurricane, and so overwhelming were the seas that boarded us, that little could be accomplished. I became convinced that the bowsprit, or foremast, had started some butts, as they thumped us violently before we could cut them adrift. This morning we had ten feet of water in our hold, and no doubt, but for that part of my cargo consisting of cotton, we would have gone down hours before you sighted us. I am not a praying man,

but, this morning, the sight of the terrible despair of my lady-passengers brought me to my knees, and I prayed earnestly for rescue. God listened to a sinner's pleading; for, as I rose from my knees, your noble frigate was seen bearing down upon us, looking like the ark of safety. If you could have heard the shouts of joy and gratitude, your hearts would have melted, as mine did, and felt that there is a God above who watches over the storm-tossed mariner."

The passengers generally were bound to Europe, on a tour of pleasure. In a few days, under the influence of sympathy and courtesy, they recovered their cheerfulness, and became quite happy in the hope of an early arrival in Gibraltar. This anticipation was speedily realized by the announcement from the mast-head of "Land, oh!" and the romantic shore of Spain hove in sight. Propelled by a gentle wind, the Pillars of Hercules were passed, and the frigate rode at last upon the Mediterranean Sea.

At daylight the next morning the dim, misty outline of the crouching lion rose above the horizon, indicating the famous rock of Gibraltar—England's stronghold in the Mediterranean. In a few hours the harbor was entered, the anchor fell from the cathead, and the gallant ship rode to her moorings, as though no fierce gales had ever menaced her destruction.

With all on board the frigate under the influence of beautiful scenery, peaceful waters, zephyr breezes, and lovely skies, the dangers and vicissitudes of the ocean faded from their memory. Living no longer in the gloomy past, they basked in the sunshine of the genial present.

The American consul immediately visited the ship and promptly attended to the necessities of his suffering countrymen. Accommodations were obtained for them on shore, and such monetary arrangements made as would further the objects of their visit to Europe. The strange episode at the commencement of their tour had rather increased than diminished their zest for travel. They were all wealthy, and the few losses experienced by the sinking of the ship were easily repaired.

The tarry of the frigate in port was announced to be brief, as the squadron now assembled in Port Mahon had to be transferred to the new commander-in-chief.

Those who could obtain leave to visit the shore, did so. Among the fortunate number of midshipmen were Randal, Paul Forbes, and Clifford. On landing, they passed through the "sally port," and entered the town. A queer multitude met their view. It was like a masquerade, in which all the nationalities of the earth, interspersed with British soldiers, were represented. The ear became bewildered with the mixture of different languages.

Paul was particularly amused, and sang out to Randal:

"By Jove, we are undoubtedly on the site of the 'Tower of Babel'! No other spot on earth can create such a confusion of tongues. It is 'confusion worse confounded.' Let us explore, and obtain some evidence of the brickmanship of the ambitious 'sons of Noah.'"

"First," replied Randal, "we must examine into the masonry of the Spanish projectors and John Bull perfectors of these stupendous fortifications, said to be impregnable to the ordnance of the present day."

The gentlemen proceeded to the galleries, three tiers in number, connected with each other by flights of stair-

ways, and extending a half a mile through the solid rock. Each gallery is sufficiently spacious to mount heavy guns, and is provided with commodious magazines, not only for powder, but for three years' provision, with water-tanks in abundance. This visit was exceedingly interesting, and occupied some time. Thence they ascended by a narrow pathway to the signal-station, situated on the most elevated part of the rock, some sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Arriving on the apex, they stood upon an insignificantly small area of land, or rock, on which the neat signal-house is located with its flag-staffs. Here the midshipmen were politely received by a veteran sergeant of fifty years' service in the British army. The position as a sinecure is awarded to long and faithful service, though a younger pair of eyes performs the actual signals.

From this often cloud-capped eyry, when the sky is clear, a "far view" of great interest meets the eye. To the southward rise grimly the sombre cliffs of Africa. Eastward spreads the blue Mediterranean, dotted with vessels warlike and commercial, yet so great in the distance that they resemble white sea-gulls floating on the water. From north to west, until opening the Atlantic, the land of Spain presents its rugged, melancholy outlines, destitute of trees and verdure. Mouldering towers rise in their dilapidation from many a hill-top—monuments without history, save in the traditions of the fascinating and chivalric contest between Moor and Christian.

The venerable sergeant in charge had braved the battle's fire for fifty years, in many climes. He had been in India, America, the Peninsula, France, and, finally, at Waterloo, where he had lost his left arm. With such

memories, he was fond of talking of the past, particularly when an attentive party of visitors sought his revelations, and purchased the old English cheese and ale which he kept for the accommodation of the pedestrians who clambered to his lofty station.

Our young gentlemen made themselves comfortable, and enjoyed the magnificent view; then, leaving the old subaltern to the enjoyment of his cherished pipe, they wound their way down the broken pathway, bringing up at the "Three Anchors"—a "Posada" of naval celebrity since the days of Nelson. There they had an excellent dinner, as the market of Gibraltar is unsurpassed in the Mediterranean.

Towards the cool of the day a visit to the parade-ground afforded much gratification, in the opportunity it offered of witnessing the drill of the Highland regiment. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the appearance of the Scots in full national costume, the bagpipes playing "The Campbells are coming" as they entered the military arena.

The drill was mechanical and exact, to the uniform movement of a finger. Randal appeared to think a Florida campaign would take all this starch out of the brave fellows.

The sundown-gun paid its parting salute to the day, and before its reverberations over land and sea had ceased, the frigate's boat, containing the young gentlemen, was returning. The anchor was weighed, and, under a wide spread of canvas she made her passage eastward, propelled by a strong westerly wind.

A few days more, and Mount Toro, the great landmark of Majorca, rose up like a monument out of the sea.

Rapidly the low land appeared, and finally the village of Georgetown, connecting with Port Mahon.

Entering the narrow mouth of this excellent harbor, its spaciousness could be appreciated as the heights of Georgetown were passed. Spectators on this elevation could look down upon the deck of the vessel, and every word that passed be distinctly heard.

As the arrival of an American man-of-war was always a pleasant event, the gathering on Georgetown heights to welcome the *Nautilus* embraced the majority of the population of Port Mahon. The shouts to the crew by the free-and-easy lasses of sailor associations excited hilarity, which stern discipline could not always check.

Like magic, sail was reduced and promptly furled, and the anchor caught the bottom. At length, by the use of an absurd number of hawsers (a singular proclivity of the Port Mahon pilots), the frigate was eventually moored off Califagara Point.

Then came the rush of visitors, all considering themselves entitled, by consanguinity or long associations, to a prompt and favorable reception.

Conspicuous for friendly attention appeared Pons the hatter, Pons the tailor, Pons the boot-maker, Pons the butcher, Pons the baker, Pons the rope-maker, Pons the monte-dealer, Pons the pilot, Pons the wine-merchant, and so on *ad infinitum*, until the appearance of the Ophelia family, who stretched into as many professions as the Ponses. All spoke English.

CHAPTER IX.

MINORCA VISITED.—HOW THE SAILORS ARE INVEIGLED BY SIGN-BOARDS.—MALTA, AND COURTESIES FROM JOHN BULL.—THE NAUTILUS AMONG THE ISLES OF GREECE.—THE MIDSHIPMEN IN ATHENS.—RUMINATIONS OVER THE PAST AMID THE RUINS OF THE ACROPOLIS.

MAHON Navy Yard for many years had been rented to the Government of the United States by Spain. In this port the squadrons refitted and provisioned. The place received almost its entire support from the expenditures of the officers and the American Government. The poor particularly appreciated the frigate's presence, as they were the recipients of Jack's superfluous allowance of bean-soup, which was regularly served out to them as a matter of charity.

The lower streets of the town were thronged with sailors' boarding-houses, blazoned all over with characteristic sign-boards. Some of these read thus:

> "Brother sailor, please to stop
> And help a shipmate strap a block."

Above this motto were two Jack Tars in muster-trim, one holding a block in one hand and a bottle in the other. The sailor who was thus apostrophized would be considered a blockhead if he failed to "heave to" and take a pull at the inviting bottle.

Near at hand there was:

"My jolly sailor, stop and see
What fine fruit this tree gives me."

Of course, the natural supposition would be, that the tree referred to was of the apple species; but, in place of rosy pippins ripening on the limbs, a crop of bottles, supposed to contain apple brandy, were clustering luxuriantly on every branch.

Ancient mariners, waving in unison the American and Spanish flags, and paintings of several popular American men-of-war, were, however, the more customary signs of invitation to the sailor enjoying his liberty in Port Mahon.

The aristocracy of the island were generally in indigent circumstances. This, coupled with their native pride, constrained them to live in almost complete exclusiveness. A few, however, of the best families received visits from the American officers, and attended the balls given by those gentlemen. It was no unusual circumstance, too, for officers of the service to book themselves for matrimony in this ancient isle of the sea.

At length the equipments were completed, and once again the ship entered upon the uncertain waters of the Mediterranean—uncertain, because the sudden change from a calm sea to one of extreme violence was of ordinary occurrence. The term "Mill-Pond Mediterranean" might answer very well for occasions, but when old Boreas does take the bit between his teeth, he dashes off with a boisterousness hardly exceeded in any quarter of the globe, heaving up billows as dangerous to the mariner as those so often met off Capes Cod and Hatteras.

In a few days the frigate arrived at Malta, and anchored in the harbor of Lavalette, among some twenty English men-of-war.

The etiquette of the navy was strictly observed here. Constantly could be heard the turn-out of the guard, the boatswain's long, winding whistle of ceremony, and the roll of drums, as the commanders of the naval craft in the harbor called to pay their respects to the American frigate. The condition of the *Nautilus* was superb, and defied the most jealous scrutiny of its visitors. John Bull especially was exceedingly courteous in his expressions of admiration.

Malta is interesting as the once proud citadel of the knights. That community have passed away, leaving but a name, and the powerful fortifications of Lavalette, to be a monument of their former military greatness. The harbor, as a naval station, is unsurpassed.

Bidding adieu to Malta, the ship was soon among the islands of the Grecian archipelago, anciently the Ægean Sea. Touching at Milo, a Greek pilot was obtained, and a course steered for Athens.

Every reefer, fresh from his books, had read of Greece, once the school of learning and the home of philosophy, preëminent in arts and arms.

Anticipations of the visit to the grand old ruins of Athens excited a desire to become better acquainted with its history. The boys took to reading diligently, and the steerage conversation was now garnished with classical allusions. Jokes were for the time abandoned when a place of such interest was being approached.

In due time the frigate anchored off the Piræus mole,

with the temples and the renowned Acropolis standing out in bold relief against the northern sky.

Some six miles nearer, the Pirœus, which is the seaport of Athens, spread out its long line of ignoble edifices, which contrasted absurdly with the magnificence as described of the days of Pericles.

Paul, of course, was of the first party leaving the ship on a visit to Athens. Gayly the young men galloped along over the broken road, looking in vain for the high walls, sufficiently wide for the double roads which in the time of the ancients connected Athens with the Pirœus. Nothing remained to indicate that such structures ever existed. The presumption is, that the materials were used for ordinary building purposes years ago.

Benton remarked that, to visit celebrated cities of antiquity, was to "learn to unlearn"—to witness the vicissitudes of time.

> "Out upon time, it leaves no more
> Of the things to come than the things before;
> Out upon time, it will forever leave
> Enough of the past for the future to grieve."

The steps of the visitors were first turned to the famous Acropolis, or Athenian citadel. It was guarded by a Bavarian soldier, whose special duty was to prevent the depredations which travellers had been in the habit of committing. The niche where stood the famous colossal statue of Minerva, the titular deity of Attica, still remains. All else is one crumbling mass of dust and broken columns, the effect of the Venetian bombardment in 1687. Then was almost annihilated the celebrated Parthenon, erected by Pericles, and embellished by the

immortal genius of Phidias. The chariot of Victory, which graced the west pediment of this temple, was at the same time demolished, though not by cannon. The conquerors made repeated though futile efforts to remove this wondrous trophy to Venice.

The reefers wandered about the citadel, thinking more of the past than of the present. It was mournful to them to witness the ruins of what was once perfection in architecture and sculpture.

Leaving the Acropolis, they stood on Mars' Hill, or the Areopagus, the great council-seat of Athens. The altar dedicated to Minerva had disappeared, but two rude seats of stone, for defendant and accuser, were pointed out. As their eyes took in the view from this open eminence, their minds naturally went back to those days when the Athenian orators spoke those words of burning eloquence which even in our time quicken the blood and nerve the heart. From this spot they, too, gazed upon the same Hymettus mountains, the Acropolis, and the Ægean Sea.

Here, before the august tribunal of the Areopagus, St. Paul was once arraigned as a "setter forth of strange gods." "And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? . . . Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said: Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

The temple of Theseus is the most perfect of all the ancient Grecian edifices of renown. One of its pillars was struck by a cannon-ball, and so badly cracked, that

Lord Byron afterwards caused it to be bound together with a hoop of iron.

The city is built with no regard to regularity. The streets are narrow and dirty, the people indolent and thieving, and, as a class, generally disreputable. The houses gave evidence of being mostly built of granite and marble stolen from the ruins of former greatness.

Riding through Athens, the young gentlemen involuntarily repeated the words of Byron: "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

At sunset they were once more on board ship.

CHAPTER X.

A KING AND QUEEN COME ON BOARD.—PAUL DANCES WITH HER MAJESTY, AND PERFORMS OTHER GALLANT SERVICES, AND GETS AN INVITATION TO THE PALACE.—A MELANCHOLY EPISODE.—DUEL BETWEEN MIDSHIPMEN.—ONE KILLED AND THE OTHER HEART-BROKEN.—THE CODE OF HONOR IN THE OLD NAVY.

ON the following morning extra attention to neatness of the ship was bestowed, in anticipation of a visit from the king and queen of Greece. Paul Forbes, as "commodore's aid," received orders to prepare the barge, and hold himself in readiness to convey the royal party on board.

At ten o'clock, fifteen fine, hardy-looking seamen, and the aid, in full dress, manned the barge and left for the Piræus mole.

A few moments after arriving at the landing, a carriage, escorted by a troop of Bavarian cavalry, drew up at the head of the mole, followed by another. From the first descended King Otho, dressed in a Bavarian general's uniform, and decorated with the order of St. Hubertus. He handed from the carriage his young and beautiful queen, arrayed in the romantic costume of the country. Her dark-brown hair was set off to advantage by the richly embroidered red cap and falling silk tassel. The jacket of crimson velvet displayed to perfection her exquisitely-rounded shoulders, full bust, and tapering waist girded with a Persian scarf of blue silk. Her

snow-white skirt fell midway between the knee and ankle, displaying limbs covered with rich red velvet leggins, highly embroidered to the instep, and meeting tiny glazed slippers of Parisian make.

Accompanying the queen was Madame W——, an English lady, who acted as the grand dame of the palace; and also a daughter of Marco Bozzaris, who was a tall, handsome young lady, with a straight, classical profile. The celebrated Hydriot, Admiral Miaulius, and a manly youth, the son of Marco Bozzaris, attended upon the king.

They entered the barge, Paul handing the queen to her seat with that modest assurance peculiar, we believe, to all midshipmen.

On the passage to the ship a slight breeze blew the spray of the oars over the stern-sheets, sprinkling the party; whereupon Paul gallantly threw his cloak around her Majesty.

On the quarter-deck of the vessel were gathered the officers. The marine guard presented arms, the band performed the national air of Greece, and the reception took place. After the personal presentation in the cabin was over, the royal party inspected the ship, and appeared to be delighted. More especially so was Admiral Miaulius, who was minute in his inquiries, and closely examined the equipments and armament of the ship.

Refreshments were handed around, but, unfortunately, nothing inviting was presented. As for the ice-cream, the rascally boatman who brought it on board had upset the freezer, and turned it back again well seasoned with salt. Of course, the queen did not enjoy the mix ture, and put it aside with quiet delicacy.

Dancing was said to be her particular weakness; so, on an intimation from her Majesty, the band struck up an inspiring waltz. Away went the royal pair over the deck.

When the music paused, the queen sent young Bozzaris to the commodore to express her desire to waltz with him. The embarrassed old gentleman apologized, and referred to his aid as his deputy in all such indulgences. The young gentleman responded with alacrity for his commander, and whirled her Grecian Majesty around with as much zest as if she had been but a señorita at the masked balls of Port Mahon.

This visit was protracted until a late hour, the time passing pleasantly in exhibitions of naval gunnery, boarding, repelling boarders, etc. When the party manifested their desire to depart, the barge was again placed at their service.

This time Paul waited not for the intrusive spray, but again enveloped the queen in his cloak. After landing, he escorted her to the carriage, where he received her thanks, with a sweet smile and many complimentary remarks, and an invitation to visit at the palace.

The frigate remained but a day longer. From the Piræus she sailed to Cape Colonna, where the young midshipmen visited the once magnificent temples of Minerva and Jupiter Olympus. Sixteen columns of the latter were still standing. The interest awakened in visiting this spot is doubtless enhanced, when it is remembered that here Faulkner met with his disastrous shipwreck.

The frigate then sailed for Smyrna, Scio, Tenedos, Syria, Candia, and, after an absence of four months, returned once again to the friendly harbor of Port Mahon.

While overhauling and provisioning the ship, a melancholy occurrence cast a gloom upon the steerage. Paul joined a party of young gentlemen on a visit to the monastery on Mount Toro, a lofty eminence in the middle of the island, commanding a far view over the Balearics and surrounding sea. Before leaving, he exchanged his cloak with his friend Midshipman Talbot, for a warm pea-jacket, better calculated for equestrian service.

The night after his departure was cold and rainy. On retiring, Mr. Talbot hung the cloak at the head of his hammock, ready for service on his morning watch. At four A.M. he was called to duty, and, after dressing, turned for the cloak. It was missing, but he soon discovered it, thoroughly saturated with water, lying on a camp-stool. The weather being intensely cold, his indignation increased proportionately; and in this frame of mind he repaired on deck.

At seven bells he entered the steerage, and called up the young gentlemen. When they were all aroused, he demanded to know who had been guilty of the outrage.

There was no response for a time, until one of the midshipmen turned to a mischievous little youngster, and said:

"Flaker, why do you not speak up at once, and tell Talbot that you wore the cloak?"

Thus spurred on, the boy said, pertly:

"I took the cloak; and what do you make of it?"

"That you are an impertinent puppy!" And he slapped the youngster's face.

An older midshipman, whose name was Bruster, stepped out, and said:

"'Tis a cowardly act, sir, to strike one so much your

inferior in strength. Turn your wrath on me, sir, if you dare!"

"I dare! and therefore please consider that the chastisement inflicted upon the impudent brat is applied to yourself!"

Words and blows followed; but the stern voice of the first lieutenant instantly quieted the altercation. From the well-known character of the parties and grave looks of the "oldsters," all felt assured the affair had not terminated.

During the day Paul returned, and, after an interview with Talbot, it was evident, from the sadness of his countenance, that something very serious was on the tapis. This impression was confirmed from frequent ceremonious interviews between certain parties.

An effort was made to bring about a reconciliation, but it proved abortive. The challenge to mortal combat passed, and was accepted by Talbot. Both young men were highly regarded in the steerage, and the difficulty was therefore deeply deplored, and by none more than the youngster whose flippancy and thoughtlessness had involved his friend.

On the following day many of the midshipmen visited the shore, among them Talbot and Bruster, with their seconds. The affair, like all such on board of a man-of-war, was managed with secrecy and adroitness. At eleven A.M., in a retired spot behind the graveyard, the parties met.

Paul Forbes acted for his friend Talbot, and even at the eleventh hour made another and a final effort to bring about an adjustment; but. Bruster was inflexible. A

blow had been struck, and no apology could obliterate such an insult.

Duelling in America, but more particularly in the navy, was then a fixed institution. The General Government had enacted stringent laws against it, as had also the Legislatures of every State in the Union. Philanthropists denounced the code as a relic of barbarism, and the pulpit pronounced it to be a defiance to God's holy law, which declared that vengeance belonged to Omnipotence alone. Nevertheless, while society could not sustain the institution on the grounds of law or morals, it did not frown it down, nor hesitate to approve of an appeal to it on points of honor. With public opinion, to decline a challenge to fight a duel was to fix upon one's self the stigma of cowardice. If such was the fiat in civil life, how much more so was it in the military and naval professions!

Young officers of the navy seemed to fancy that their status was not established in the service until they had burnt powder under the rulings of the celebrated "Tipperary Articles"—a copy of which could be found in the preface of every midshipman's journal. The consequences to the naval service of the encouragement of this questionable institution were the frequent loss of valuable lives and the infliction of disabling wounds.

The principals who now stood upon the field of strife were both Virginians, young, high-strung, intelligent, and exceedingly proud. When summoned, they advanced with firm step, and lifted their caps, as they approached, with chivalric courtesy. In a moment the souls of both might be called before their Maker, to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Solemn as was the position

they held towards each other, yet calm and determined were their countenances, over which not a shadow passed nor muscle quivered.

The seconds placed the weapons in their hands, and announced the rules by which the duel was to be governed.

"Gentlemen, you will hold your pistols muzzle down, and perpendicularly to the ground. At the question, Are you ready? answer Yea, or Nay. If both respond in the affirmative, the words will follow, Fire!—one—two—three—cease!"

Paul retired a short distance at right angles, and there was a sad, ominous silence of about forty seconds, which seemed an age of suspense. Having won the word, and with a clear intonation, he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready!"

"Fire!—one—two—three—"

At the word "two," both pistols exploded simultaneously. The combatants stood firm, apparently untouched. Their seconds approached, when Bruster slowly leaned forward, tottered, and then sank heavily upon his face, before his friends could arrest the fall.

The surgeon hastened to his assistance. He opened the vest, tore aside the blood-stained shirt, and there, on the right breast, the life-stream of this gallant Hotspur was gushing forth upon the damp soil. The surgeon shook his head as the probe followed the passage of the ball. Ceasing the operation, he compressed the wound, bandaged it, and directed that the body should at once be taken to the hospital.

Talbot stood like one stricken with palsy. Heavy

drops of perspiration rolled down his cheeks. The eyes that a moment before had been eagle-like in intensity, mellowed like the dove's, and swam in tears of agony.

"My God!" he cried, "I have killed my old friend! Miserable man that I am!—miserable, miserable man! Paul, is there no hope? Ask the doctor! Bruster must not die!—for, if that shot proves fatal, my existence henceforth will be one of wretchedness!"

He was led from the ground the picture of despair.

The wound was fatal. Poor Bruster lingered unconsciously throughout the day and night, his mind wandering to the beautiful valley of Virginia, whose green fields he would see no more. Mother and sister, in his feverish fancy, were by his side. It was painful to hear his expressions of devoted love; but still more so when he called upon one dear name, and grasped, in his delirium, a braid of raven hair, now saturated with his gore. Gradually these paroxysms ceased; he breathed more gently, more feebly; and we could hear, as his life passed away, the words, "Mother—kiss me, Emily!" The light of day entered the room as the vital spark passed into the solemn darkness of death.

They buried poor Bruster with military honors in the naval cemetery. A monument was placed over his grave by his shipmates. As the sun threw its rays upon the home of the dead, they disclosed many a broken marble shaft, that told a like tale of death resulting from the "code of honor."

The commodore manifested much excitement when the melancholy information was reported. He at once ordered the arrest of Talbot, and expressed his determination to try him by court-martial. But it is presumed

that reminiscences of his own youthful indulgence led him to abandon his first intention. The affair ended in Talbot's being sent home.

In a brief time he retired from the navy, a gloomy, unhappy man; nor was he heard of in after years, until the war of secession brought him out of obscurity, at the head of a splendid Virginia regiment. He fought gallantly under General Lee, and found a soldier's grave at Sharpsburg.

CHAPTER XI.

REMINISCENCES OF A PASSED MIDSHIPMAN.—THE TROUBLES OF A TOO SUSCEPTIBLE HEART.—LOVE AND A BANKER'S DAUGHTER.—COURTING A BROWN-STONE FRONT.—MELODY—SUCCEEDED BY DEFEAT AND A BRICK-BAT.

THE clouds of sadness oppressing the spirits of the steerage inmates gradually disappeared as time wore on. One evening the hammocks had been slung, and, as was their wont, the "reefers" gathered around the mess-table for the usual interchange of yarns or amusing conversation.

Randal, who was a passed midshipman, had an unctuous humor, and his stories always interested his hearers, and generally excited uproarious laughter. On this occasion, *cacoethes loquendi* seemed to have taken possession of him; and, at the request of the mess, he gave his experiences in New York city prior to joining the frigate.

"Well, boys, I've no objections to relate the incidents of my city cruise, if you youngsters will keep quiet and listen attentively. My adventures may point a moral, if they do not adorn a tale.

"The bump of philoprogenitiveness is a family peculiarity of the Randals. I judge so from the early marriages and lots of progeny portrayed by the genealogical tree in which our tribe are described, root, body, and branch. It must be so, for, when I was appointed a

'reefer' in Uncle Sam's navy, at the infantile age of fourteen, my first thought after mounting the eagle-buttons was the selection of a wife, supposing it would be a capital appendage to my exalted rank in the service.

"My parents put a stopper on these juvenile aspirations; but I do not think they either convinced or cured me of what they termed my 'boyish absurdity.' I remember, after eight months' sea-experience, we anchored at the Cape of Good Hope.

"I visited the shore, and put up at the best hotel of the place. Among the chambermaids was a pretty, plump, rosy-cheeked Dutch girl, who gave me so many admiring glances, that my over-susceptible heart melted like new-made butter under the rays of the sun.

"Twenty-four hours was quite sufficient to settle the business. I told my tale of love. She 'Ya'd,' and the matter would have been arranged, only I had broken my liberty, and was unceremoniously walked on board by the lieutenant of marines—arrested as a deserter. The captain gave me a jolly overhauling. I rather suspected, from a quizzical look out of the starboard corner of his eye, that he was not entirely ignorant of the heart-rending circumstances which brought upon me the infliction of his official indignation and the severity of his nautical tongue.

"The ship left the harbor, and, by the captain's order, your humble servant was 'mast-headed.' My feelings were too deeply oppressed, and heeded not the punishment. I rather gloried in watching from such an eminence the big sign of the hotel that contained the form of my darling *fraulina*. I pictured her misery, and imagined the number of plates she would demolish in

her absence of mind, while thinking of her fond and 'arrested' lover.

"At last the land faded from view, and the awkwardness of my elevated position was by this time fully realized. Night came, but no relief. There I sat, clinging to the topsail-tie, as the ship plunged from sea to sea like a wild Arabian over the Mountains of the Moon.

"Every hail to the foretop from the officer of the deck caused me to listen anxiously, anticipating the call for my dethronement. If elevation was considered regal, such royalty I heartily confounded, and longed for the comforts of my humble hammock. Half of the night I occupied this airy and chilling position. Love, with me, must be a comforting institution, otherwise it would never thrive under physical torture. But, to end the matter, an hour after midnight I was called to the deck, as completely restored to my normal condition as any devil-may-care 'reefer' on board.

"During the rest of the cruise the captain managed, some way or other, to have a strict surveillance exercised over me; and whenever my too tender heart manifested a disposition to relapse, a word about the captain and mast-head, whispered in my lug, brought me back to this mundane sphere, as cool as a cucumber.

"Well, my period of probation passed, and at last, with my head stuffed with 'Bowditch,' 'Dorsey Lever,' 'Douglass' Gunnery,' and manuscript seamanship, I made my appearance before five of our bully post captains, as subdued a sucking Nelson or Decatur as ever stood before the 'Teaser.' They carried all my masts away, and coolly told me to 'claw off a lee-shore.' They knocked the bottom out of my ship, and ordered me to stop the

leak. Then they 'clubbed and boxed' me, until my mind was turned into a cyclone. But it all ended in encomiums upon my abilities and reconstructive powers.

"The don, our mathematical Hidalgo, spread me on the 'gridiron,' roasted me with a 'meridian altitude,' brought on temporary insanity with 'a lunar,' sent me to the 'pole-star,' and, at last, buried me with the 'sextant.'

"In mathematics, seamanship, and navigation, I was pronounced a trump, and they played the ten of spades against my name. So, with a 'flush,' I passed, and was a 'right bower' with all the boys who had not weathered the fiery furnace.

"Such was my examination—a fearful ordeal for those who are not well prepared, a mere *bagatelle* to the properly-stuffed midshipman. The Navy Department hastened (that is, in three weeks) to inform me I was booked on the register as a 'passed midshipman.' I backed my anchor, gobbled up the increased pay, and felt that, on seven hundred and fifty per annum, John Jacob Astor was only a penny-whistle to my brass trumpet.

"Baltimore being too much of a village for one so puffed up with greatness as myself, I adjourned to the city of New York, though Paris was really my proper sphere. I patronized only those restaurants where the French dishes were served up *à la mode.*

"A tour of one month, sailing with studding-sails on both sides, at the rate of many dollars an hour, soon brought me up 'all standing;' and the necessity for sailing 'by and large,' under reduced canvas, forced itself upon my nautical noddle.

"Speaking of noddles, reminds me that the bump of amativeness had rapidly redeveloped since I acquired

elevated rank in the navy. As my funds sank low, the necessity for a permanent recuperation forced itself upon my understanding. I took to a reasonable but fashionable boarding-house. There were a number of good-looking ladies sojourning in the select establishment. Knowing my weakness, I carefully informed myself of each one's financial status, and, being warned of their pauperish condition, steered my bark safely through the rocks and shoals that beset my pathway. They all wanted husbands, and I wanted a wife; but, by the Lord Harry, not a poor one!

"Ere my patience was exhausted, the daughter of a banker known to be rich (for I had studied Wall street, and made myself familiar with the 'Bulls' and 'Bears' of eminence) called upon one of the *poor* girls, a former school-friend. She was pretty, and, I judged, romantic, from many expressions that fell from a pair of cherry lips.

"An introduction took place, and, fellows, I spread myself for an effect! In fact, I *gushed!* She was evidently overcome; and on this occasion old Sol befriended me, by putting on his night-cap before the charmer was aware that the shades of evening had closed upon us. Then came her expressions of alarm on account of the lateness of the hour, and of regret that she had not departed before dark.

"My services as an escort were gallantly offered and as promptly accepted. Arm-in-arm we threaded the thronged sidewalks of Broadway; nor did I let Time burn a slow taper. I became Vesuvius, and hurled the lava of my eloquence over her as if she was Herculaneum or Pompeii, and it was my duty to burn her up for my own particular gratification.

"At last we 'hove to' at a large brown-stone front in Eighth street, and she announced that her paternal resided in this palatial fortification, where she, my beautiful princess, was held in filial captivity. She politely asked me to walk in; but, like a skilful general, I retired victorious, without risking a defeat from *pater familias*. I expressed a hope that the pleasure of meeting her again would fall to my happy lot.

"At this she looked pleased, and said:

"'It will be no fault of mine if we do not.'

"I bade her good night, and returned to my lodgings, 'raked fore-and-aft;' but it was a consolation to think, if I had swallowed poison, there was an antidote in her father's bank, in the shape of golden pills, that would restore me to health.

"The next day, to my delight, 'Bella' (for that was the lovely name by which she was addressed) called at our house. My reception by the dear one engendered flattering hopes, and it was impossible for any one of common discernment not to discover that my fancy was somewhat reciprocated.

"Just before the charmer left, she said, looking very archly at me:

"'To-morrow, aunt and I are going to West Point on the excursion-boat. We leave in the morning, and return by moonlight. Won't that be charming? Jane, why cannot you and *Captain* Randal increase the party? I shall be so delighted!'

"Swelling with all the dignity of this elevation to a captaincy, I replied:

"'If Miss Jane will accept my escort, nothing would give me greater pleasure.'

"Of course, she assented, and such a look of pleasure flashed from her hazel eyes, that I felt as if I was riding up Broadway in a phæton-and-four, with an angel by my side and a check for one hundred thousand in my pocket.

"The excursion was replete with enjoyment. The aunt—good, kind soul!—took to me amazingly. Complaining of a headache, she said:

"'Well, captain, you officers of the navy are such perfect gentlemen and attentive beaux, that I feel my niece will be quite safe in your charge; so I'll try and sleep off this neuralgic touch in my temples.'

"We were left to ourselves; Jane having, in the meantime, met with a gentleman acquaintance who evidently desired a partner to share with him the beauties of the scenery. Nothing could be more agreeable to our wishes than to be thus left alone, and free to add fuel to the altar on which our united hearts were evidently burning.

"When Fort Putnam and the parade-ground came in sight, my love was told. I tell you, boys, it was a pleasant road to travel, and I was going it at the rate of 'two-forty.'

"After the usual amount of bashfulness to be expected from novices, she looked up into my face, and said:

"'Edward, I do love you! How could I help it!'"

"And you kissed her?" broke in one of the excited "reefers."

"Not then, Mr. Impudence, but when the visit to West Point terminated. And here let me tell you, that I am certain we went on shore; but what we saw, the Lord only knows! I have some indistinct idea of witnessing a parcel of boys, in gray bobtail coats, soldiering. All the rest was a dream. There was nothing on earth tangible

but 'Bella.' Bella's voice sounded sweeter than the band; Bella's eyes were brighter than the stars that first danced in the sky ere the moon took her place in the heavenly quadrille.

"The aunt luckily continued indisposed, and I blessed her indisposition. Jane—amiable being!—kept out of the way. All alone, under the shade of the awning, we enjoyed the blissful hours of a balmy evening, that was not half so balmy as the dew from her lips, upon which I became fearfully intoxicated by excessive indulgence.

"This could not last forever. We reached the city. Aunt recovered. The carriage waited, and Jane and I were driven home. Then I went to bed. I dreamed that Bella was a nugget of gold, and I the assayer.

"Day after day we managed to meet. Often I called at her house, carefully timing my visits to the business hours of her opulent papa, whose presence in Wall Street I highly approved, as conducive to the growth of the cornucopia which had been represented to me to be already of mammoth proportions.

"Often I would pass by his office, and gaze with affectionate solicitude upon the piles of gold and one-thousand dollar bills that lay carelessly and temporarily exposed upon the show-shelf behind the plated glass windows.

"'Go it, old boy!' in my jubilant feelings I would inwardly exclaim. 'Pile them up as high as Mount Olympus! With me for your son-in-law, you'll find an Atlas that can carry worlds, if they are only made of gold!'

"I ventured to his mansion on several evenings. The broker was polite, but not affectionate. From his conversation I was pained to learn that his predilections were

by no means nautical. But I thought the matter-of-fact banker might eventually melt into the considerate and devoted father, when it became evident his motherless daughter's happiness was at stake.

"That Bella loved, yet feared, her father, was certain, as she trembled if he frowned, and never approached him save with hesitation and awe. This I considered an alarming symptom, and my bank stock proportionately decreased in value. However, I cheered up, and remembered the old adage, that 'faint heart never won fair lady.'

"One morning I called, and found Bella in tears. After some entreaty, I learned that the waters were agitated. Her father had announced to the aunt that his daughter must give up her tom-foolery with these bright-button chaps, as he had determined who was to be her husband—no more or less than a merchant of high standing and wealth, daily expected from New Orleans. On his arrival the presentation would take place, and Bella had better understand that his will was law.

"All this was, of course, very distressing. With a month's pay in my pocket (I had only seventy-five cents), Bella would have been asked to leave the paternal home and trust her happiness to the love and honor of a bold sailor on seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum. As matters stood, it was best to temporize; so I kissed her affectionately, and told her all about the little cherub that sits up aloft to look after the fortunes of poor Jack. She smiled through her tears, and replied:

"'Oh, Edward, you do not know how stern and uncompromising my father can be; and I greatly fear the beautiful fabric our love has reared will never be occupied by us. But I'll always love you, and only you!'

"Cheering the dear girl, while lacking cheerfulness in my own heart, I announced that the long-promised serenade should be given her that very night.

"Knowing I sang well, now that a rival loomed up like a three-decker in the morning mist, I felt a cruel ambition to still more entrance my romantic princess, by the exhibition of those accomplishments that never fail in bewitching the imagination of the poetical.

"Forgetting her distress, she clapped her tiny hands, and gave way to expressions of delight.

"'Oh, that will be so charming! In the moonlight, too, Edward! And I shall see your elegant form standing out in bold relief, like a gallant troubadour, with my blue scarf—a knightly badge—around your breast, sustaining that superb guitar!'

"All this I promised, taking numerous farewells on her willing, reciprocating lips, and we parted—but not to meet again.

"Night came. Three musical friends of good ability were pledged to my assistance. We met and practised a number of popular airs, very much to our individual satisfaction, waiting for the brilliant Queen of Night to light up with her silvery rays the vaulted canopy of heaven.

"At last moonlight came, and beamed in all its radiant beauty; and we felt that the time had arrived when love, like the nightingale, should warble to the stars, and break forth softly and dulcetly, awaking romance from its rosy slumbers.

"With instruments all attuned, we found ourselves in the shadow of the brown-stone front, the palace of the

fair lady whose beauty had captivated and wealth secured with golden fetters this most faithful of hearts.

"First we played a soft Venetian rondo, so that, arousing her from dreamy rest, Bella might exercise her faculties in anticipation of the enjoyment of a voice she loved so well to hear. That ended, presuming the fair one had left her couch and looked through the lattice of her chamber to gaze upon the manly form of her adorer, I drew my figure to its fullest capacity, assumed a troubadour attitude, and, with face lifted starward, but not sufficiently elevated to prevent the object of my worship from viewing its attractiveness, my soul burst forth in melody, that, echoing from the surrounding edifices, broke in all its exquisite volume full against the window where I thought my love reclined.

"The first verse concluded, my friends performed a gentle symphony, and again the air filled with Orphean strains. *I* thought them irresistible. But, soft! The window slowly opened. ''Tis her!' my heart whispered, and more impassioned flowed the words of love. The window attained its allotted altitude, but there peered from this artificial orifice a head ornamented with a white skull-cap, and from this top-piece of the human anatomy issued a deep, harsh voice:

"'Mr. Randal, I'll thank you to go and howl elsewhere!' And bang! descended the window.

"Fancy a torrent of ice-water from the coldest peak of Chimborazo dashed upon a frame worked up to a frenzied heat! Fancy anything sudden and repulsive, and perhaps you can form some idea of the transition experienced by your humble servant—from day to night, from fantastic hope to deep despair, from pride to morti-

fication. Then, to hear the smothered laugh of my friends! It was as if tantalizing demons jeered at me in my agony. Picking up a loose paving-stone, in my rage I dashed it through that identical window, and fled homewards mid the cry of 'Watch! watch!' and the noise of 'rattle! rattle!'

"Thus ended my fond hopes of independence and possession of a comfortable fortune. I soon learned that Bella had been sent to the interior of the State, carefully watched and guarded; but nevertheless she found an opportunity to bid me an affectionate farewell, saying, in her pretty, gilt-edged note:

"'Inexorable fate, controlled by a stern father, has forever separated two fond, loving hearts. In this world 'tis destined they shall never meet again; but in a land beyond the skies, among the angels of heaven, forgetful of all earthly disappointment, their voices will mingle together in celestial choirs.'

"It was all very pretty about heaven; but I rather fancied a little earthly enjoyment before my angelic emigration should take place.

"Morose and miserable, I kept to my chamber for several days; but it was not in my nature to cry *peccavi!* at a first real misfortune; so I arose from my couch, and determined, like the knights of old, to gird on my armor and once again seek adventures worthy of my prowess.

CHAPTER XII.

STILL IN PURSUIT OF A WIFE.—COURTING A GROCERY SHOP.—LOFTY VAULTING AND EMBARRASSING CONTRETEMPS.—THE SOFT PASSION EXTINGUISHED IN SOFT SOAP.

ONE of the gentlemen boarders, with whom I had become somewhat intimate, informed me, one day at dinner, that a select party had organized an excursion to New Rochelle, and, if I wished to make one of the number, he would be happy to present me with a ticket.

"My first impulse was to decline; but reflecting that the surest way to repair damages was to dash into society, and, by a new excitement, recover from the ill effects of disappointment, I accepted his kind offer. After all, I had no real cause to feel chagrined; for had not Bella written that she loved me still, and, but for the money-making, money-loving cormorant of a daddy, the consummation of our dearest wishes would have become a reality?

"But, fellows, I had my revenge; for, just before we sailed, I read with intense gusto the name of old Moneybags among the list of bankrupts.

"I need not mention the feeling of mortified vanity I experienced in reading the announcement of the union of Bella with the husband of her father's selection. I hope they may be happy, and considerate enough not to name their first son 'Edward.'

"The managers of the excursion exhibited judgment and taste in the selection of a steamer. I thought the assemblage decidedly above par. The ladies were pretty, and the gentlemen agreeable.

"We started up the East River at a rapid rate, every one in excellent spirits save poor pill-garlic.

"The water was unruffled, the music good, and our managers called for a cotillion. My boarding-house friend very kindly requested permission to introduce me to a lovely young lady who had expressed a wish to make my acquaintance; she had heard one of her school-friends speak of me frequently. Of course, I could not decline, and was escorted to the presence of a dashing, sprightly-looking damsel, with laughing blue eyes, auburn hair, splendid teeth, and symmetrical form. In a few moments we were rushing through the dance as merrily and familiarly as friends of long standing. She received much devoted attention (easily understood, when I learned her father was a rich green-grocer), and appeared to glory in the exercise of her many charms.

"To me her favors were marked—very much to the annoyance of several sentimental admirers, who buzzed about her like moths around a candle, only to have their wings scorched by the blaze of her coquetry. The more I fought shy, the more determined she seemed to captivate me. It had been represented to my willing ears that the young lady was an only child, the pride and darling of her parents. 'So far, so good,' thought I; 'it may not be a bad speculation, after all, Master Edward!'

"With these *disinterested* reflections, my spirits rose. I became gay and animated. My stock of compliments fell thick and fast, like April showers, rapidly absorbed

by the thirsty fairy, whose fondness for admiration was insatiable.

"My good looks and naval position, backed by an avalanche of modest assurance, floated me on the flood-tide. All other competitors for the smiles of Miss Emily were left 'hull down.' They 'clewed up' and 'furled' in utter despair.

"Well, my lads, you have no doubt perceived that the real, genuine, wholesome sentiment of love had not then assailed my mercenary heart. All with me, at that time, was speculation. The end will show how well-merited was the mortification that overwhelmed the gay Lothario.

"Annoying as was the *contretemps*, yet I never think of it without laughing.

"We nautical chaps push love-matters with railroad speed. Your landsmen are more methodical and leisurely. They take passage with Cupid in the old-time stage-coaches, and change horses at every ten-mile heat. Theirs may be the more prudent, and, in the end, successful method, but we sailors can't afford the expenditure of time.

"Dance after dance found me still the partner of the fair Emily. The formality of recent acquaintance had entirely vanished; we conversed with all the freedom of long association. In truth, there arose quite a tenderness between us.

"After dashing like mad through a number of quadrilles, to say nothing of waltzes and galops, the young lady declared herself fatigued; so we left the dancing-saloon and repaired to the after-cabin, where alone the opportunity for tender conversation could be had.

"She was lively, and possessed the power of drawing a

fellow out in spite of good fencing. On the subject of the navy her enthusiasm knew no bounds; but her interest took a wide range, and she insisted on descriptions of storms, icebergs, and other nautical sensations.

"'What a glorious profession!' she exclaimed, with sparkling eyes and heightened color. 'I would rather follow the sea, contend with its perils, traverse the wide ocean over, than possess the fortune of a Rothschild. Every sailor—that is, gentleman sailor—is to me *a hero*.'

"This enthusiasm interested me, and her beauty was melting my waxen heart. So, warming up, the conversation became gradually personal and tender.

"'You must,' she continued, 'have seen much of female beauty in France and Spain, as well as in other countries. Tell me, where was your fancy most excited?'

"'I have met with so many pretty ladies, in my cruising, memory cannot now discriminate.'

"'Mr. Randal, I am inclined to believe you are, like the rest of your sex, fond of variety; or, in other words, verify the old sailor adage, of "having a sweetheart in every port." How is that, sir?'

"'I confess, Miss Emily, a decided weakness for beauty. But man can admire, without coveting. A pretty woman always excites my admiration.'

"'You do not mean to assert,' said she, 'that your eyes alone, and not your heart, have been affected by association with the dark-eyed daughters of Spain, or the enchanting graces of the mademoiselles of *la belle* France?'

"'I never thought, until to-day, a heart was awarded to my physical construction.'

"'Surely it has required more than ordinary probation to arrive at this profound knowledge! What has enlightened you?'

"'A very lovely countenance and witching manner; though, I fear, belonging to an uncompromising coquette!'

"'Where, and who, is she?'

"I rose, offered my arm, and led her to a large mirror, which reflected her beautiful person.

"'Look!' said I, 'and behold the young lady whose motto is *Veni, vidi, vici!*'

"She blushed, and for a moment was much confused.

"'This is ungenerous!' said she. 'I did not dream, in my impertinent interrogation, of placing myself in a position to be made a jest of!'

"Pegasus was saddled. I mounted, and rode like a wild Mazeppa over poetical hills and dales, demolishing her indignation, winning a sweet smile of forgiveness, and eventually eliciting the trembling confession of a more than ordinary interest in your humble servant.

"We discussed the question of love at first sight, and came to the rational conclusion it was a law of Nature, obeyed by the majority of society, who, in forming engagements, acknowledged that they resulted from a first impression—animal magnetism, in other words—teaching prompt love, and desire for reciprocation.

"This was sharp practice. I put my foot into it suddenly and most unexpectedly. It was an impulse, influenced by a fascinating woman, who, at first, I was disposed to consider slightingly.

"The rest of the dance possessed no interest. Every

faculty was now concentrated in the hasty realization of a wonderfully-completed courtship.

"The steamer returned to the wharf, but not before our plans for future meetings were arranged. My betrothed's father had intimated the wish that she should receive the addresses of a staid commission merchant, who in no way pleased her fancy. So there was a stumbling-block at the first step. However, we resolved to bide our time, and await such developments as constancy and warm affection might bring forth.

"Soundly I slept that night, dreaming of my Emily, and the haven of bliss to which my bark was steering.

"After breakfast on the following morning, my wanderings brought me to Canal street. There I beheld a large, flourishing grocery. The name on the sign created emotions which increased as I looked in, and saw behind the desk a countenance with so strong a resemblance to my love, that conviction seized upon me, and I knew the author of fair Emily's existence was before me.

"It was gratifying to observe that the business was very brisk. Instantly the interest of a sleeping partner overwhelmed me, and I watched the crowd who came and went with a benign, patronizing feeling of regard.

"Often we met, and loved more ardently from day to day. The greatest difficulty now to be compassed was an introduction to the grocer's family. Emily feared to have me call without a sponsor, as it might eventuate in a cold reception.

"In a few days my charmer proposed that I should visit with her an indulgent aunt, through whose kindness the obstacle that troubled us might be removed.

"The call was made, and speedily I became a constant

visitor. I embraced every opportunity to win the esteem of the old lady. Success attended these efforts, and, in time, I was seated in the green-grocer's parlor.

"With the mother I made some progress, but not with the old gentleman. Franklin's icebergs could not have been colder or more frozen than his manner. In vain I strove to interest him—discussed Cuba and its sugar-productions, the Spice Islands of the East Indies—in fact, every country that contributed to the benefit of his business.

"When I called, the surveillance over Emily and myself continued to increase. Our only consolation came through the kindness of the aunt, who, liking me, permitted free and unreserved association in her house. But, alas! the old lady was summoned by a sick sister to Albany, and those blissful reunions could no longer take place.

"In desperation, I urged Emily to meet me in her father's garden, which was quite extensive, and handsomely adorned with beautiful flowers. To this arrangement she for a long time dissented; but at last, overcome by my importunity and her own love, gave a reluctant consent. And there we met, in the green-embossed arbor, her trembling form half shrinking from my fond embraces.

"Gradually the pleasure of these stolen meetings neutralized all fear, and her first reluctance was dismissed. One beautiful starlight night, at the appointed hour, when the grocer and family were supposed to rest in slumbers, I gently tapped at the gate, invariably opened by my lady-love. It was still locked, and her gentle voice, in great alarm, whispered:

"'Dear Edward, I fear suspicion is aroused. The key has been taken from the lock.'

"'Indulge in no fear,' was my response; 'the lofty masts of a frigate have been climbed by me, and this contemptible wall will prove no impediment to a Randal!'

"With an agile spring I caught the cap-stones, gave myself an impetus, and lo! on the summit of this barrier I stood; while Emily, with outstretched arms, awaited my advent.

"Looking for a convenient spot on which to alight, the dim stars pointed out what appeared to be a grass-plot. 'I come, my angel!' I whispered. I made the leap; but, O ye gods! not on the verdure-covered earth, but plump up to my ears into a barrel of soft-soap!

"A person of a keen appreciation of the absurd might possibly arrive at a pretty clear comprehension of my miserable plight. I was almost suffocated—nay, paralyzed—at my situation, and alarmed by the excitement outside of my hoops; for Emily's loud scream brought out the green-grocer, who had entered the garden with a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and demanded to know what she was doing out of the house at such an unseasonable hour. Her confusion excited suspicion. Fiercely ordering her into the house, the belligerent vender of soap and candles sought the garden over for the cause of the outbreak.

"Every time he passed the barrel in which I luxuriously reposed, bob under the soap would go my head, to avoid discovery. Now, the bobbing exercise was anything but agreeable; but I fancy any of you, my giggling young heroes, would have bobbed as I did, had you been

in my place, and beheld the irate old tea-caddy, with both barrels of his gun cocked, searching for you!

"Having made a careful, nocturnal, trigonometrical, and topographical survey of his premises without discovery, he took the garden-key out of his pocket, opened the gate, and looked up and down the street, probably in search of a watchman; but those faithful guardians of the community had no doubt retired to their slumbers, leaving the night to care for itself.

"While thus situated, I could hear him indulge in rather unpleasant language in reference to his daughter and myself. Had my condition been less slippery and circumscribed, I no doubt would have gently admonished him as to the impropriety of his remarks.

"In his irrepressible rage, he banged to the gate, forgetting to lock it, and proceeded to the interior of his mansion; where, I presume, he did not embrace his daughter, nor did he say, 'I forgive you both, my children. Emily, bring your Edward to me, that I may administer a father's blessing, and present the good youth with a handsome interest in the store.' He *might* have said and done all this; the instincts of a Christian grocer should naturally have induced such an affectionate and generous course.

"I tarried not in this Jericho of misery for my beard to grow, but extracted my beslimed corpus with the most prompt alacrity, opened the gate, retained the key, and with slippery steps pursued my homeward flight. On leaving the yard, I closed not the portal, but left it wide open, earnestly hoping that the stray cows and pigs that roamed at liberty in the city might enter that bower of

love and glut themselves on fragrant flowers, precious bulbs, and all.

"It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the difficulty that attended my unrigging, and the sympathy of my kind landlady. She became greatly exercised over the graphic description I gave of the explosion of a soap-factory boiler as I was passing; how the streets were flooded with a villanous compound of oil and potash; and also of the difficulty and danger experienced in saving an old gentleman and six young ladies from drowning.

"'Dear young man!' said the good lady. 'The "Howard Humane Society" must send you a medal and a new suit of clothes!'

"Uttering these feeling remarks, she retired with my saturated wardrobe. I lay calmly in bed, of course much exhausted by those 'humane exertions.'

"On the following morning my traps were returned to my room. My pantaloons had shrunk to proportions so ridiculously small that my feet could not find an exodus through either leg. In despair, I ventured with the coat. A feeling of relief came over me as the sleeves, with a little force, absolutely did go on; but they were originally cut large, in ample fashionable proportion. Here ended my hopes of dressing. The back had collapsed to mere nothingness, drawing my shoulders absurdly together like a trussed bird.

"With the assistance of the Chatham street gentry and a month's pay, I soon became a respectable figure for Broadway.

"The day after the 'Knight of the Goose' released me from thraldom, I received, by an unknown conveyance, a package containing all my letters to Emily, together with

the souvenirs sent to her during the gentle passage of arms. This note accompanied the collection:

"'My mesmeric dream is over. Awaking to reality, I blush to think how weak and reprehensible has been my recent conduct. We both erred in rushing hastily into the vortex of a blind passion which led to concealment and subterfuge. Now that my father has reasoned me to my senses, causing calm reflection to resume its sway in my perturbed mind, I can bid you farewell, and pray that Heaven may bless you. Oblige me by returning to the enclosed address all communications received from me during our late insane association. Yours are enclosed. I am just leaving for the country. It were vain to attempt an interview. Your well-wisher,

"'EMILY.'

"I did not go into hysterics, but into anger. I was enraged at the want of sympathy and solicitude on the part of the girl for whose love the horrible plunge was made.

"Her letters were enclosed as by direction, and thus I responded to the blistering farewell note:

"'MISS EMILY:

"'The pool of Siloam, occasionally troubled by the angels, in biblical days, for the benefit of the afflicted of Israel, was not more efficacious in remedial power than your father's soft-soap to me. The next time the "mesmeric vortex of a blind passion" becomes a disease, try the soft-soap, darling. I found it a sovereign panacea.

"'There is no necessity to fly the city, so long as that soap-barrel stands a sentry. You are safe from any attempted interviews on the part of your well-washed and late adorer,

"'EDWARD.'

"The moment the package was sent, in a pique I destroyed all else that would recall to mind the green-grocer's daughter.

"My anger subsided, and, somehow, painful regrets afflicted me. I became gloomy again in the vain efforts to forget the recent episode. Emily's beauty, intelligence, and affectionate disposition constantly rose to my mind, upbraiding me for a harsh and unpardonable epistle in response to her own, which due consideration now convinced me was not written at her own volition, but through the imperative orders of her father.

"In my rage, I destroyed the address by which she was to receive the returned correspondence. Had I known how a letter could reach her, an apology for my hasty and unkind note would have been forwarded.

"There was not an imprudent act committed, except that which originated in my own selfish impulsiveness. It was vain to try and convince myself that love no longer animated my breast. I mourned her loss, believed in her constancy, and attributed her letter only to an angry father.

"In the depth of my misery, the welcome orders to this noble frigate came. There never reported for duty a cleaner passed midshipman. So now, boys, I am ready, like Barkis—who was 'always willing'—to oblige any rich and beautiful princess of Europe by making her

Mrs. Randal; always providing she is not troubled with a fondness for soft-soap."

The narrative ended as eight bells struck, amid the watch-call and shouts of laughter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FLEET ARRIVED AT MALAGA.—A NIGHT AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.—WHIST FOR THE OLD PEOPLE, AND SPOONEYING FOR THE YOUNG ONES.—TWO BEAUTIFUL SISTERS CATCH A YOUNG SIOUX CHIEF.—INTERESTING DISCOURSE ON BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

THE equipments were completed, and at break of day the cry, "All hands up anchor!" was hoarsely bawled by the boatswain, and echoed by his hoarser mates.

With a fresh breeze, the frigate left the harbor swiftly, and in two hours Mount Toro sank under the horizon, leaving no land in sight, and nothing but the blue Mediterranean and a few light faluccas skimming like seagulls over the sea.

The course steered brought the shores of Spain in view. On the fifth day, Malaga, the last resting-place of the Moors, came in sight, nestled in a picturesque valley surrounded by craggy hills and mountains.

The ship anchored near the mole, and the usual ceremonies on the part of officials observed, with due respect to the punctiliousness of the don.

About eleven A.M. the commodore ordered his barge, and directed Paul to accompany him to the palace. The rolling drum announced the commodore's departure; and

in a few moments the barge reached the landing, and a brief walk brought Paul and his chief to the palace.

General O——, the military governor, received the commodore with extreme courtesy, and expressed gratification at the compliment implied by the visit. He was an unusually fine-looking Spanish gentleman, on the shady side of forty. By long residence in London as Minister Plenipotentiary from the court of Spain, the English language had become familiar with him.

While on this mission, he wooed and won a beautiful English lady, but the consummation of the engagement met with opposition from her family, through a prejudice against foreigners. Love conquered all, however, and a marriage, resulting in unalloyed happiness, took place. Envious death eventually deprived the general of his wife, and left him with two beautiful daughters, respectively twelve and ten years of age.

Almost inconsolable grief cast its shadow over the husband and daughters, until time alleviated their sorrows, and brought consolation from mutual sympathy and devotion.

A change in the Spanish Ministry involved the general's recall, but not freedom from command and its attending responsibilities. A bloody civil war had been inaugurated by Don Carlos, a contestant for the throne, who based his claim as the rightful heir on the Salique law, which prohibits a female from reigning in Spain.

The Carlists were formidable in number, and received the general support of the priesthood, particularly in the northern provinces. Andalusia partially participated in the revolt, in consequence of which, Malaga, her seaport, became somewhat suspected. The Government felt it

necessary to exercise caution in the selection of a local ruler.

The high character and sound discretion of General O—— indicated where the proper man was to be found. His administration proved eminently successful. At this time his eldest daughter had reached the age of eighteen, and her sister was two years younger. Both were celebrated for their beauty, intelligence, and elegance of manners.

After a few introductory remarks, the commodore broached the special object of his visit, which related to some intricate commercial matters of importance.

Paul, supposing that his presence was not desired, with commendable delicacy withdrew to the extreme end of the room. This movement was observed and appreciated by the general, who asked the name of the midshipman. On learning it, he approached Mr. Forbes, and said:

"While the commodore and myself are discussing official matters, I will introduce you to my daughters, if you will be pleased to follow me."

Paul was conducted by the amiable general into what might be termed the feminine sanctum of the palace. It was furnished with taste, and adorned with family portraits and musical instruments; but he gave no heed to the surroundings. All these evidences of wealth and refinement faded into mere scenic effect, when his eyes rested upon the two beings whose radiant beauty brought Paradise and its Peris to his poetic mind. He saluted them with admiration unmingled with bashfulness.

"Mr. Forbes, my daughters—Miss Carmina, Miss Zarah.—Now, young ladies, as the American commodore and myself have important business to transact, his aid,

not being required, I place him under your care. You will exert yourselves to entertain the young gentleman until his services shall be demanded by the proper authority."

With this facetious observation and a pleasant smile he retired.

Unasked, Master Paul drew up a chair between the sisters, and, without speaking, occupied himself in scrutinizing their personal charms. The silence was at length broken by the elder, who remarked:

"Well, sir, is your curiosity gratified? What does your highness think of us?"

"When silent, you are both very pretty, but when conversing, beautiful! Now, as all young ladies desire to exhibit themselves in their most attractive characteristics, I am ready to be charmed—indeed, anxious! Do rattle away, then, for I am a splendid listener!"

"Why, Zarah, dear! father has introduced to our guardianship a wild aboriginee from the Rocky Mountains of America! Pray, sir, to what tribe do you belong, and when did you wash off your war-paint, and dispense with moccasins and wampum-belt?"

"When I came to Spain, my commodore, fearing I would alarm the ladies, ordered that the decorations of my tribe should be dispensed with; and I obeyed accordingly, except in one particular."

"And pray, 'Wild Arrow,' 'Black Hawk,' 'Impudent Eyes,' or whatever may be your Indian name, tell us the exception."

"A very necessary one for Spain—my scalping-knife."

"Horrors! You do not mean to say that you are still,

in spite of civilized association, barbarian enough to carry that instrument of torture?"

"With me it is not an instrument of torture, but of chivalric necessity."

"How? Explain!" said the lovely Zarah, laughing, evidently enjoying the free-and-easy style of the middy.

"Well, since you desire the truth, it is this: Everywhere I go, the señoritas have a habit of falling in love with me. Poor souls! they cannot avoid it. Locks of hair, in Spain as elsewhere, are the invariable mementos of their tender passion. When I make a conquest, I regularly scalp! Already I have sent two barrels of trophies to my mother, who is a distinguished squaw, the queen of our nation. She will decorate the wigwam, and, when the council-fires are lighted, her son, the absent young chief, will be pronounced a warrior worthy of his sire. Shall I give you the war-whoop?"

"Oh, no—pray don't! Spare us!"

Both girls laughed immoderately, and from that moment the conversation became unconstrained and easy. Paul they looked upon as a decided character—one to be highly enjoyed.

The day being neither bright nor cloudy, but of that doubtful character so enjoyable in Spain, Zarah proposed a visit to the garden, which was seconded by the midshipman. With avidity the trio sallied forth, to ramble amid flowers and fruit-trees of every variety. Carmina prepared a pretty bouquet, and, turning to Paul, said:

"Young chief of the 'Impudent Eyes,' moderate your vanity! There is no call for your scalping-knife, when an Anglo-Saxon maiden presents you with these flowers.

Retain them, great warrior, until they fade; for on their existence will hang your memory of two poor maidens."

"I say, girls, you are regular trumps! In all my wanderings, never have I met two prettier, jollier creatures. Just log me as a devoted. I will love you both with all a midshipman's ardor!"

"Oh, yes!" said Carmina; "we have heard of midshipmen, and been taught never to trust them. Love-making is their pastime. We dare not indulge you with our faith."

"When you know me better, I fancy your opinion will change. Come, let us make a treaty! Adopt me as a brother, and I will reward you with more than brotherly affection!"

"Agreed!" said Zarah. "Here, underneath this arching vine clustering with grapes, we will form a compact. First, young chief, pluck me a bunch; I always prefer to eat when I am serious."

Paul sprang upon a pair of steps used for the purpose, and soon filled the aprons of the sisters with the luscious fruit of Malaga. The laughter of the party was interrupted by a call from the general. They immediately put on sober faces, and demurely returned to the palace.

"You young people seem to be having a merry time of it. Well, my daughters, the commodore has consented to remain and dine with us."

"Of course, papa," interrupted Zarah, "our Indian chief"—pointing to Paul—"will also remain for the same purpose?"

"Oh, yes, my dear; the staff are always included in a general's invitation!"

The young ladies retired to rearrange their toilet, and

the gentlemen were ushered to rooms for the same purpose. At five, dinner was announced, and Paul, with the connivance of Carmina and Zarah, obtained a seat between them. Even the august presence of the high officials did not entirely prevent the merriment of the more youthful people. The elders rather enjoyed it, and old "Bruin" melted a little. He seemed to be amused with Paul's ease and complacency with the general's charming daughters.

While they were dining, a heavy rain-storm came on, and increased to a perfect deluge over the city.

"Commodore," said the general, "if this continues, you will have to spend the night with us."

A doubtful grunt was the only response.

Zarah whispered to Paul:

"Let the winds blow and the rain descend; I care not! Do you?"

"If it would prove a second deluge for forty days and forty nights, as long as this palace was the ark of safety, I should not care."

The dinner concluded, the ancients retired to the reading-room, to indulge in the weed; the juveniles to the parlor, for music and mirth. As the weather seemed determined to house the naval part of the establishment, the general sent for two of his staff (who were quartered in an adjoining wing of the palace) to form a party at whist. To cards they therefore applied themselves.

But not so Master Paul. His intimacy with the young ladies could not have been greater if he had known them a lifetime. He amused them with narrations of his naval experiences, scenes in America, and tales of home; to

which the ladies responded by giving a picture of their English life as contrasted with that of Spain.

Their admiration for their father appeared to be unbounded. He was the purest and best of men, always considerate, kind, and affectionate, and placed perfect confidence in their actions and sentiments. They had relatives in Andalusia, their father's native province—a kind, good aunt, who frequently came to see them, but invariably excited laughter, from her inability to realize the fact of her half century of existence. She would dress like a girl of sixteen, and was not slow to fancy every young gentleman smitten who paid her the least courtesy.

The rain continued to pour, and gayly passed the hours. The commodore was forced to accept the hospitality of the palace for the night. When the hands of the parlor-clock indicated the approach of the small hours of morning, Carmina and Zarah, with arms entwined, bade Paul good-night. The *major domo* showed him to his chamber, and there is no doubt that he enjoyed happy dreams.

The rain ceased during the night, and a glorious dawn ushered in the day. Paul was aroused from his slumbers by a rap at his door, and, on asking who knocked, laughing voices replied:

"What, sir chief! slumbering still? Our steeds are at the door; the balmy air of morning invites, and we disconsolate maidens impatiently await your presence!"

"A few seconds of patience, and your flattered escort will be at your service," responded the middy.

His toilet was completed with astonishing rapidity, and on the veranda he joined the sisters. The party were soon mounted, and away they rode, to visit a famou[illegible]

Moorish castle some two miles distant. The exercise exhilarated their spirits, and nothing but the necessity of returning to breakfast cut short the excursion.

At the conclusion of the meal the commodore rose to depart, extending to the general and his family a warm invitation to visit the frigate on the following day. It was much to the delight of the young ladies that their father promptly accepted. Carmina and Zarah bade Paul good-by with a merry pretence of sorrow. Their handkerchiefs were applied to their laughing, bright eyes. The middy enjoyed the fun, and insisted on receiving the handkerchiefs, which were at once presented, on condition that he should retain them as a memento of the late treaty.

On the following morning Mr. Forbes proceeded on shore in the neatly-prepared barge, and reported to the governor. Both young ladies received him with unrestrained pleasure, and their father was not less cordial.

"Well, Mr. Forbes, you have managed to ingratiate yourself with my daughters; indeed, there has been but one theme of conversation for the last twenty-four hours, and that related to their 'wild Indian' friend.—No call for a blush, girls; you know I only state facts!"

"But, father," said Carmina, "why tell him this? His imagination and vanity will help conjure up the most absurd conclusions! You do not know what a set of egotistical creatures these American middies are!"

"Hold, sister!" remarked Zarah, with a merry laugh; "fail not to remember we smoked the calumet of peace, and made a treaty, only twenty hours ago. So, no one is to enjoy the luxury of assailing him but myself."

The general laughed heartily, and the party proceeded

to the barge, and were speedily conveyed to the frigate. Everything on board was in fine order. The music was delightful, the officers attentive, and nothing appeared wanting to make the day enjoyable.

Though bestowing their smiles on all the officers, yet it was evident that Paul continued to be the favorite of the beauties; and, in turn, his admiration increased with every moment of the association. So natural and unaffected were the governor's daughters, that they frequently and unconsciously addressed our middy as "Paul." Between them he had no choice; both were alike charming, and both the adopted sisters of a day.

When the visit had nearly concluded, Randal called Paul aside, and said:

"I am forced to inform you, my boy, that a decided spooneyism has assailed me since the appearance of these beauties on board. Say but a few words favorable to me with the eldest—Carmina, I think you call her!"

"Speak for yourself, Ned. You are not generally squeamish in such matters!"

"But, Paul, how am I to make advances until I learn which is your favorite? Having so much the weather-gage, from the fortunate circumstance of a first acquaintance, it would be a dead-beat to windward, and useless strain on my standing rigging, to attempt crossing your hawse."

"Ned, my interest in these charming girls is general—not particular. I entertain only a brotherly affection for them."

"Brotherly interest—bah! You cannot gammon me with such sickly sentimentalism! I know you too well to believe that an intimate association of twenty-six hours

would or could exist without bringing you by the heels. So, if you will not enact Damon to my Pythias, I will 'break ground' and 'make sail' without your 'convoy.' Remember, Paul, it is Carmina or death—but decidedly Carmina!"

"All's fair in love, Randal. You are a good fellow, in spite of your weakness for serenades and 'soft-soap'!"

"No more of that, Paul, and thou lovest me!"

After a day of unusual enjoyment, the ladies bade adieu to the frigate, but not without inviting the gentlemen to their usual weekly *tertulia*, which took place that evening.

At the reception, Randal, true to his assertion of the afternoon, was assiduous in devotion to Carmina. She received his moderate advances with courtesy, but when further demonstrations took place with a gentle repulse. He quickly perceived—as he observed—that it was an act of absurdity to "bark up the wrong tree."

"I say, Paul, Carmina smiles not! My sweetness has been expended for naught; in mortified humility I retire. So, good night, my lad. Tell Carmina, if she hears of a suicide, to be comforted; I did it myself."

When the entertainment ended, the guests all retired, save Paul, who had been invited to remain through the night.

The three young people assembled in the parlor, and there was a shadow of sadness that came over them, for the frigate was to sail in the morning.

"Really," said the honest Zarah, "this severance of a delightful association I do not like! Here, sister, is our new-made brother, Paul Forbes, picked up by us, as it

were, from the sea, going to be taken away from his sisters—how long, Heaven only knows!"

There was moisture in two pairs of beautiful eyes.

"But, Paul," interrupted Carmina, "did you not tell me, during the evening, that official business would bring you back in three months?"

"Such were undoubtedly the assertions of the commander-in-chief. He said it was necessary to be here for the next term of the Admiralty Court, and I am sure we will return at the time named. My dear sisters, will you permit me to correspond with you?"

"Indeed, we will be but too happy to hear from you!" said Carmina. "And, that there may be no excuse for neglect on your part, prompt answers shall be sent. Father will not object, for I assure you he has taken a strong fancy to 'our middy,' as he terms you. He frequently compliments you, and at breakfast, this morning, with a twinkle of his eyes, asked which of us indulged in the 'strongest weakness' for the Indian chief? Together we answered, 'There is no speciality; it is, '*Trio juncto in uno.*'"

"Thanks for this acknowledgment! Rest assured that you both possess my sincere affection. And now, sweet sisters, the morning hours approach, and it is not proper that I should keep you from your repose. At early dawn I must return to the frigate. The sorrowing word 'good-by' has to be uttered, in spite of the grief that restrains it. God bless you both! A thousand thanks for the happy hours you have given me in Malaga!"

He touched their fingers respectfully with his lips. The emotion of all was too great for words. And thus they parted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRIGATE ANCHORS IN THE TAGUS.—MARRIAGE OF PRINCE SAXE COBURG AND DONNA MARIA OF PORTUGAL.—THE MASQUE AT THE SAN CARLO.—OUR MIDDIES IN THE CHARACTERS OF COMANCHES.—GRAND ENCOUNTER WITH POLAR BEARS.—GREAT EXCITEMENT AND TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF LO AND HIS SQUAW

THE frigate merely communicated with Gibraltar, and passed out through the gates of Hercules, once more upon the swelling bosom of the Atlantic. In forty hours the highlands of Cintra rose, blue and giant-like, against a clear sky. She passed Belham Castle, entered the golden waters of the Tagus, and, amid a swarm of war-vessels, moored off the famous city of Lisbon.

At this moment Lisbon was overflowing with excitement over the marriage of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg with the Queen, the plump Donna Maria. The steamer which had conveyed the happy husband (I say husband, because, some time before, Coburg had been united to Maria by proxy) was anchored near the frigate. This day, at eleven o'clock, the personal ceremony was to be performed, and great was the popular commotion.

At half-past ten the cathedral was thronged with curious crowds of English, French, and American officers, in brilliant uniforms. The nobility of the country occupied

appropriate places, and, at eleven o'clock, booming guns mingling with martial music resounded through the city.

Coburg, from the landing, rode to the palace, there for the first time seeing his proxy-made *cara sposa*. He entered her carriage, and, followed by a train of court equipages, along the sides of which glittered the helmets and cuirasses of the cavalry of the guard, the *cortége* wound its way through the serpentine streets of Lisbon.

Richly-uniformed regiments formed a square in front of the cathedral, the steps of which were carpeted. When the royal coach entered the area formed by the military, numerous bands of music burst forth with the Portuguese national hymns, and loud *vivas* rent the air.

The royal pair were received at the cathedral steps by the cardinal, and, he preceding them, the procession moved to the chancel. Archbishops and priests, in the magnificent official robes of the Catholic Church, were ranged around the altar at which Coburg and Maria stood.

The ceremony was promptly performed, and in a very impressive manner. At the words pronouncing this high-born couple man and wife, loud anthems swelled through the carved arches of the cathedral, and forts, ships of war, and field-batteries thundered forth the heavy boom of artillery.

In front of the chancel, chairs of state were placed for the accommodation of the king-consort and the queen of Portugal. Immediately after the marriage ceremony, high mass was performed, followed by a grand *Te Deum*. This concluded the ceremonies, and royalty departed to the palace, the "great unwashed" cheering lustily as the slow passage was made.

Count Foroba, a nobleman of immense wealth, was very fond of public amusements, and particularly of masquerade balls. This season they had, under his patronage, been the most successful of the carnival amusements. Lent put an end to such indulgences; but on the occasion of the royal marriage, a dispensation was granted by the bishop of the diocese, and Count Foroba announced that a *bal masque* of unusual magnificence would take place on the night after the day of the marriage.

The fondness for this species of amusement pervades all parts of Europe. There is no spectacle a traveller can witness that gives greater pleasure.

Among the midshipmen of the different men-of-war in port the ball was the subject of eager preparation. The young gentlemen of the United States frigate trusted mostly to the well-supplied costume establishments of the city. Many, though, were exercising their own ingenuity in arranging dresses for such characters as suited their fancies. Paul determined to attend, but was undecided as to his costume. On the morning of the day preceding the entertainment he was accosted by Randal:

"Well, Paul, what have you decided upon for the ball to-night?"

"Nothing. Have you?"

"No. In every character that strikes my fancy, some of the chaps have anticipated me. At the costumers' the Britishers have engaged nearly all the best dresses. Indeed, I saw nothing that pleased me, and I am at a deadlock."

"Well, let us exercise our inventive faculties, and possibly we may hit upon something that will prove unique. Let me see.—Eureka! I have it, Ned! We will go as

Comanche Indians. You are tall, high-cheekboned, and can represent a chief remarkably well. I am rather *petit* and slender, so I will assume the humble character of your squaw. What say you?"

"Capital! Do you know that, in all the lists of dresses, I never saw an Indian's mentioned! Nor did I ever, in my Mediterranean experiences, see the character represented. I tell you what it is, we can produce a sensation! Now for the rigging."

"That is no difficult matter. Make skull-caps, stick oakum to them, combed out nicely, then dyed with lampblack and spirits of turpentine. So much for our hair—not exactly comporting with the savage idea of scalping-locks, but excellent for dramatic effect. Then, out of gaudy calico we will model the shirts, and trim them with beads; leggings of buckskin, decorated from knee to ankle with small brass bells; moccasins I know we have in the mess; wampum-belts out of thin leather, garnished with trinkets; parti-colored rooster-feathers in our hair; tomahawks, bows, and arrows. Then, our faces, neck, hands and arms painted copper color, with the war-streaks in bold relief. And there, Ned, is your perfect Indian, without expense, delay, or trouble!"

No sooner said than done. In a few hours, with Jack's ready needle and the prompt devices of the midshipmen, the Indian costumes were not only made, but were a success.

The evening came, and Randal and Forbes donned their improvised Comanche robes. When their faces were painted, they were terrible in their assumed wildness and savagery. The officers of the ship expressed much satisfaction, and gave it as their opinion that all the

costumers of Lisbon could not have excelled in naturalness this representation of the aborigines of America.

They started for the San Carlos opera house—a theatre of immense proportions—stopping first at the *Restaurant Americano*, kept by one Antonio, whose nationality changed with every popular naval arrival. As the American squadron was now presumed to deal more liberally in the precious metal, the title of *Restaurant Americano* had been promptly bestowed by him upon his establishment.

Antonio informed the middies that the house was not only crowded with spectators, but that the ball-room was thronged with maskers, and every one pronounced it to be the grandest mask that had ever been seen in Lisbon. Having arranged their programme, and some Indian lingo for the furtherance of the personation, the young Americans entered the theatre.

Fancy four tiers of boxes crowded with spectators, the old and the young, the beautiful and the ugly; the pit and stage turned into one immense dancing-saloon; mirrors filling the entire rear of the building; two full orchestras on opposite sides of the auditorium, and the floor thronged with about eighteen hundred maskers, representing every character history has recorded or fancy could suggest. The scene was absolutely bewildering.

The entrance of the Indians was reflected by the mirrors as they passed the portals, and the effect was instantaneous. As they promenaded around the place they attracted the entire attention of the house. The excitement on the floor passed to the boxes, and when the chief and squaw had completed the circuit, peal upon peal of applause arose from the dense mass of human beings.

An Irish midshipman, who represented the part of Dr. O'Tool, was heard to observe:

"An' be me sowl, it's nothin' more nor less than rale Injins they are! It's no disguise, be jabers!"

"Yes," said another, in jockey costume, "they have brought down the 'ouse, and they do it hexcellently; and-er the fellows talk in the real vernacular—dem me!"

As Randal and Paul were ignorant of the Indian dialect, they were amused to observe how completely they deceived every one with their gibberish, delivered in a guttural tone somewhat resembling the manner of the Western tribes.

Count Foroba immediately sought their acquaintance, and really believed them to be native Indians, appointed to the American navy, who had resumed their national garb to render honor to the masquerade. His attentions were excessive, but not greater than was bestowed on them by all the Englishmen present.

If Mr. Randal and Paul seated themselves cross-legged, and indulged in incomprehensible conversation, the entire company gathered around in rapt attention. This continued for a long time, but was interrupted at last by quite a scene.

An English gentleman quietly informed Randal that two French officers had gone out to assume the dress of polar bears, and they hoped to bring defeat upon the Indians, not being pleased with the complete American triumph. Mr. Randal thanked him, and replied:

"Eagle-Eye is on the war-path. Many grizzly scalps hang in his wigwam!"

They had not long to wait. The Comanches were standing near the mirrors, at the further end of the ball-

room, when two large bears were seen just within the door, standing on their hind-legs, performing antics with their fore-paws. The audience observed them, and at once turned to notice the effect of their presence on the aborigines. Randal whispered:

"Paul, take the white chap; he is the smallest. Our impetus will give us the victory. We must not fail! The big fellow for me. If he were Goliath, I would be his David to-night!"

The bears approached, the Indians affecting not to observe them, but crouched low, as if passing through the forest after game.

Randal's attitude was striking. It produced a death-like silence, and even with the orchestra. Suddenly rising, he leaped in the air, and gave a perfect yell, and, with Paul, scampered down the ball-room, uttering war-whoop after war-whoop. Ladies on the floor screamed; some fainted; and the maskers cowered from the war-path. One could really have fancied a tribe of wild Indians had broken loose from the Western prairies.

The consternation was remarkable. On they rushed, Randal at the black bear, Paul at the white one. Their impetus was irresistible. Over went the Frenchmen flat on their backs, and, with their feet on the fallen foe, stood our midshipmen, uttering shouts of triumph.

The audience, which had watched the scene with intense excitement, rose to its feet *en masse*, and, waving hats, scarfs, and handkerchiefs, screamed "Bravo! bravo! Bravo, Americano! Bravo, Americano!" The orchestra, not to be outdone, dashed off into "Hail Columbia," amid deafening cheers from the American part of the assembly.

The French officers retired in disgust and anger, which their friends laughed away, telling them they had brought the *contretemps* upon themselves, and had better pass it off pleasantly. They concluded to do so, and before the evening ended the Indians drank a glass of champagne with them, at the expense of the admiring Count Foroba.

If the Comanches had enjoyed popularity before, the admiration was now redoubled. Later, a request came from numerous ladies of distinction soliciting the Indians to perform their celebrated war-dance. At first Randal declined; but solicitations became so numerous and urgent, that, under the influence of their unexpected success, to say nothing of the inspiration of the sparkling wines, they finally consented, and retired to Antonio's private room for consultation.

"Paul," said Randal, "I rather think we are in for it. How in the mischief are we to get out of this? Confound me if I ever saw the war-dance! I absolutely know nothing about it."

"Well, Ned, I once witnessed it in the play of 'Metamora,' and remember quite enough to drill you into the stage effects, which are all we want. Our humbugging thus far has succeeded so admirably, I think it quite appropriate that we wind up with a grand finishing touch."

So they rehearsed, and in a short time came before the expectant audience. Several midshipmen were engaged as supernumeraries, to assist in the yells, in order to heighten the effect. Two voices, however sonorous, Randal thought were not sufficient.

Dancing ceased, and a circle of masqueraders formed

around the centre of the room, enclosing our two actors. First, Randal and Paul seated themselves, and affected to paint and poison their arrows; singing, during the operation, in a low, guttural, musicless tone, and occasionally raising their voices to a high alto. Finally, Randal arose and addressed the council in an eloquent speech, remarkable for its gesticulation and incongruity of sounds. It was supposed that he related the deeds of great warriors, which they proposed to emulate.

At the end of every sentence they paused and uttered shrill war-cries, which were vociferously seconded by the reefer supernumeraries. At last Randal drew his tomahawk, flourished it frantically around his head, and hurled it with fury to the floor. Fortunately for the desired effect, it struck and quivered. Then, such leaping, yelling, and dancing, no Bedlamites ever excelled before! They shot the enemy, scalped them, and tortured them at the stake.

As absurd as the scene must have been to one acquainted with such real performances, it produced the wildest applause, and exclamations of "Bravo! bravo! Bravo, Americano!"

Covered with perspiration, that ran the paint in the most grotesque shades upon their countenances, exhausted, and laughing, Randal and Paul gave one grand final break-down and one last war-howl, splendidly seconded by the midshipmen, and, like a used-up orchestra at the close of a grand opera, they rushed precipitately from the ball-room.

On the following day the masquerade was much more the theme of conversation than the marriage of Donna Maria. Randal and Paul were lionized by both English

and French, and became the recipients of much courtesy from the Portuguese.

In about ten days after this event, an officer of her Majesty's ship *Rodney* sent a copy of the *London Morning Chronicle* to Randal. It contained a letter from a Lisbon correspondent, giving a full account of the royal marriage, and a very elaborate one of the masquerade. The closing paragraph read as follows:

"The ball was unquestionably one of the finest ever seen in Lisbon. The audience was large, the maskers numerous, and admirably costumed in character. But the decided lions of the evening were two American midshipmen, who personated to perfection a Comanche chief and squaw. A conflict with two French officers dressed as grizzly bears was exciting and triumphant, yet eclipsed by their thrilling delineation of the council-meeting, unburying of the tomahawk, and war-dance. We learned that these talented young gentlemen had been reared among the wild warriors of Western America, and spoke their language with fluency."

CHAPTER XV.

COURTESIES EXCHANGED WITH THE ENGLISH MIDDIES.—THE WAY A BLOCKHEAD WON PROMOTION.—MALAGA AND THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTERS AGAIN.—A WEEK OF ELYSIUM, AND A PARTING FULL OF FOREBODINGS.

BETWEEN the midshipmen of her Britannic Majesty's fleet then anchored in the Tagus, and the American "reefers," a very cordial intimacy sprang up. International parties were constantly meeting and passing off with harmony.

The young officers of the English sloop-of-war *Pearl* particularly fraternized with Paul Forbes and his shipmates. Their frolics together were very pleasant, and their jokes upon each other very amusing. The latter were always received with good-humor, though they were sometimes rather pungent.

Among the "Pearls" there was one midshipman whose stupidity made him the general butt. In every romping game he invariably fell upon his head, amid the laughter of his comrades, and exclamations of "Go it, dunderhead!"—"Try it again, loggerhead!"

Now, this unlucky individual excited more interest with Paul than any other of the British middies. Circumstances will show, however, that he was not wanting in penetration or fair ability, though he was awkward and apparently obtuse.

The *Pearl* unexpectedly received orders to sail for Bilboa, on the coast of Spain, where at this time the civil war between the Carlists and the adherents of Queen Isabella was progressing with a ferocity rarely equalled in history.

This sloop-of-war was gone two months, and returned, finding the frigate still at anchor in the Tagus. Paul and several of the steerage officers obtained a boat and at once repaired on board, to pay their respects to their old friends. On reaching the quarter-deck, they were surprised to find Mr. Egan, the "dunderhead," in charge of the deck, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant.

"Hallo, Egan!" cried Paul, "you seem to have had a sudden lift, my old boy! I congratulate you."

"Yes, Forbes; Fortune has smiled upon me. But go below; the fellows will tell you all about it."

So, down they went, and, after a glass of grog and a recital of the news connected with the squadrons, one of the midshipmen asked a master's-mate of the *Pearl* how it happened that Egan sported the uniform and assumed the duties of a lieutenant. The officer interrogated was also a merry son of the Emerald Isle, whose good-natured humor had made him a favorite with the American officers. He answered heartily:

"Well, me boys, it's meself that is glad to tell ye of any good luck that tumbles into the breeches-pocket of a mess-mate. And though Egan is, as a reefer, somewhat troubled with stupidity, yet, upon me sowl, I always felt convinced it was himself that would sprout into a Solon when the golden opportunity should offer.

"When we left here, two months ago, we were under orders to proceed to Bilboa, in Spain, and keep a sharp

look-out on the movements of Mr. Don Carlos—who can not be much of a gentleman, or he wouldn't be fighting a young female, already crowned queen of the counthry. He has got up quite a respectable rebellion, and all the praists in the northern part of the counthry have joined him. Don Carlos is represented as fonder of *paternosters*, masses, and bead-telling, than of the smell of gunpowder. However, he has some fighting chaps, who breast the battle while he does the praying and penance.

"Now, England, you know, proposes to be very neutral in the matter, but nevertheless has an itching to meddle in the family quarrel. So, our captain, Lord Pinto, who is known to be a fighting fellow, was sent there with diplomatic orders, which he construed to mean that his Government intended the saucy *Pearl* should take a hand and dance at the ball. Be this as it may, to Bilboa we went. Don Carlos had the place in rather a tight box. So Lord Pinto came to a prompt conclusion, and determined to act at once. He landed a part of the crew and occupied an eminence, to check the approach of the Carlist forces. While we were erecting a battery, bang! went a gun from a height commanding our position.

"The ball played Jack with some of our chaps, and in a few moments other barkers opened, making our position not only uncomfortable but untenable. Most officers, under the circumstances, would have quietly retired; but my lord, having one of those bull-dog natures which never lets go a hold when the teeth have fairly entered, stood amid a rain of bullets, biting his lips and looking particularly savage. At last he sang out:

"'Who will take that battery?'

"Before any one else could reply, up jumps Egan, his

eyes sparkling with new-born intelligence and animation: 'I will, sir!' said he. 'Give me thirty volunteers; that is all I ask.'

"My lord was astonished at this sudden outbreak from a quarter where such gallantry was unexpected. He paused a moment. Egan eagerly renewed his offer, and it was accepted. The whole command volunteered.

"Egan selected thirty reliable men, and started down the eminence, out of sight of the Spaniards. He made a long detour, for the purpose of outflanking the enemy, who never dreamed of being assailed; while they continued to pepper us so effectually that we could not put a gun in position.

"Anxiously we watched for Egan's demonstration. The enemy continued their cannonade, and time flew on. Lord Pinto became nervous. He said to us:

"'I was a fool to commit an expedition of so much importance to the hands of a dunce! He will be captured, and we disgraced. Bilboa, in consequence of my inability to check the Carlists, must capitulate.'

"He did some tall swearing, and looked very despondent.

"'Do you see any movement in that battery, sir?' said he to the signal midshipman.

"'No, sir; they serve their guns without the least interruption.'

"'Then we have made a ridiculous failure! Look again, sir. Do you see anything like apprehension among those rascals up there?'

"'No, sir; they load and fire with regularity and without confusion.'

"There was an unpleasant silence of some minutes,

while the balls pattered against our half-constructed breastworks, behind which we lay ensconced in anything but a pleasing state of mind. Suddenly the signal midshipman gave a shout of joy, and cried:

"'Something is going on! I see the gunners leave the guns. A struggle is evidently in progress, sir!'

"We could then hear the yells of our gallant boys. It was the work of but a few moments. We saw the enemy hurled down the mountain. The Carlist flag disappeared, and, amid tremendous cheers, reëchoed from our excited command, up went the glorious flag of St. George, and Egan stood waving his hat in triumph over the battlefield. Upon me sowl, it was a beautiful sight!

"Lord Pinto called to me, and said:

"'Go, sir, and relieve *Lieutenant* Egan, and open at once on the Carlists! Send that officer to me.'

"I obeyed, and found our young hero turning the guns on the Carlists, in anticipation of the order. On his rejoining my lord, he was received with both hands, and complimented in the handsomest manner upon his splendid feat. The admiral (who arrived a few days after) confirmed the promotion in flattering terms, I can tell you!

"That is the long and short of it, old boy. So, pass the rosy, and we will drink long life and happiness to our late worthy mess-mate, and speedy promotion for every good fellow who makes the best of his condition."

It was pleasant to observe the total absence of envy or jealousy in a mess where, but a few weeks previously, Lieutenant Egan was the junior member. This officer has now attained the rank of Admiral in her Britannic Majesty's navy. His gallantry and excellent judgment is

proverbial, and no one in the service is more distinguished. Nothing is truer in life than the assertion, made by Decatur at a public dinner, when responding to a highly complimentary toast in his honor:

"Man is the creature of circumstances, and circumstances make the man."

Events of a public character detained the American frigate for some weeks longer in Lisbon, and in the meantime Paul's correspondence with Malaga had been constant.

Finally, the orders were given to depart, and, after passing the rock of Gibraltar, a day more found the Americans again anchored off Malaga. Paul's impatience to visit the shore called forth much steerage raillery, which he was compelled to endure. Anger manifested on such occasions only excited a more merciless infliction.

Benton sang out:

"Paul, my boy, indeed you must moderate your Oriental tastes! Carmina or Zarah—which one do you decide upon? It is not fair you should play the Grand Turk, and keep all the beauties to yourself!"

"Oh, yes!" chimed in Randal; "this grand seignior has been the cause of anguish to *my* tender bosom. But for his selfishness, I, too, might be happy——"

"In a barrel of soap!" ejaculated Paul, making his way rapidly on deck to avoid Randal's boot, which was shied at his head. Since his confessions, Randal had been harassed to madness with raillery, and was always desired to "howl elsewhere" whenever he ventured to indulge his voice in melody.

The commodore ordered his aid to attend him in the

barge. Paul's alacrity amused Lieutenant Pembrook, who was aware of his *penchant*. As officer of the deck, he rather provokingly exhibited on this occasion some of his dormant sense of the humorous, and made it a point to consume more time than usual in having the boat prepared, while he enjoyed poor Paul's impatience.

When the barge was manned, Paul started to report the same, though the duty properly belonged to one of the midshipmen of the watch. Lieutenant Pembrook checked him, and, as the commodore was coming up the ladder, remarked:

"'More haste, less speed,' Mr. Forbes! The greeting will not be diminished in pleasure by a few moments' delay."

The middy came near forgetting himself; but the kind smile of the lieutenant checked the irritable answer on his lips, and he felt that he merited a rebuke for his unofficerlike haste.

The barge arrived at the landing, and the old commodore rode to the palace, accompanied by his aid. On their way up the rugged hills, the chief—for a wonder!—condescended to enter into conversation. He observed:

"You seem to enjoy a very intimate association with the governor's daughters, sir? It is rather early in life to indulge in serious intentions. Midshipmen, though, consider themselves Methuselahs before their beards sprout."

"Our intimacy, commodore, crosses not the limits of sincere friendship. The ladies are unusually intelligent and refined——"

"And," growled the old Triton, "dangerously beautiful! Yes, I have seen just such friendships in my day.

They usually result in matrimony, a handful of children, and mighty short rations. But, here we are, sir!"

They passed the sentinel, and were shortly on the veranda, where the governor met them with evident satisfaction.

"I am glad to welcome you back, commodore. My daughters recognized the frigate, and have watched every boat that has left her, anticipating the appearance of this young gentleman. Walk in! While we are devoting our older heads to public matters, Mr. Forbes can find amusement in the parlor."

Paul dashed into the parlor without further ado, and was met by Carmina and Zarah with joyful greetings. He modestly kissed their fingers, though he ought to have known that their lips would not have been denied to him.

"Now, dear Paul," said Carmina, "take a seat between us [he did so, and a hand of each], and tell us all about Lisbon and the masquerade ball. We laughed heartily over your account. Tell us, did you fall in love with any beautiful Portuguese lady?"

Paul denied the soft impeachment, with many flattering allusions to the superior beauty of the Malaga ladies.

"Why, Carmina," exclaimed Zarah, "our Indian prince returns with a cargo of compliments. We won't listen to any more of it, sir! How long can you stay, Paul?"

"I am on duty, and cannot answer the question."

"Then I will approach your fearful chief myself. Do you think he will order me into irons, or have me shot for conspiracy?"

"Indeed, Carmina, I would rather you avoided the pos-

sibility of incurring his displeasure. It is a dangerous thing for any one to play with the lion's paw."

"I fear him not, Paul."

And, before remonstrance could be made, Carmina dashed out of the room. Her absence was brief. Reappearing, with a merry laugh she exclaimed:

"I aroused the lion from his lair; his roar alarmed me not. Looking as charming as I could, I asked him to commit his innocent aid to our charge. He was about to give a gruff refusal, when I laid my hand pleadingly on his arm, and said: 'Commodore, you must not deny my request; for, if you do, you will meet with a heavy loss.'

"'What is that?' he said, quickly.

"I pouted, and he took the hint at once, and it ended in my bribing him with a kiss! The stern countenance relaxed into tenderness. He put his arm around me, and said, mildly: 'You remind me of one I have lost.' Paul, a big tear rolled down his bronzed cheek. It looked like 'a stranger in a strange land.' His voice trembled for a moment, as he added: 'God bless you, my daughter!' The fountain closed, and the stern commander was granite again. My request was granted, and you have until to-morrow to play the knight."

The day passed off merrily, and the old Commodore departed, telling Paul, before going, that he was indebted to Miss Carmina for his leave of absence of twenty-four hours from the ship, and that he was to consider himself entirely under her orders for the time. All this was certainly very agreeable to the young reefer.

In the evening, several of the officers of the frigate called, and among them were Lieutenants Pembrook and Norris, and Passed Midshipman Randal. As the story of

Ienze was familiar to the governor's daughters, Pembrook, as might be expected, was to them a person of unusual interest. His handsome countenance, shaded with melancholy, heightened the romance which attached to his history.

Randal rattled away in his usual vivacious manner. The rebuff he had received from Carmina at the *tertulia* had checked his proclivities in that quarter, and now his attentions were almost exclusively bestowed upon Zarah, who met them with rather more kindness than her sister. This encouraged him to tell many anecdotes, new even to the officers; and the amusement they afforded, even when at his expense, added to the general hilarity. The governor entered into the spirit of the evening, and made the gentlemen feel perfectly at ease; so that, when they departed, it was with a sentiment of regret at the rapid flight of time.

As Randal bade Paul good-night, he whispered:

"Old fellow, Miss Zarah is decidedly at a premium! Be generous, and say a good word for me."

Paul, of course, promised to do his qualities full justice, and keep dark about his New York sweethearts.

For several days the frigate remained at Malaga. Every spare hour of Paul's time was spent in the society of his friends. Indeed, such was the intimacy, that he always went prepared to tarry for the night.

When the hour for parting came, the girls clung around Paul's neck with bitter weeping, as if already possessed with a premonition of the darker days that awaited them. He tore himself away with a vague feeling of disquiet, for which he could discover no satisfactory cause.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW LEANDER.—A PERILOUS SWIM FOR A FAITHLESS DAMSEL.—DISHEARTENING CONSEQUENCES OF MAKING LOVE IN WET CLOTHES.—THE NAVY YARD AND NAPOLEON'S SHIP.

THE frigate sailed for Port Mahon to refit. Among the damsels at this port were some whose beauty and bewitching manners captivated the middies. One in particular, enjoying the familiar name of "Nancy," became the *inamorata* of Paul's intimate friend, Clifford.

Weakness for womankind had never before troubled this son of Georgia; but Miss Nancy's bright eyes and melodious voice demolished his breastworks, and routed the defenders of his heart, horse, foot, and artillery. He, the hitherto unimpressioned, became, as Randal termed it, "absolutely spooney."

The executive, an officer of the old school, made the young gentlemen toe the mark. Irregular liberty on shore he never granted.

Midshipman Clifford fancied himself desperately in love. While attending to a rigging-gang in the navy yard, he watched the newly-whitewashed domicile of the irresistible Nancy, and cursed the trammels of a profession that held him in its thraldom.

One sunset he reported his party "all on board" to the

first lieutenant, and requested permission to revisit the shore. It was flatly refused. In high dudgeon, Clifford descended to the steerage. The steward presented him with a delicately perfumed *billet-doux*, after the perusal of which he became meditatively silent.

Leander swam the Hellespont, while Hero watched his approach and greeted him with embraces and loving kisses. Clifford determined to imitate not only this historic example, but the more modern one—of almost nightly occurrence among the Jack Tars—of "drinking salt water" for their sweethearts. That may be described as swimming ashore on the sly, for a few hours of connubial happiness.

The night was cold, and the watch less on the alert than usual. The crew had already enjoyed a "bust" on liberty, consequently the inclination for a temporary desertion was not now anticipated. Forbes, at Clifford's request, relieved him from the night-watch, little dreaming of the moist excursion contemplated by his friend.

About eleven P.M., when every one on board save the look-outs had retired to rest, Clifford, with his clothing made into a small bundle lashed to his head, carefully and noiselessly lowered himself from the bridle-port, and settled into the chill water with a shudder. When he thought the marine on post had turned his back, he parted from the rope, and began swimming with measured strokes for the adjacent shore. He had hardly progressed in this Leander-like expedition fifty yards, when the "Jolly" caught sight of him, and hailed. Receiving no answer, he sang out:

"Man deserting, sir!"

"Fire!" shouted the officer of the deck; and bang!

bang! went the muskets from gangway and forecastle. A boat was promptly called away; but always on these occasions the crew are unusually slow in obeying. The distance being short, Clifford landed before Paul, in the cutter, had proceeded ten yards from the ship.

As the first ball had whizzed by Clifford, he had naturally ducked his head to avoid the next; thus his traps received a soaking, which, on landing, was the cause of considerable annoyance to him.

Love is excellent fuel to keep the heart warm, though one would rather suppose that the fires might be put out by a superfluity of cold moisture. The thermometer in Clifford's bosom was no doubt very near the freezing point, when, in a cold March wind, he tremblingly donned his wet shirt, pantaloons, vest, and jacket.

There was no alternative; to dress was a necessity. So, on his clothes had to go. Having arrayed himself as best he could, he found a momentary relief in a friendly "*Posada publico*," where spiritual comforts were vended to seafaring wanderers. A glass of *aqua vitæ* warmed him up, and, thus fortified, he repaired to the biding-place of the fair Nancy, expecting to behold her Hero-like torch blazing from the reception-room window.

Alas! how often in life are we doomed to disappointment, when we look forward in imagination to the cherry lips and soft embraces which we suppose are awaiting us! Cold looked the hacienda. Not a light flickered from the crevice of a single window. Poor Clifford had drank salt water for his lady in vain. His clothing clung to his body like the douse-sheet used in a hydropathic establishment. He wandered disconsolately around the house, tried the national "hist!" and attempted in vain to whis-

tle. He tapped furtively at the door. Silence reigned within.

It was necessary that he should be on board before the dawn of day; so, with a muttered curse on all such jilts, poor Clifford retraced his footsteps, with the cheering reflection that another bath and a rather risky swim was before him.

Fortunately, he encountered a party of officers who were legitimately absent from the vessel, and took passage with them; gliding, as he supposed unseen, through the gun-deck port, as the rest ascended to the quarter-deck and reported their return on board.

Paul had been standing at the gangway, and his quick eye caught the sly reëntrance of Clifford; and ere this Leander could change his wet garments and retire to his neglected hammock, the mischievous scamp stood near him, lantern in hand. With quizzical look and affected solicitude he exclaimed:

"Hallo, Ned! This must have been a very moist visit, old boy! I hope Miss Nancy repaid you for this indulgence in salt water! Did you drink much?"

"Paul, for Heaven's sake have pity on me, and don't let on about this to the fellows!"

Paul laughed, and promptly left his friend to his hydropathic reflections.

The frigate was again ready for sea, the anchor weighed, and, with a fair wind, she steered to the northward. A rapid passage brought her into the harbor of Toulon, which was crowded with the French Mediterranean fleet. After the usual salutes and official ceremonies were over, permission was granted to the midship-

men to visit the shore and examine the famous naval depot.

The extensive navy yard, of course, excited their professional curiosity. The docks were numerous, but not built with the solidity of those of America; nor did the reefers think the ships in progress as well timbered, though the models were much admired. The rope-walk, with its ingenious machinery, was very interesting, and also the model loft, where attention was particularly arrested by a series of miniature craft, exhibiting the style of vessels the great emperor built when he contemplated the invasion of England.

After inspecting all that was interesting in the navy yard, the gentlemen strolled to the mole-head. On the opposite side of the spacious harbor could be seen the numerous fortifications for the protection of Toulon. One spot, from its historical reminiscences, was more attractive than the rest. It was called, in 1793, "Little Gibraltar." Here the genius of Napoleon as an officer of artillery was first developed; here his star first rose above the horizon. Their eyes passed over the broad expanse of water, and rested upon a solitary ship, whose lower masts only were standing. An enthusiastic Frenchman told them, with heightened color, that it was *La Muiron*, the frigate that bore Napoleon and his fortunes from Egypt to France. Toulon is almost wholly a naval depot. Everything about it smells of rope and tar. The city is well built, and has many handsome edifices. A general bustle pervades the place, giving one constantly the impression that some important expedition is under preparation. Such, however, was not the case when our middies visited it. The navy lay idle in port, varying

the monotony of the service by constant drills at gunnery, fleet sailing, or making and taking in sail, etc.

The visit of the *Nautilus* to Toulon was for the purpose of receiving from Marseilles the mails and the one thing needful—money. This accomplished, the anchor was tripped, and away the frigate glided over the rippling sea for the coast of Italy.

A brief run brought Genoa, "La Superba," in full view.

CHAPTER XVII.

INSPECTION DAY ON BOARD.—A PRACTICAL JOKE ON THE COMMODORE.—HOW THE GALLEY WAS WHITEWASHED.—A REAL LORD VISITS THE SHIP.—PAUL FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIS DAUGHTER.—ONE OF THE MOST SENTIMENTAL CHAPTERS IN THE BOOK.

THE frigate tarried a few days at Genoa and Leghorn. While in the latter port, the midshipmen were permitted to go ashore in relays to visit the Tuscan capital, Florence, which was reached in those days by *diligence*. In this beautiful city they passed nearly a week, devoting their time to the usual sight-seeing.

As has before been observed, a man-of-war can usually boast of many odd and unique characters. Nor are they restricted to any particular part of the ship. The peculiar eccentricities of Lieutenant Hilarity have already been alluded to. The steerage also possessed some originals, particularly a midshipman by the name of Herbert, whose reputation as a practical joker was notorious throughout the service.

As a midshipman, he had served a number of years beyond the prescribed term of probation for that class of officers. Notifications to attend examination were utterly unheeded by him, as he had no ambition to exalt himself

above his original position as a midshipman, and clung to the steerage with a fondness hardly conceivable. In every vessel in which he had sailed, although by many years the senior of his associates, he was still the boyish joker, the steerage poet-laureate, and the fun-maker of his mess.

He was master's-mate of the gun-deck of this frigate, rigid in his discipline, but never neglecting an opportunity for the enjoyment of his inclination for practical joking. A solemn countenance veiled the comical turn in his disposition, and he was afraid of nothing, not even the granite commodore, whose anger generally struck terror into the hearts of every one under his command.

The countenance of old "Bruin" was known to have been illuminated by a smile but once on board the ship. The circumstances were as follows:

Every Saturday was set apart as a day for the grand official inspection of the ship. It was conducted with all the military etiquette belonging to the naval service. The crew dreaded it, well knowing the close scrutiny that attended its observance on the part of their exacting commodore. Prior to the appointed hour, the men could be observed bestowing particular attention upon every article of bright work that belonged to their stations. Carefully were ropes flemished down, and gingerly every man "titivated" his dress.

The hour arrives; two bells are struck; the drum beats to quarters, and five hundred men line the deck fore and aft, even with the breaches of their guns, headed by the handsomely-uniformed officers of each division, who muster and report to the first lieutenant. This report is announced by him to the commander-in-chief.

The drum rolls; the band plays a spirited march, and from the cabin issues the commodore, attended by his staff. Passing along the line of inspection, heads are uncovered, and every man experiences a sensation of nervousness until old Bruin passes.

Midshipman Herbert, as master's-mate of the gun-deck, had charge of what is called the "galley division." It consisted of some fourteen negro cooks, who were drawn up in front of the ship's kitchen, with all their utensils arranged in order for general inspection.

The commodore owned a black goat, whose beat was principally around the galley. When muster occurred, she always placed herself on the right of the ship's cook, with as much formality and dignity as any of her two-legged companions.

On the day referred to, the haughty chief passed by the battery, and vainly endeavored to discover some defect. Arriving at the galley, he found, for the first time, a blemish. It was in the carlins over the ship's coppers, which by the steam had become yellow, in place of the usual white. Eying it savagely, he turned like a tiger upon Midshipman Herbert. He raised his long, bony finger, and pointed at the defects, at the same time exclaiming:

"You neglect your duty, sir! I'll arrest you, sir! I'll try you by court-martial, sir! Never let me see this dereliction of duty again! *Everything* about this galley must be perfectly white, sir—perfectly white, sir!" And he moved on in a rage, which to a reasonable observer would appear to be the height of absurdity.

Those who comprehended him well perfectly under-

stood that his tenacity upon small points was intended to produce perfection of discipline in general.

Herbert had sailed with "Tartars" before, and, as he often laughingly observed, the tartaric acid of the service never affected his stomach. However, he carefully remembered the order, and called witnesses to bear in mind its exact tenor: "Everything should be white about the galley, sir!"

A week rolled by; inspection-day came again; the same ceremonies were observed, the same anxiety was manifested, by the officers and crew. Passing forward, swelling with all the dignity of his station, he was met near the galley by his excited goat, *whitewashed from horns to hoof!* This startled him. A few steps further, and, to his utter astonishment, he beheld the accomplishment of his order in the most absurd manner. Everything was white about the galley—pots, pans, and *negro cooks* whitewashed from head to foot!

Herbert made the official salute with a grin so irresistibly droll, that the indignation the commander-in-chief was about to indulge in gave place absolutely to a smile. He remembered his emphatic order, and now witnessed the practical manner with which it had been complied.

The scene was too comical even for the adamantine nerves of old granite-face. He turned upon his heels and retired to the cabin without finishing the inspection. This was the first and only time he was ever known to show an appreciation of the humorous.

Though the frigate lay some distance from the shore, it was visited constantly by strangers. One day, when Paul was about to leave the quay, a tall, dignified gentle-

man, evidently an Englishman, approached the barge, and, saluting him, respectfully said:

"I believe, sir, this is a boat belonging to the United States frigate *Nautilus?*"

"It is, sir!"

"I am accidentally detained with my wife and daughter in this place, by the non-arrival of an over-due packet steamer. Hearing of the advent of your frigate, we felt an earnest desire to visit, and I venture to solicit your courtesy in granting us a passage to it."

"This is the commodore's barge," said Paul, "and the general orders do not permit her to be used as an ordinary passage-boat; but as ladies are in the case, I will convey you to the frigate with a great deal of pleasure."

"I am grateful for your kindness, young gentleman, but fear I shall interfere with your official orders."

"Have no uneasiness in that respect. I feel perfectly at liberty to assume a certain latitude of action. Therefore bring your ladies to the boat as soon as possible."

"You are very polite, sir, and shall be detained but a few moments."

He disappeared, and, returning in a short time in a carriage, brought two ladies, evidently his wife and daughter.

Paul hastened to escort the ladies to the boat, and accidentally overheard the footman inquire what time in the afternoon his "lordship" would have the carriage?

This development of the gentleman's rank did not move the imperturbable reefer. He saw that the party was disposed to make the visit *incog.*, and he therefore exhibited no impertinent curiosity.

When all were seated, and the boat had proceeded

some distance from the wharf, "my lord," as we shall call him, presented Paul with his card, upon which was engraved, "Mr. Colfax, England." This amused Paul, but he promptly gave his own name, and the gentleman introduced him to Mrs. Colfax and Miss Rose, his daughter.

The party exhibited all the signs of that perfect breeding which distinguishes the British aristocracy; but the eyes of the warm-blooded young reefer did not linger long on the elderly persons who composed it. He found in their young companion a fresh and beautiful girl of the purest English type.

The susceptible Paul tumbled head over ears in love, of course. He imagined that he had never seen such a lovely creature before.

A light breeze fanned the surface of the sea as the barge, propelled by fourteen athletic seamen, cut through the waters towards the ship.

"You have a noble-looking crew, sir," said Lord Colfax. "Are they all Americans?"

"All, sir."

It must be difficult to distinguish between American and British sailors. Do you not find it so?"

"Sometimes, sir. The association between the two countries, the similarity of language, and the sameness in the habits and manners of sailors, often perplex us as to nationality. Seamen are the wandering cosmopolites of the world. As the song goes:

> "'In every clime they find a port,
> In every port a home, sir.'

They are, as a rule, never particular about the flag they

sail under, as long as the pay is good and rations unexceptionable."

"Poor fellows!" replied his lordship, "they are a shiftless, homeless, thoughtless class of wanderers; here to-day, gone to-morrow; sinking with their ship, tossed from the yard into a stormy ocean-grave; dying of disease, passing out of existence without a tear, a question, or pulsation of regret from friends or relations. Thousands upon thousands of young British seamen monthly leave our ports, never more to return or be heard of. It is a mournful reflection; and yet this nomadic ocean-life is daily recruited from the land, as if there were a fascination in its terrors."

"Father," said the pretty Rose, *sotto voce*, but not sufficiently suppressed to escape Paul's acute ear, "did we ever fight the Americans?"

Her father smiled, and replied:

"Yes, my dear, and came off second-best. The very frigate we are about to visit frequently humbled our pride upon the ocean."

"Oh, yes! now I think I do remember—America was once a British colony. Washington won her independence. And after that a second war occurred; but what it was for or about, I do not recall."

"It was a family quarrel, sharp and bloody; for when relations fall out, they fight desperately. This difference lasted not long; we made friends, and are now united in the bonds of friendship, never, I trust, again to be severed."

With much tact Lady Colfax changed the conversation, probably thinking the discussion of an unfriendly passage of arms was hardly suitable to the occasion. She ques-

tioned Paul in regard to the domestic occupation of the American women, particularly those of the South.

The midshipman became quite eloquent in his description of his Southern home, and both ladies listened with interest.

The barge neared the frigate; glasses were levelled at it by many young gentlemen, who anticipated a jolly day when any flirtation-material should arrive. Of course, the disappointment was universal when it was discovered that there was only one young lady in the party.

Lord and Lady Colfax passed up the ladder, as Paul whispered to Rose:

"Do not desert me. Permit me to remain by your side as your escort for the day."

With an evident look of pleasure, she answered:

"I thank you, Mr. Forbes. I will have no other attendant but you!"

On gaining the quarter-deck, Paul introduced Mr. and Mrs. Colfax and their daughter Rose.

All appearance of disappointment vanished under the smiles of beauty. Randal, when the party moved forward to inspect the ship, offered his arm to Miss Rose, who with an amused air turned to Paul, and said:

"Here is my cavalier!"

As they walked away, poor Randal grumbled:

"'The Curse of Cromwell' light on that youngster! If a party of angels from heaven should condescend to pay us a visit, he would pick out and walk off with the most beautiful, as if it was his natural right!"

Never did man-of-war look more formidable with its array of guns, or more exquisitely neat in snow-white decks. Expressions of delight were uttered both by Lord

and Lady Colfax. Miss Rose spoke not, but looked on in wonder. Paul for the third time asked if she was pleased. Turning to him, with a long-drawn sigh, as if waking from a trance, she exclaimed:

"This is absolutely enchanting! What a life to lead! Everything appears as if some genii endowed with mighty power had waved his magic wand, producing all I see and hear!"

"This, Miss Rose, is the fairy-side of the picture, or, rather, its sunshine and calm. When the hurricane comes in its strength, these gentle scenes give place to the terrible."

"Ah, that I should like, too! I should glory in the fierce contest of the elements. Existence without excitement must be a miserable life for a man."

"You would make a brave sailor!" said Paul, laughing, while the excited girl blushed at her own impetuosity.

Something Paul said in a low tone brought the carnation to her cheeks again, and she trembled with emotion. Her answer was almost in a whisper:

"It is but a month since I left the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Rome. The world, as yet, is an enigma to me. Its labyrinths I must not hastily tread. Do not look distressed, Mr. Forbes; you have not offended me. On the contrary, I am flattered—nay, pleased. So, let us for the present have an armistice, and see how our elders are getting along in the cabin."

On entering that apartment, Lord Colfax was found in animated political conversation with the commodore. Her ladyship and the surgeon were discussing polemics. Randal seemed to be enjoying the doctor's passion for controversy, and whispered to Paul:

"Old Sawbones has mounted his hobby, and is running a quarter-race with Mrs. Colfax. Was ever man so insanely beset with a rage for argument? He would go without his grub for four-and-twenty hours rather than back down one iota from a proposition. When he amputated poor Brown's leg, I heard the madman endeavoring to convince the unfortunate fellow, by a multitude of extraordinary assertions, that a cork leg was far superior to the original article."

At the suggestion of the doctor, chairs were carried to the poop-deck, where the party at once assembled. It was early Spring, and nothing could have been more delightful than the balmy Italian atmosphere. The scenery, too, was superb. To the westward lay the placid waters of the Mediterranean, dotted with the snowy canvas of passing vessels; to the northward, barely visible, were the domes and the leaning tower of Pisa; and behind was a background of verdant fields and vineyards. Leghorn, its cathedrals, its white buildings, and its shipping spread along the shore, was just in front of them.

While the guests, by the aid of spy-glasses, were bringing these objects nearer to view, Paul embraced the opportunity to inform the first lieutenant of the high rank of the visitors.

"I am not surprised, for I thought Mr. Colfax was more than an ordinary gentleman—that is, if education, intelligence, and high breeding be typical of nobility. My manner shall not indicate the knowledge you have imparted; but, on his leaving, I shall have the ship pay him the honors customary to an English Peer."

Day was declining, and Lord Colfax signified his desire to land before it became dark. At the same time,

he requested the commodore to permit Paul to spend the night on shore.

"The young gentleman's courtesy," he said, "has enabled us to pass a day of unusual enjoyment—one I shall long remember; and to you, sir, and all your gentlemanly officers, I beg to express my profound respect and gratitude for the reception you have given us on board of this magnificent ship."

The commodore responded appropriately, and, after much courteous leave-taking, the barge received the guests and the delighted Paul Forbes. Miss Rose did not conceal her gratification at this addition to their number.

When some twenty yards from the frigate, the ship's artillery thundered forth a salute, with the cross of St. George floating at the fore.

Lord Colfax immediately comprehended; his *incognito* existed no longer. Rising in the boat, he uncovered, and bowed. Handkerchiefs waved from the poop, and the ladies were prompt in responding.

"So, Mr. Forbes, my noisy footman revealed my station! I half suspected it, and could but admire your delicacy in observing my *incognito*. At what hour was your commanding officer enlightened?"

"After the collation, sir."

Turning to the midshipman of the boat, he said:

"On your return, do me the kindness to present the compliments of Lord Colfax to the commanding officer, with an assurance of his high appreciation of the honor done him as an English Peer."

When the barge arrived, the carriage was waiting. Handing the ladies out, his lordship turned to the coxswain, and gave him a purse of gold, with the words:

"My thanks! This is for you and your crew."

Paul and his new friends passed the evening at the opera, and, when they returned to the hotel, Lord and Lady Colfax left the young couple to the enjoyment of their own society, merely requesting their daughter not to sit up too late.

This permission to Rose to continue her interview with Paul, at this hour, evinced great confidence in the young gentleman. When alone, a silence of some minutes' duration was broken by a long-drawn sigh from Paul, who sorrowfully observed:

"Ah, Miss Rose, my dream is passing away. Your father informs me you leave in the morning."

"But we will meet again, I trust. It seems impossible this friendship should begin and end in the same day. No, it cannot be!"

"You will soon be among your relatives and friends," said Paul, "and in their caresses you will forget the American midshipman who dared to lift his thoughts to you. My heart will burst with grief if I do not seek relief in confession. The moment I saw you I loved you, and this is my first love. You may think this is premature, and disdain my honest avowal."

"No, no! Disdain for you—never!"

"Then may I hope, dear Miss Rose?"

Her lips quivered, and she hid her face in her hands and sobbed. Paul strove to console her, but it was some time before she could speak. At length, recovering her self-possession, she said:

"When we met, this morning, your appearance and manners interested me. When you asked to be my chaperon on board the ship, I was pleased. I enjoyed

your company every moment we were together. When you were asked to come on shore with us, and accepted, I could scarcely conceal my delight. I have never before passed so happy a day. I am so young, and have seen so little of the world, that I can hardly explain the cause of this feeling. You must interpret it."

Paul threw his arms around her, and the first kiss passed between them. Then she gently released herself from his embrace, and hurried to her room.

Our young reefer was up betimes in the morning, to partake of a hasty breakfast with his friends. At its conclusion, Lord and Lady Colfax retired to perfect their arrangements for embarking; and this gave the young lovers the desired opportunity to say their sad farewell and renew their vows of constancy.

When our hero asked if he could write to her, she reflected for a moment, and said:

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to hear constantly from you; but as it would be, at present, a clandestine correspondence, I think it would be wrong. My sin in that respect will upbraid me, when I remember that, for the first time, my parents do not possess my entire confidence. My father will probably ask you to write to him; and a message to me, however formal, I will construe into an expression of love. You can make the same application of my responses. You know I am not of age, and therefore not considered yet capable of judging for myself, or acting independently. Our time is up; the carriage is at the door. God bless you, Mr. Forbes! Do not forget your Rose!"

"Never!" exclaimed he. "My only hope is, to possess your affection."

Paul accompanied them to the packet. Lord and Lady Colfax were lavish in their expressions of regard, and earnestly invited Paul to visit them, and to write frequently. Poor Rose kept her veil down, to conceal her tears.

The last bell rang, the last adieus were made, and Paul stood ruefully upon the wharf, waving his handkerchief as the steamer bore his first young love away, perhaps forever.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CRUISERS IN ROME.—A BALL AT THE GRAND OPERA.—PEMBROOK'S VISION ON THE STAIRWAY.—A STARTLING DENOUEMENT.—THE LOST FOUND.—THE DEAD ALIVE.—SEQUEL TO THE ROMANCE OF ZEBARA.

WHEN the frigate next weighed anchor, it was for Civita Vecchia, the seaport of the Pontifical States. There a party, composed of Lieutenants Pembrook and Norris, Dr. Gladstane, Passed Midshipman Randal, and Midshipmen Clifford and Forbes, was made up for the Eternal City; and when the first relay returned, these gentlemen engaged the *diligence* for their own visit. All the wonders of Rome, ancient, mediæval, and modern, were visited in turn. The officers inspected St. Peter's, roamed through the picture galleries, climbed the Capitoline Hill, explored the Ghetto, and sat in judgment on the Coliseum. They even visited the Vatican and "interviewed" the Pope.

There was a grand ball promised at the opera house, and thither our Americans determined to go. Little did they dream of the happy surprise that was in store for them. They dressed with great care in their uniforms, and participated freely in the festivities of the night. Pembrook alone was moody and dissatisfied. He wandered through the gay throng without a smile, and discouraged every attempt of his comrades to draw him into the dance. Late in the night he stood at the top of the

grand stairway, leaning against a column and gazing idly on the passers. Suddenly a vision came over him. He imagined that he saw in the midst of the throng a loved and well-remembered form. Of course, it was a phantom of his brain, and he heaved a sigh and closed his eyes in pain. But when he opened them again, there was the same beautiful figure, and it leaned on the arm of a dark and handsome old man, and that old man was Don Figareo. Great God! could he be awake? Was this indeed Ienze—alive? And was the promise given in the storm about to be realized? As these thoughts flew madly through his brain, the lady turned towards him. His eyes met hers. She gave a loud shriek, and in an instant was fainting in his arms.

There was a rush of the curious crowd, and a wild huzza from a handful of officers in the American naval uniform, who had witnessed the scene; but Pembrook bore his lovely burden hastily to the door, and, led by the excited don, placed her in a carriage. Together the three rode rapidly to the don's apartments.

We pass over the tender reunion.

"The gates were passed, and Heaven was won."

After the agitation consequent upon this wonderful meeting had somewhat subsided, Ienze told her story.

"While we were promenading the garden on that fatal night," said she, "I was startled and paralyzed by the apparition of a countenance distorted with jealousy. Ere I could utter an exclamation, his sword glittered at your heart, and my breast became its shield. The second stab would no doubt have proved fatal to you but for its de-

flection by your pistol-shot. As you know, I fainted, and for days I was unconscious. My recovery was accompanied with intense pain. For many days I lay hovering between life and death. But my love for you conquered all, and I gradually grew stronger. I either dreamed, or heard, that your wound had not proved fatal, and this knowledge let the sunshine into my soul. Exerting strength sufficient to cross my hands in prayer, I thanked our heavenly Father for that mercy, and pleaded that our affection might result in a happy reunion in His own good time. At length the doctors were dismissed, and, assisted by my devoted father, the veranda became my daily resting-place and the sea my constant watch, while hoping, praying, for the white-winged carrier that was bringing you back to me.

"We wrote letters to the United States, but, alas! in vain; no answer came. Still, as I appreciated the uncertainty of postal communication between Cuba and America, I did not lose hope. I never doubted that, if you were in the land of the living, you would come, or write. Time passed on, until despair settled on my heart, and I fancied you were dead. Deserted by hope, my health rapidly declined. Our physicians insisted that my father should promptly take me to a mild European climate; hence our visit to Italy. For many months we traversed this interesting country. Physically, my health improved; but ah! my beloved, your presence was wanting to complete the cure.

"A lingering hope sustained me. My father promised to extend our travels to America, and there learn personally of your fate. I had dreaded leaving Zebara, thinking that, on your recovery, you might visit Cuba;

but as my importunate physicians urged my departure, I left letters with them for you. The bell, whose tolling you say so sadly impressed the officers as the schooner sailed, sent forth its solemn notes for the mass of him who caused us all the anguish we have endured. Strange to tell, when the wretched Henrico, in his madness, determined on his murderous deed, a presentiment of impending death came over him, but deterred him not. Some latent impulse prompted the strange idea of paying for masses, under the contract that they should be made in the event of his sudden death. His private papers exhibited mental derangement. In our happiness, my Pembrook, let us exercise the tenderest charity, and forgive as we hope to be forgiven."

When Pembrook related his marvellous escape during the tornado, Ienze trembled, and clung to him nervously; but when he told her how he fainted, and fancied that she appeared to him and imprinted a kiss upon his parched lips, whispering to him to meet her in Rome, she excitedly exclaimed:

"Tell me the date of this occurrence!"

"The nineteenth of July last year."

"Merciful Providence, how wonderful! On that very night, in Lucca, I was ill and feverish from my wearing griefs. My sleep was restless, and in my dreaming you appeared as if just emerging from the sea. You murmured words of love and fidelity, and conjured me to be true to you; and I imagined I asked you to meet me in Rome. I awoke. Your kiss still lingered on my lips. I wept bitterly on realizing that it was all a dream. Nevertheless, the influence it exercised upon me was potent. I urged our speedy return to Rome. Sickness

detained us for some time in Florence, but the moment I was able to travel we hastened here.

"For several months we have sojourned in this city. To me there was one consolation: that here, nightly, I could dream of you. Mingling but little in society, the advent of American officers was unknown to us. By mere accident we heard of the coronation-ball. A strange desire to attend took possession of me. This was much to my father's surprise, for he had endeavored in vain to draw me into society, hoping thus to distract my mind from its sorrows.

"While preparing for the ball, I was nervously impressed with the idea that some event would occur of great interest to me. How wonderfully were these premonitions realized!"

Pembrook feared that the surprise and excitement of this reunion might injure the health of his betrothed if this interview was prolonged; so, with a lingering embrace, he tore himself away, promising to return on the morrow.

The hearty congratulations of his friends were peculiarly gratifying to Pembrook. They were, from strong personal regard, deeply interested in him, and this culmination of the well-known romantic history of his Zebara love brought out a flow of kindly sentiment. They were too excited to sleep, and they chattered away about the events of the night, until Randal opened the blinds, and exclaimed:

"Behold Aurora ushering in the day! All ye mariners who would slumber with Murphy had better tumble in at once, or the chambermaid will be at our doors to make up the beds."

The suggestion was accepted, and all retired except Pembrook and Norris, who indulged still longer in confidential intercourse, until it was time for the former to prepare for joining Ienze at the promised breakfast.

CHAPTER XIX.

A JOURNEY IN THE NAPLES DILIGENCE.—ADVENTURE AT A FRONTIER INN.—AN IRRUPTION OF BRIGANDS.—THE RUSE OF A CHEMIST.—ON SHIPBOARD AGAIN.—MORE LOVE YARNS IN THE ABAFT.

BEFORE the appointed hour, Pembrook, with a lover's impatience, met his beautiful Ienze. She received him affectionately, and returned his fond embrace.

The breakfast received but little attention from any save the kind old don, who appeared to be sailing on a sea of happiness.

"My child," said he to Ienze, "I really fear for the health of you lovers, if you go without food. So, the sooner the wedding-day is arranged, the quicker will come a natural appetite. What say you both to this sage proposition?"

"I think, dear father," answered Ienze, "that you are always reasonable. This important subject has this morning been discussed, and mutually we have decided that the miserable probation to which we have been subjected warrants a speedy marriage."

"With your approval, sir," continued Pembrook, "and the consent of Ienze, I desire that the consummation of our engagement shall be fixed at two weeks from to-morrow. You are aware that my ship is by this time on her

way to Naples. I must at once rejoin her, and obtain a leave of absence."

"But, sir," quickly responded the don, "in Zebara I gave consent to your union with my daughter with the distinct understanding that you should end your naval career. I do not intend Ienze shall be playing Niobe, while you are far away at sea tramping the quarter-deck! I honestly think that a sailor is wrong to marry and cling to his roving profession. Both parties are rendered miserable by separation. Every gale that blows excites terror in the lone wife's bosom; while the absent husband suffers no less by constantly dwelling on life's mutations, and the fearful uncertainty as to what every letter may reveal.

"Ienze in her own right possesses an independent fortune. When she is married, my guardianship ceases; and her new protector must not only govern her (if he can), but manage her property. In order to accomplish both duties, you must give up the navy. I am aware of the sacrifice; but, to wed my daughter, you must resign, sir. Such is my tyrannical *ultimatum*."

"Thanks, dear father," joined in the laughing Ienze, "for this exercise of tyranny! We will submit to your august decree, and, like good children, never rebel. Am I right, Pembrook?"

"Well, Ienze, I suppose I must bow to the wishes of the majority; so, let us at present table the question. Tell me, what length of time will be required for the preparation of your trousseau?"

"A very few days—say five. Rome is equal to Paris in such emergencies; and my zeal can accomplish wonders. With unlimited assistance, easily procured, I am

safe in saying ten days will find me in Naples, fully equipped, and ready to become the happiest of women. Does this content you?"

"Perfectly! And thank you, dear Ienze; though I only fear you will be too much hurried and perplexed."

A servant announced Lieutenant Norris and his companions.

Repairing to the drawing-room, Ienze received her lover's friends with sisterly warmth, and the other gentlemen with charming courtesy.

"Oh, señorita," said the agitated Norris, "this is the happiest moment of my life! Heaven grant a happy future to you and my old friend!"

"Receive a sister's thanks, Mr. Norris, for your devotion to Mr. Pembrook. I shall never cease to be grateful to you for standing by him so nobly in his affliction."

The sojourn in Rome continued but a few days longer, and the day appointed for returning to the frigate arrived. Pembrook bade his beloved Ienze adieu. He cheered her with the soothing consolation that a few days only of separation could occur.

The *diligence* which bore our Americans from Rome was a lumbering antediluvian affair, well cushioned, and comfortable. On the present occasion the seven naval officers, with one stranger, were its occupants; and right merrily the journey began.

The stranger was a fine-looking man of about forty. His piercing black eyes and unmistakable nose required no rabbi to vouch for his lineage. He spoke English like a Londoner, and seemed conversant with various languages, as he evidently was with the world. In less than an hour his standing with the officers became most

friendly. An easiness in conversation and a fund of humor, together with his extensive information, rendered this "wandering Jew" a very attractive stage companion.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "about sunset we will enter upon the Pontine Marshes, whose malaria is deleterious, and often destructive to life, if inhaled while sleeping. My advice, based upon the experience of some twenty trips between Naples and Rome, is, that we take advantage of the purity of the present atmosphere for a siesta, so that we will be able to refrain from slumber when the dangerous miasma shall surround us."

This suggestion was agreed to; and for some time the *diligence* was given up to nasal trumpeting.

"Hallo!" at length exclaimed the cosmopolite child of Israel, "here are the marshes. Arouse you, gentlemen; the time for sleep has passed!"

The sun had not yet touched the horizon, and the marshes, like a Western prairie under a Spring deluge, spread around as far as the eye could reach. The road had been ditched on either side, and elevated, at great expense, by several popes, to render these marshes passable.

From a large carpet-bag the stranger extracted a bottle, and, after drawing the stopper, passed it to Lieutenant Pembrook, saying:

"Come, sir, let me prescribe. This is a fine toddy, made of pure French brandy; and no one should pass through these noxious vapors without a stimulant. Help yourself, and pass the mixture."

Randal, with a like celerity, had produced a bottle prepared for the same medicinal purpose by his landlord, before leaving Rome.

The bottles were kept moving, and the growing merriment drove away all inclination for sleep.

Randal, with his usual modest assurance, launched forth in jest and story. He was soon, however, eclipsed by the voluble traveller, who was familiar with all parts of the globe, even to the Pacific Islands.

"By the by," inquired Randal, "in your many visits to Rome were you ever troubled by the brigands?"

"Yes, thrice. On the first occasion, a moderate ransom instantly released us; on the last occasion, a lucky ruse freed the passengers from bondage."

"And what was that?" asked the gentlemen.

"I will briefly relate the circumstances," replied the stranger. "The *diligence* contained nine passengers, among them a singular old gentleman of chemical repute. When near Terracina, the horses were stopped; pistols were thrust in at the windows, and we were sternly ordered to vacate the vehicle. Of course, the suddenness of the assault permitted no defence, even had we been inclined to make one; which, against the ten heavily-armed desperadoes, would have been absurd. The whole party were despoiled of what money and jewels they had, and some also of their garments.

"The robbers, not content with this booty, decided to convey us to their rendezvous, when measures would be taken to obtain further ransom ere we were granted liberty. At this moment the old chemist anxiously inquired if any one had seen his carpet-bag. 'Not,' said he, 'that it is of value, but I have some excellent French brandy in it, and a little at this unhappy moment, as a slight tonic, is desirable.'

"The mention of French brandy attracted the imme-

diate attention of the brigands. The bag was soon found under the *diligence*, secretly cast there by the old man. With intense delight the rascals gathered around the large flask; and as the chemist pleaded for a small drink of his own liquor, they jeered him, and continued their own indulgence with such avidity that the bottle was speedily exhausted.

"Watching the old gentleman as he pleaded, I observed a funny twinkle in his eye.

"We were ordered to reënter the *diligence*, and the driver was commanded to turn into a cross-road and proceed; but scarcely fifty yards were passed, when a roar of triumph from the chemist called our attention to the brigands, who had fallen from their horses, not dead, but in sleep most profound. We recovered our property, despoiled them of their arms, and hastened on to Terracina, fearing that more of their band might appear.

"The chemist informed us that, hearing of constant depredations on the highway, unchecked by the Government, he conceived the idea of preparing a powerful narcotic in brandy, pleasantly disguised. He knew, from accounts of the personal habits of robbers, that they would easily fall into the snare. I have copied the ruse, and have never travelled unless thus provided."

"I trust," said Pembrook, "we shall meet with no such adventures as you have described. We are not armed, nor did the thought of brigands enter our minds. Are the roads still subject to these gentry?"

"In spite of Pontifical efforts and the employment of a large gendarme force, the Knights of the Pontine are occasionally heard from. Just ere leaving, I was informed of the escape of the notorious brigand, Garcia

Almagro. For eight years he was the terror of every highway leading to Rome, and even the Eternal City itself frequently became the theatre of his daring adventures. A grand scheme to kidnap a party of English noblemen, who intended to make a Byronic night-visit to the Coliseum, was betrayed, the robber caught, and for five years he languished in a dungeon. His escape four months ago was quite a marvel. As yet, he has been heard of only in the vicinity of Naples."

Morning came, and Terracina—one to herald in a glorious day, the other to exhibit the frontier police, as our travellers were now entering the territory of the king of Naples.

The first station after leaving Terracina, diverging slightly from the main road, was the breakfast-house for man and beast. On arriving, the gentlemen were ushered into a dingy apartment, where a sorry breakfast was prepared. As this meal was included in the price of passage, nothing remarkable as to luxury was expected. They were informed, however, that good wine and better fare were at hand for compensation. Some wine was ordered, which proved by no means indifferent; and while they were merrily enjoying a second bottle, the clattering of horses' feet broke upon their ears. In the house a great commotion arose, and the landlord entered hastily, and exclaimed, in a trembling voice:

"Garcia Almagro! Blessed Virgin, protect us! He'll kill us all!"

The gentlemen were thunderstruck; still, they maintained their composure, like brave men as they were. Defence there was none; firmness and patience alone were left.

It was observed that their stranger-companion had suddenly disappeared. The Americans, with the frightened landlord, alone occupied the apartment.

The door opened, and a dozen fierce-looking fellows entered; the first, a tall, gayly-dressed person, evidently the chief of the band. Raising his velvet cap with mock courtesy, he said, in good Anglo-Saxon:

"Sirs, Englishmen, I salute you! A happy meeting—for *me*, at least. Entertain no fear for your lives; your purses only shall bleed."

"We are not English, but Americans," answered Pembrook, in a calm voice. "Knowing the hands we have fallen into, and unarmed and defenceless as we are, we can only request that your proceedings be prompt, and freedom granted to us as soon as possible."

"Well spoken, my good Americans—for, with me, all Americans are good. I like them and their democratic country—that, too, from actual sojourn. But personal likes must give way to business; and I desire that you begin specie and jewelry payment without delay. Landlord—you cowardly old skinflint!—produce some wine; and, mark you, the best, with something to sustain my half-famished comrades!"

The despoiling of the party occupied but a few moments. It was performed with absurd politeness; while the garrulous chief expressed his regrets that hard necessity forced him to an apparent act of rudeness to Americans.

When the refreshments were placed upon the table, Garcia Almagro ordered all his band, consisting of twenty, to enter; placing one, however, on guard at the court-

yard gate. Assuming the head of the table, he requested the officers to be seated.

"So," said he, "your journey will necessarily be deflected to my distant abode, where the painful duty of deciding upon a respectable but remunerative ransom for my American friends will be duly attended to. Come, fill up, gentlemen!"

Pembrook declined, on the plea that all had indulged quite freely ere the arrival of such unexpected——"

"Robbers," chimed in the captain, with a merry laugh, as he quaffed his wine. "Well, if you will not drink, help yourself to the eatables. The ride will be long; but when we *do* arrive at my palace, you shall feast like lords, as my scout informed me you were. America is a great country. I love it. From Boston to New Orleans I have wandered, not as a bandit chief, but a youth ambitious of fame. But my aspirations were so high, that it became necessary for me to return to my native soil and there develop my genius."

The emphatic refusal on the part of Pembrook to partake of wine served as a warning to the rest of his party. They remembered the stranger's story, and entertained a belief that his absence presaged some means of escape. Moreover, it was observed by them that the bottles were placed upon the table uncorked. Suspense was not of long duration. The wine excited boisterous revelry. Song after song was sung. Finally, the brigand chief attempted an English melody. His voice, recently so blatant, faltered, and gradually dwindled into the maudlin tone accompanying the last stages of inebriation. His band seemed to be subject to a similar influence. At

last, one by one, they slid from their chairs and curled up on the floor.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the stranger, as he entered the room; "guard, captain, and band, all prisoners to the great chemist! Now, gentlemen, repossess yourselves of your property, and we will hasten back to Terracina, that the slumbering authorities may awake to duty, and justice claim her rights."

The finest horses were appropriated by the gentlemen, and, under guidance of their remarkable companion, Terracina was soon reached.

When the commandant of the gendarmes received information that, secretly and promptly acted upon, would have insured his promotion, Italian-like, he could not keep his own counsel, but must gabble and procrastinate. However, the bandits were captured, with the exception of the renowned Garcia Almagro, who escaped, as they afterwards learned, through the promptness and energy of a young girl living in Terracina.

Annetta, the sweetheart of Garcia Almagro, overhearing, through the chattering of the officials, of the bandit's danger, obtained a horse, and, while the soldiers were preparing slowly to move, she arrived at the post-house, and found all the robbers prostrate in helpless lethargy. Vainly she strove to arouse her lover. Despair gave her strength. Dragging him to the door, by main strength she succeeded in placing him over the horse, and thus conveyed him in safety to his hiding-place. The report goes, that, on recovering, and learning how and by whom he had been so gallantly rescued, gratitude induced Garcia to repair the injury of the past, and make Annetta his wife.

The *diligence* driver was eventually found in Terracina,

nearly dead from fright. He was forced to resume his duty, and the journey continued. Crossing the Garigliano on a fine suspension bridge, they passed through the walled town of Capua—Hannibal's unfortunate halting-place when Rome was in his grasp.

Over gentle hills and through fertile valleys the *diligence* passed slowly, until, at length, Vesuvius rose in the distance against the sky, throwing up from its now peaceful crater wreaths of smoke, which floated away towards the west. Before the weary travellers spread the magnificent bay of Naples. On reaching the city, they learned of the frigate's arrival.

"So, gentlemen," said Pembrook, "our pleasant travelling association ends in Naples. With me it will ever be an epoch in my life, made so, in a great degree, by your courtesy and kindness. Let us go on board at once and report our return."

This was done; but as Pembrook passed over the gangway, he was startled by a familiar voice and language, that recalled other days and scenes:

"There, you confounded skin-smuggling, grog-swilling, law-breaking, half-baked rascals! I hope this punishment will not be forgotten before the first dog-watch! My duty is performed, *recte et suaviter*, as the learned have it. Loblolly-boy, restore the sovereign panacea to the dispensary. And you, you beggars, return to your duties!—Hallo! What! Charlie Pembrook? I am charmed to see you—*in propriâ personâ*, as the learned have it."

"Not more pleased than I to meet you, Walford, on board of this frigate. But how came you here, and on duty?"

"*Imprimis*, I came in a storeship from New York;

secundus, the promotion of your late executive to the schooner *Gallatin* installed me in his position."

Observing a disposition on Lieutenant Walford's part to continue the interview, Pembrook lingered.

"Charlie, upon my soul, you look uncommonly well, and as cheerful as in the days of yore!"

"When you are acquainted with my claims to happiness, you will not be astonished at this cheerfulness."

"What! old fellow, you do not mean to insinuate that you have *animus furandi*, as the learned have it—been indulging in love-making?"

"Indeed I do, and that most successfully!"

"*Credo quia impossibile est*, as the learned have it. You absolutely astound me! Little did I fancy the sad scenes of Zebara would so soon fade from your memory. But the human heart is a queer arrangement. Say, is not this cool assertion of yours to be taken *cum grano salis*, as the learned have it?"

"No, my friend, no. Ienze did not die. She lives—is now in Rome—in four days will be here, and then—we will be married."

Lieutenant Walford raised first one foot and then the other, as if treading on hot bars, put on a look of amazement, and then, with a long, shrill whistle, grasped both of Pembrook's hands.

"*Mirabile dictu*, as the learned have it. This is mystery unveiled, indeed! Your lady-love was, in my estimation, the *ne plus ultra* of her sex. Heartily do I congratulate you—most heartily! But we must adjourn; the quarter-deck is not the place for confidential conversation."

As soon as the officer whose proper watch it was ap-

peared, Walford and Pembrook repaired to the ward-room. There, the meeting in Rome and adventures on the road had, through Norris, become known; consequently Pembrook was the recipient of warm congratulations.

The paymaster, a veteran of the service, remarked:

"Mr. Pembrook, you are the hero of modern romance. If this was the age of troubadours, your adventures would be sung in every court in Christendom. We must appoint a poet-laureate, that you may live in verse."

"Spare me," replied Pembrook; "I have no such ambition."

Passing on to the executive officer's state-room, Pembrook found Norris seated, and the first lieutenant uncorking a bottle of Madeira. This operation scientifically accomplished, Walford filled the glasses, nodded knowingly, and observed:

"Here goes to your good fortune, my lads! And this example you can follow at will—*exempli gratia*, as the learned have it."

The friends were not backward in following the lead of their executive, who smacked his lips and braced himself against the bunk as he prepared for a long yarn.

"Norris knows that once upon a time I became dreadfully spooney—pretty much in Charlie's style. My love was a young lady who, of course, was beautiful, and all that sort of thing. I wooed her as a lion woos his bride—that is, by roaring my love-ditties into her willing ears. She struck her colors, and we signed the shipping articles. But paucity of means rendered it necessary for me to take a Horn cruise, ere sufficient dimes could be raised

for the tying of the nuptial knot. I left her, vowing more articles of faith than there are articles of war.

"Unlike your spooney individuals, sentimentality had never been a weakness of mine; but this beauty knocked spots out of my lignum vitæ heart, and I became as leaky on the subject of poetry as any school-girl who had surreptitiously indulged in Byron and Moore. Truly do I acknowledge that the versifications were rather on the Dibdin order; but to my crude fancy they were sublime. Devil a bit recked I about *genus irritabile vatum*, as the learned have it. I was content, and cared not a picayune for their criticism.

"While weathering the blustering Horn and its icebergs, the usual tornadoes swept over the frigate, making every one anxious and uncomfortable. To me they were glorious; for out of the eccentricities of the storm-king I obtained poetical tropes for my daily love-letters. After a dusty passage, we arrived in Callao. The United States mail was brought on board. No letters from my lady-love gladdened my heart, but a bomb-shell burst that almost shattered it. A newspaper was handed me containing an announcement of the marriage of Miss Maria Chubb to the Rev. Thomas Shadd. The name and place were identical. It could be no other Maria than my false one. Indignation triumphed. Away went poetry to the flames. All parsons I consigned to Hades; and I am afraid, while the storm lasted, I made a jackass of myself.

"In a short time a vacancy occurred on board our sloop-of-war. Much to my annoyance, as she was homeward-bound, I was ordered to fill it. We reached Norfolk. Without accepting leave, I applied for another berth, and was ordered to the schooner *Gallatin*, became

her first lieutenant, and had the pleasure of meeting you, gentlemen. When the cruise abruptly ended, all hands, as you know, started for home.

"In my native village I was received rather coldly. Knowing no reason for such discourtesy, and sustained by my pride, I assumed a defiant manner, determined *nil admirari*, as the learned have it, and pursued the even tenor of my way. Thus passed some quiet weeks at home, during which time, by some strange mystery, Maria's name was never mentioned.

"At length a picnic—one of those wretched country bores—was projected and culminated. My sister, a quiet, peaceable somebody, who never questioned me beyond the soup and roast, asked my escort for this abomination. Loving her dearly, a refusal was out of the question; though, in reality, I would rather have encountered a cyclone. The day for the picnic arrived; and, escorting my sister and her gothic basket, I deposited both in a pretty grove echoing with the torture of catgut and the shuffling of dancers.

"As usual, eating and dancing were the order of the day. Failing to harmonize, I strolled away to enjoy the soothing perfume of my Havana. A friendly oak tree offered shade and comfort; profound reverie absorbed my mind, until at length I was roused to a sense of reality by voices not unfamiliar.

"'No, Clara, I have not met him. Studiously has he avoided me. This incomprehensible conduct pains and distresses me, as no plausible reason for his singular course enters my mind. It is now nearly three years since we exchanged our troth—vows my heart still clings to in spite of cruel neglect.'

"'Maria, my dear,' responded her companion, 'Edward Walford has from boyhood maintained an excellent reputation. To me it seems incompatible with his early training that he should act as he does, without having some good reason; though this reason may be unknown to you.'

"The conversation necessarily aroused my attention. As I felt it was improper to listen, I coughed loudly, and indulged in various absurdities, in place of immediately fleeing from the spot.

"'My dear,' said the first who had spoken, 'were he to come forward now and explain satisfactorily his long silence and neglect, could you forgive the past and love him still?'

"'Ah, would that it might be! But too fondly do I love him, and dream of his past devotion!'

"'Love me!' was my mental ejaculation. 'How in the mischief can she, as a parson's honest wife, do such a thing?' The light-house of Hope rose upon my horizon. Instantly I thought, What if the newspaper has lied? The old love grappled and hurled me from my balance. With the impetuosity of a reprieved criminal I bolted from my covering, holding in my hand the newspaper that had never been out of my possession.

"'Here I am, Maria. Read that, and tell me if the rascally editor had *your* authority for such an announcement?'

"Though much startled and alarmed by my unexpected advent, she still retained sufficient self-control to read the paragraph, which resulted in an hysterical laugh, and exclamation:

"'That is the announcement of my cousin's marriage with the Rev. Mr. Shadd!'

"She was going to be a little offish; but now the reckoning was clear, and a good land-fall made. I pitched in—related the non-receipt of letters, my constant devotion, and so on, uttered at the rate of eleven knots on a bowline.

"'But,' she exclaimed, through an April shower of tears' (by Jove, I was quick to perceive they were not unhappy ones!) 'I did write constantly, and never received a single line!'

"'By all the courts of Cupid, then, the postmasters are doomed to be hung!' In short, boys, we cyphered up the entire matter, making a splendid balance-sheet, resulting in a jolly day and speedy marriage. So now, boys, having gone in for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer (much of the latter, I opine), *non sum qualis eram*, as the learned have it, I am anxiously waiting to hear from home; for, between you, me, and the mizzen-mast, *in rerum naturâ*, the population of the town of Homer must by this time have been increased by the addition of another Walford."

The friends congratulated the lieutenant, and drank to the health of his good lady and the anticipated heir.

"By the by," said Pembrook, "I must report to the commodore, and state my intention of resigning in four days from this."

"Resigning!" cried Lieutenant Walford. "What an absurdity! You quit the navy! It would be an outrage! And yet, I suppose your duties in the sugar business will take all your time. Lucky dog! Pretty wife, plenty of the needful—*utile et dulci*, as the learned have it."

Pembrook repaired to the cabin, where his tale was

soon told. The commodore listened attentively. The story had reached his ears before, but not its culmination. He became much interested, and replied by informing Pembrook that he had not the power to accept his resignation, but would forward it to the Navy Department; in the meanwhile granting him leave, with permission to report in person to the Secretary of the Navy.

Lieutenant Pembrook stated his desire to be married by the chaplain of the ship.

"Of course, sir," replied the commodore, "and on board of her, too, if you like. Some diplomatic duty requires the presence of the squadron, and, during our stay, anything that can be done on board to facilitate your marriage and add to your felicity shall be cheerfully attended to."

Shaking Pembrook kindly by the hand, the interview with the bluff old gentleman ended.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NUPTIALS OF PEMBROOK AND HIS SPANISH BEAUTY.—A CEREMONY AT THE OLD CATHEDRAL.—THE KNOT SPLICED AGAIN ON BOARD THE NAUTILUS. — A VISIT FROM NEPTUNE AND HIS COURT.—THE MOST UNIQUE MARRIAGE IN NAVAL HISTORY.—A GORGEOUS CLOSING NIGHT SCENE.

AS Señorita Ienze was a Roman Catholic, it was necessary to obtain a dispensation from the pope permitting her marriage with a Protestant. This was attended to by the don before leaving Rome. The señorita herself, out of respect to her lover's religious faith, had proposed a second ceremony, which was to be performed by the chaplain of the frigate.

On the fifth day after his arrival, Lieutenant Pembrook called with his friend, Mr. Norris, upon the don and his lovely daughter, who had just alighted from the *diligence* at the Hôtel des Etrangers.

Ienze informed her lover that her father had secured the pope's dispensation, and that two of her former school-friends, the Misses Thorburn, daughters of Colonel Thorburn, of Paterson, New Jersey, whom she had chanced to meet in Rome, had gladly consented to serve upon the hymeneal staff on the coming occasion. The result of the conference was a determination on the part of the two most interested to be married in the cathedral, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and then to go on board the

frigate for the Protestant ceremony, and the grand ball which was to follow in their honor.

On the morrow the Misses Thorburn arrived, ready and eager for their friendly duties to begin. The diplomatic corps, all the American tourists in Naples, and social circles generally, were wild with excitement over the coming grand events.

The long-looked-for day at length arrived, and at the appointed hour the venerable cathedral of Santa Maria del Carmine was thronged with the friends of the young couple. Among them, and prominent in their uniforms, were all the officers of the squadron who could be spared from their vessels.

A few moments before five o'clock, amid the deep swell of the organ, whose peals rolled through the dim aisles and arches of the old church, the bridal procession entered. First came Paul Forbes, in full naval uniform, escorting the lovely daughter of the Spanish admiral, followed by Midshipman Clifford and the younger Miss Thorburn. The elder sister was accompanied by Lieutenant Norris, and preceded the bride and groom.

As the latter made their way through the grand aisle to the altar, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude. Lieutenant Pembrook, attired in full uniform, commanded general admiration for his manly, intelligent bearing and handsome face and figure; but the greater interest centred upon the lovely girl at his side. She was dressed in white, and looked as pure and spotless as a snowflake, though saved from its coldness by the rosy blushes which were dimly visible under the deep lace veil. The simplicity of the white robes and the crowning wreath of orange-blossoms was relieved by a spark-

ling necklace of diamonds and pearls, formed in a true-lover's knot, and worn as if in delicate recognition of the nautical character of the occasion.

The venerable archbishop read the papal dispensation, and proceeded with the impressive marriage-service of the Roman Catholic Church, ending with an earnest blessing on the wedded pair. His solemn closing "Amen" was almost drowned in the triumphant burst of the choir and organ. Then came the congratulations from friends, and from the strangers who had been attracted to the cathedral by the universal interest excited in Neapolitan society by this romantic marriage.

At the mole, the commodore's barge, decorated in a manner befitting the occasion, awaited the bridal party; while numerous other boats from the squadron, and gondolas from the port, were in readiness to accommodate the many guests invited to the naval part of the ceremonies.

When Lieutenant Pembrook handed his blushing bride into the barge, the oarsmen rose and waved their tarpaulin hats in respectful salute. On resuming their seats, it was seen that a wreath of orange-blossoms had been twined around the broad ribbon-band, in delicate compliment to the occasion.

Pembrook smiled at seeing this, and informed the coxswain that he and his bride both appreciated this little demonstration from his fellow-sailors.

"Lord love you, sir," replied the bronzed and weather-beaten seaman, "this ain't a patch to what we's done on board ship! We's had them maccaronies a-bringing all the Naples gardens off, to do honor to your pretty lady, who—bless her heart!—wouldn't die, but lived on to

marry a man who's a gentleman and a sailor, which we all respects. If we don't, d—n me!—begging your pardon."

The procession of boats was long and picturesque as it wound its way among the shipping, each boat trailing along its gaudy-colored ensign, and crowded with gayly dressed people. Just as the party neared the frigate, as if circumstances had conspired to do them honor, the United States sloop-of-war *Leopard* arrived in port, and fired a salute to the commodore, which was answered by a roar of heavy guns from the flag-ship.

A few strong tugs at the oars, and the boats dashed up to the frigate's side and were busy discharging their precious freight. The guests crowded to the quarter-deck, and were soon deep in the mysteries of nautical decorative art, and lost in admiration of the beautiful and novel scene.

From stem to stern of the vessel snow-white awnings were stretched, the side-walls of canvas being tastefully relieved and decorated down to the hammock nettings with red and white bunting in graceful festoons. The whole was interspersed with bunches and wreaths of artificial flowers. In the centre of the deck were a number of chandeliers, ingeniously contrived of inverted bayonets, and draped with colored bunting. In the decorations no sombre colors were used, but only such bright flags and tints as would give an air of lightness and grace to the whole. Even the battery of heavy guns was made to assume a festive garb.

Over the booms, or space between the fore and main-mast, where the launch and other boats were usually nested, small trees were placed resembling a grove, inter-

spersed with flowers and moss, and forming graceful arbors. Stuffed birds of gaudy plumage were resting on the branches; and, to render the miniature forest-scene more natural, several of the crew imitated the mocking-bird, and other warblers of the woods, to perfection.

The mainmast fife-rail, up to half the distance from the canvas ceiling, represented, in colored bunting festooned with artificial flowers, an immense tulip, which contained the dancing-music selected for the occasion. The rest of the band occupied a platform just abaft the foremast. From the fore-hatch an amphitheatre of benches extended over the knight-heads; and here the crew, in neat attire, were to enjoy as spectators the brilliant assemblage abaft. The first row of benches contained the marine guard, in full uniform; and in front of them stood a stack of arms, the drum, a miniature American flag, and two boat-howitzers on either side, mounted on their field-carriages. The decks were tastefully chalked, and around the stern were arranged ottomans and lounges, with *tête-à-tête* tables for the accommodation of the elderly guests and the "wall-flowers."

When the bridal party arrived, the sun, though ready to depart, lingered, as if anxious to cast its approving beams once more upon the scene. At that lovely hour when Nature was gradually softening into repose, the church-bells tolled to prayers. The officers and crew gathered aft.

On the starboard-side of the quarter-deck, which was temporarily shorn of its frowning battery, and near to the chaplain's side, was placed a small table covered with black velvet and vases of delicate flowers. On the port-side, the marine guard, without arms, were in line; and

behind them the crew of the ship, each man wearing a knot of white flowers on the left breast. The officers and guests congregated on the other side of the deck, near where the chaplain stood in his sacerdotal robes.

The band performed the wedding-march, and from the cabin came forth the bride and groom, who, though already man and wife, were about to be married for the second time. The music ceased, and in the chaplain's clear and solemn voice the beautiful though simple service of the Episcopal Church was read. The concluding blessing was reëchoed by the deep voices of the crew, and then forward boomed the thunder of the sunset-gun.

Thus it was that Pembrook and Ienze were made man and wife; and, as they stood for a moment in silence after the blessing, a last ray of sunlight broke from the coming night-clouds and stole athwart the deck, brightening the scene as if in happy augury of their future.

As the darkness closed upon the ship, a hundred lights twinkled under the snowy awning; the decks were cleared, and the band played merry and inspiring music. The ball began, and the guests joined at once in the dances. Paul was in his element, and, with the rest of the naval officers, was assiduous in attendance upon the fair visitors.

As the bride concluded the first quadrille, the first lieutenant joined her, and, after offering the usual congratulations, remarked:

"I must ask your pardon for having failed until now to pay my *devoirs;* but the fact is, I have been off on duty, boarding officially the sloop *Leopard,* which has just come in. By the way, I had a letter from home—from my wife. Now that you are a wife, I hope *vincu-*

lum matrimonii, as the learned have it, will set lightly upon you."

The bride seemed to be amused at the lieutenant's manner, and, after answering in a playful way the usual sallies made on marriage occasions, remarked:

"So the *Leopard* brought you a letter from home?"

"Yes—*one*," he answered, adding, with an intensely comical expression on his face as he held up one finger, "A girl—all well! I'm a father! *Ecce homo*, as the learned have it."

"I sincerely congratulate you. When you write to your wife, please tell her an unknown friend sends her love."

"Quite a mistake!" broke in the lieutenant; "knows you well; thinks you in heaven, though. I did, too, until recently."

"What do you intend naming your daughter?"

"Shall write to-morrow," answered the lieutenant, "and issue peremptory orders that the infant be called Ienze, after one of the loveliest of the sex—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, as the learned have it."

An elegant supper followed the marriage ceremonies. Just as the dancers had resumed their places for a quadrille, they were startled by a loud hail coming from under the bows:

"Frigate ahoy! What ship is this?" demanded the voice.

In the greatest astonishment, the dancers left their places and crowded to the side of the ship. Lieutenant Walford sprang to the gangway, and answered:

"The United States frigate *Nautilus*."

The same voice again hailed:

"Ay, ay! I'll come aboard."

After a moment of waiting, the crew parted, to admit of the passage of a singular-looking procession.

It was the sea-king Neptune, with all his Tritons blowing away at conch-shells and horns. The monarch was seated in a gigantic oyster-shell car drawn by four stout biped dolphins, and throned in state, with the lovely Amphitrite (one of the men) and his son and heir at his side. On the imperial trident was festooned a wreath of orange-blossoms. The ocean-god was dressed in white sea-weed, and his Amphitrite was gorgeously attired. Her robe was composed of walrus skins, trimmed with fish-eyes in place of bugles. Long oakum hair, elaborately combed, reached below her waist. Her feet were clothed in sandals made of the dolphin skin, and variegated in hue. The wedding-ring, displayed with matronly dignity, was fashioned from a vertebra of the shark. In her arms reclined the royal offspring (one of the ship's boys), dressed in juvenile bodice trimmed with sea-weed and cockle-shells. Around the child's neck dangled an enormous whale's tooth, to facilitate the operation of teething. This offspring of the monarch of the sea toyed playfully with his mother's necklace of conch-shells.

The nurse (one of the negro cooks), covered with barnacles, carried a huge jug, which she constantly applied to the weaned infant; intimating thereby that the maternal nourishment had ceased, and the heir was henceforth to be raised on the bottle.

On sea-elephants rode the prime minister and court physician. The former was arrayed in seal-skin ornamented with gulf-weed. Under his arm he carried a huge volume, which was presumed to contain the laws of Neptune's kingdom. Behind his ear was stuck the quill

of the albatross. The inkstand (a pot of black paint) hung suspended from his neck. A pair of iron spectacles, made by the ship's armorer, and a crisp, curled wig of manilla, gave his painted countenance a comical appearance of pretended gravity.

The physician was dressed much like the prime minister, save that he wore a necklace of pill-boxes, and was armed with an amputating-knife, suspended like a cutlass from his belt. In his hand he carried a lancet about three feet long, tipped with blood. Court ladies in grotesque dresses, and Tritons covered with gulf-weed, surrounded the royal pair; and as the car approached the quarter-deck, they made rather melodious music; for the horns, representing those of the rhinoceros, were formed out of pasteboard, enclosing *cornet-à-pistons*, upon which members of the band, as followers of Neptune, performed. Several of the Tritons, with harp-shells and conchs, represented the chorus of his Majesty's nautical opera.

When the *cortége* had arrived at the mainmast, the monarch waved his trident. The prime minister nodded for the chorus to advance, and well-trained and musical voices broke forth in the following composition of the poet-laureate of the forecastle:

SONG OF THE TRITONS.

We come from afar, from the storm-tossed billow;
Our palace the deep, 'mid the red coral caves;
We rest on the sea—an ocean-rocked pillow—
And sport in the surf that caps the wild waves.

Huzza for old Neptune, his banner unfold!
Huzza for our monarch, the gallant and bold!
Huzza for sweet Amphy, his queen of delight!
Huzza for the beauty we gaze on to-night.

In the Tropics at morn, in the Arctic at noon,
On the swift wind we glide, untrammelled and free;
We steer by the stars, while the light of the moon
Illumines our course o'er the deep rolling sea.

CHORUS, &c., &c.

The dolphin, our steeds, with their bright changing hue,
Every tribe of the ocean submits to our power;
Our dominion—wide waters—enamelled with blue,
We girdle the sea in the flash of an hour.

CHORUS, &c., &c.

Then, welcome old Neptune, and bend the proud knee;
Abate, for a moment, excess of your pride—
Our Lord of the billows has come from the sea,
To salute both the groom and his beatiful bride.

CHORUS, &c., &c.

During the delivery of this "Song of the Tritons" his Majesty kept time with his trident, and swayed his head from side to side with all the gravity usually observed by affected connoisseurs at a first-class opera.

At the conclusion of the nautical address, Lieutenant Walford advanced with mock humility, and welcomed his Mighty Highness on board.

"Where," said the monarch, in a tone of severe dignity, "is the high official of this frigate? It is not compatible with our royal prerogatives to be received by a subordinate. Let the commodore be summoned. With no other can the courtesies belonging to my official reception be interchanged."

"Your royal behest shall be obeyed. I would observe, however, that this visit, though pleasurable, was unexpected, and the commodore, at the moment of your arri-

val, was engaged in attending on one of our beautiful guests—*sua cuique voluptas*, as the learned have it."

"Ah—I understand! Age has not tempered his ardor. Like me, he preserves his weakness for the sex. What says my Amphy?" And he here administered a buss, that exploded like a butt of pent-up beer full upon the pouting lips of his delicate queen, who boxed his face.

At this moment the stern old commander appeared at the fife-rail, and solemnly raised his cap. The monarch of the sea rose from his car, and saluted.

"Our royal mind has been grieved at the want of respect manifested by our cousin the commodore."

"Let your anger be appeased," said the old gentleman. "The slight was unintentional. Permit me to offer you some refreshments."

The servants here approached with waiters, upon which sufficient wine was brought to supply his Majesty and all his court.

"You should know, commodore," continued Neptune, "the road was murky, my dolphins swift as the hurricane, and we got rather more of spoon-drift than was agreeable to my royal internals. I drink to you and your guests. May you all live long; may beauty never fade; and may every voyage prove propitious!—Prime minister, see that the court do not make beasts of themselves!"

When refreshments had passed among the assembled courtiers, his Majesty continued his remarks:

"You will observe, commodore, that I've dispensed with my barber's presence. He only accompanies my court when on the line; then, my official visits are entirely those of duty. To-night 'tis one of pleasure. Yesterday afternoon one of my detectives, a shovel-nosed

shark, in prying round your frigate, picked up, among other yappers, a note of invitation to a wedding and ball to be given on board of this vessel. Presuming, as a matter of course, the stray invitation was intended for the monarch of the sea, I accepted in person, touched at Barbadoes for some fresh fruit for the bride, and brought from Madeira a basket of flowers, sweet and blooming as her young hopes. Cousin, let the dove-mated couple stand before us."

Lieutenant Pembrook, with his bride on his arm, promptly appeared before the high dignitary of the sea. They both gracefully saluted, and the ocean-king rose in his car, bowed, and kissed his hand to the handsome pair.

"Fair lady, the mermaids of my dominion are not more beautiful than thou art. Undine, the belle of my court, with all her exquisite charms, excels not thee in loveliness!—Prime minister, order the manatees to the presence."

A wild blast of music, like the fading effort of a cyclone, came from the Tritons. The curtain before the entrance lifted, and then came on the deck a procession of manatees, each bearing baskets filled with fruit, and decorated with flowers and beautiful coral. To the time of soft music, by invisible performers, they advanced, and ranged themselves on either side of the royal car. On a motion of the trident, they chanted an excellent melody, accompanied by the same invisible music.

From tropical climes o'er the ocean we glide,
And bear bonny gifts for this beautiful bride—
Let her wreath in these garlands—partake of this fruit,
They speak in their perfume, their flavor is mute;
Pomegranates, violets, and oranges sweet,
By the will of our liege, we lay at your feet.

Suiting the action to the last words of the song, at the feet of Ienze were ranged baskets of exquisite flowers and luscious fruit. On each basket the names "Charles and Ienze" were emblazoned in a true-love wreath.

The presents really emanated from the entire crew. In this pageant were expressed their sentiments—not wanting in poetry, and bestowed truly in sincerity and respect.

Lieutenant Pembrook returned, for his wife and him self, their full appreciation of the honors conferred, and prayed his royal Highness to present to his queen a token of esteem from his bride. He handed a handsome gold chain which she had taken from her neck. "And," he continued, "as is customary in all the courts of Christendom, permit to be received this largess, for distribution among your kingly attendants."

Here he presented a well-filled purse of gold, which had been privately handed him by the delighted don.

Neptune ordered the prime minister to receive the purse. The gold chain with graceful politeness he threw around the Herculean neck of Amphitrite, who vainly choked herself for a blush. Failing in the effort, she hung her head and simpered with affected modesty; but Mr. Randal declared it was only to obtain an opportunity of getting rid of the superfluous tobacco-juice accumulated in her royal jaws.

"Commodore," said Neptune, "my visit has been but to usher in the first phase of the honeymoon. I hope it may be with this interesting couple a constant lunar rainbow, spanning their sky from horizon to horizon. Present my respectful salutation to my republican brother, Martin Van Buren, and ask him to send me a cabbage

from Kinderhook by the first frigate that crosses the line. We like those esculents, as they stave off the scurvy, to which our long voyages render us liable. And now, cousin, good night. A pleasant cruise and happy return! Prime minister, the audience is dismissed. The court will retire."

Surrounded by his guard of Tritons, and supported by his prime minister and imperial physician, the sovereign couple kissed their hands and waved a fond adieu. Amphy spanked the baby, by way of illustrating to the newly-married that infantine discipline was necessary in the best-regulated families.

As the *cortége* moved from the ball-room, the chorus chanted:

The hours are fleeting, our greetings are o'er,
The billows invite us, we hear the wild roar;
Our fleet of light nautilus sail o'er the bay—
Harness the dolphins—our king must away.

Farewell to the bride, to the groom our adieu,
Joy to this union so faithful and true;
We'll lull the wild seas wherever they roam,
And waft them, with zephyrs, to their own distant home.

As the last Triton disappeared behind the screen, a long-continued round of applause rose from the delighted audience.

The morning hours were approaching. The young were loth to leave this scene of beauty, but the elders felt the time had come when the spell must be broken. The boats were ordered, and the departing guests entered and were soon borne from the scene of enchantment.

As Pembrook handed his bride to the barge, the men

from the deck almost smothered them with bouquets. When they were a short distance from the vessel, as if by magic, every ship in the squadron was brilliantly illuminated, and the yards manned by the agile seamen. Nothing could be more sublime or picturesque. The light was so intense, that every sailor, every spar and rope, could be distinctly traced; and behind them was the gorgeous background of a cloudless, star-bespangled sky.

CHAPTER XXI.

GIFTS TO THE BRIDE.—EMBARRASSING DEMONSTRATIONS FROM THE OLD SALTS.—PEMBROOK PARTS FROM HIS SHIPMATES.—A FAIR WIND, AND MALTA IN SIGHT.—NEWS FROM MALAGA.

THE don engaged passage for his party in a fine Baltimore bark, which was to sail on the following day. Sending his baggage on board, he accepted the commodore's invitation to dine on the frigate.

At three in the afternoon Paul Forbes for the last time enjoyed the pleasure of conveying his friends on board, where again they were warmly welcomed. All the officers of the ship attended this parting dinner, from which a certain tone of sadness could not be banished, as the guests recalled the association now about to be severed.

At five o'clock the bark was reported as standing towards the frigate. This announcement brought the repast to an abrupt conclusion. The guests left the cabin and assembled on the deck. By the mainmast stood two of Pembrook's old shipmates, seamen such as Dibdin loved to picture. They were simple, childlike men, with iron frames and bronzed visages—a race which has almost died out. They showed by their manner a desire to speak to the lieutenant. With Ienze, Pembrook advanced to the fife-rail, and addressed them:

"Well, my lads, now that I am married and we are about to separate, I trust you will not forget your shipmate and friend, as my most cordial wishes for your happiness will ever attend you, cruise where you may.—Ienze, I have sailed with these two fine fellows in several vessels, and entertain for them sincere regard."

Ienze promptly offered her hand—which was touched with veneration and respect—and said:

"All whom my husband esteems are my friends also."

"If that is so, beautiful lady, there be five hundred hearts on board of this 'ere frigate who will stand by and swear by you as the best and loveliest that ever spliced with an officer who is every inch a sailor and gentleman. On the part of all hands" (here the crew, who had congregated in the gangway, uncovered), "I wish you both a long and happy voyage through life."

Many of the seamen came forward and shook hands with the bride and groom. They were evidently very much delighted by the notice of Ienze.

When the interview ended, an old salt followed to the gangway. Doffing his tarpaulin and giving a forecastle scrape of his foot, he addressed the lady:

"When your handsome husband, lady, was but a mite of a middy, I tended his hammock; and many's the glass of grog, due nor'd, he's given me! So, now, if my lady will condescend to receive a yapper from old Jack Smith, made with his own flippers, it's proud he'll be!"

Ienze bowed, and smiled her acceptance.

Jack drew from behind him a small tarpaulin of the most approved nautical model.

"There it is, my lady, put together in seamanlike style by my own hands. It is none of your kimmon hats, nor

arter the innovations of the lubbers who ain't been to sea a banyan day; and you know, my lady, it might answer for the oldest boy, you know."

Ienze blushed in confusion; while Jack, who fancied he was doing the presentation in first-class order, continued:

"Boys, my lady, are rather sewere on hats; but all hell (ax your pardon, Miss!) cannot harm this here tarpaulin!"

Pembrook received the hat, with many thanks to the old seaman.

Another presented a whale's tooth, the value of which he strove to enhance by assuring Ienze he had carved and fashioned it off Cape Horn, and it would no doubt make an excellent gum-cutter when the children were teething.

Pembrook concluded it was time to put a stop to these rather embarrassing demonstrations from his old friends, his mind misgiving him as to the number and character of the contributions for the nursery which they might continue to offer. Renewing his thanks, he retired to the cabin with Ienze, to bid the commodore farewell.

The barge was ready. The last adieus were made, and, amid the cheers of their friends, the happy party passed into the boat. The last voice was that of Lieutenant Walford:

"Farewell, Charlie, thou blessed of the gods! *Audaces fortuna favet*, as the learned have it."

The barge started for the bark. When a few yards from the frigate, by a spontaneous impulse of the crew, the rigging was manned, and three hearty cheers were given as a farewell salute.

The bark received its passengers, and, as they sailed

out of the beautiful bay, the last sounds that fell upon their ears were the strains of "Home, sweet home!" as played by the frigate's band.

The officers of the *Nautilus* felt the void occasioned by the departure of their comrade for a long time. Poor Norris was almost inconsolable.

Diplomatic complications detained the squadron in Naples for some weeks. The presence of national vessels often works powerfully for the favorable settlement of international difficulties. The uncertainty of the vessel's sojourn prevented the customary opportunities for visiting all that was remarkable in and about Naples. This was a disappointment, but the pleasure was only deferred.

At last the reign of red-tape came to an end. The brusque old chief, by showing his teeth, brought the diplomacy to a satisfactory termination, and the good ship departed. Skirting the Italian coast, she passed the island of Trapani, and hove to off the harbor of Malta, the ancient Melita, where the Apostle Paul was shipwrecked, as Jack asserts, through mighty bad seamanship. The skipper anchored by the stern in fifteen fathoms water, weighed, and stood in shore without a cast of the lead, which brought ship and all hands to grief.

A boat communicated with the consul, who sent the mails on board, and away the frigate sped again swiftly to the eastward.

Among the letters received by Paul Forbes was one from his fair Malaga friends, which, in spite of its attempted cheerfulness, excited uneasiness in his mind. Miss Carmina wrote that the civil war still continued in all its horrors. She said her father occupied a very painful position, from his humane efforts to soften the rigor-

ous enactments of a harsh and exasperated Government. The extremists viewed him with distrust, and consequent dislike.

"Thus far," she wrote, "nothing but his lofty character and irreproachable reputation protected him from the machinations of his enemies. As we daily witness and hear of gross violations of the laws of humanity, our uneasiness increases. In truth, we are very unhappy; our father looks grave, and frets much over the dreadful condition of poor Spain.

"But to a more cheerful theme. Your letter from Rome came as a soothing balm to perturbed minds. How thrillingly romantic must have been the meeting and reunion of Lieutenant Pembrook and his lovely Ienze! The guiding hand of Providence is certainly to be seen in this episode in real life.

"And so, Mr. Mohawk, you have been at your old tricks, eh?—falling in love, and with a nobleman's daughter, too! You susceptible savage! Did you give her a specimen of the war-whoop? Do you ever expect to see her again? Poor girl, she is to be pitied! Little dreamed she of the wiles and fascinations of Paul the buccaneer! We will have to label you, 'Girls, beware! This man is dangerous.' Anxiously do we look for your return. Every white sail that appears above the horizon is fondly hoped to belong to your frigate. Heaven grant your speedy return, dear brother! Good-night."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOLY LAND, AND THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.—PALACE LIFE IN CAIRO.—ADVENTURES OF A DRAGOMAN.—PECULIAR POPULAR AMUSEMENTS IN THE STREETS OF BOULAC.

THE cruise of the *Nautilus* extended to the ports of the Orient. Our midshipmen enjoyed the opportunity of visiting the Holy Sepulchre and the birthplace of Christ, and even extended their rambles to the shores of the Dead Sea. When the frigate anchored off Alexandria they again went ashore, and, after passing a few days in the Egyptian capital, embarked by the canal for the interior. At Boulac, the harbor of Cairo, they found a palace placed at their disposal through the courtesy of the viceroy. The same munificent host sent ten splendidly caparisoned Arabian steeds for their use; and, mounted thus royally, they rode over the sandy desert to the pyramids.

The tourists were fortunate enough to secure the assistance of Wâdi Mousah, the official dragoman of the American consulate at Cairo. Piloted by this once-famed personage, all the mysteries of the land of the Moslem were uncovered to their Giaour eyes.

One starlit evening they sat in the garden of their palace, by the side of the bubbling fountain, to enjoy their chibouks. Wâdi Mousah had finished his pipe, and now soothed himself with a low Arabic chant. All hands

listened with attention, as the air was peculiar, and by no means unmusical. When he had relapsed into silence, Mr. Randal opened a conversation with him.

"Mousah, you seem to possess a wonderful knowledge of languages. How many do you speak?"

"Only nine, sir."

"How did you acquire the knowledge of so many?"

"My father was a dragoman before me. The profession is generally hereditary. At the age of twelve he had taught me French, English, and Italian. Arabic was my vernacular. An English gentleman of wealth came to Egypt on a tour, and the English consul, in whose service my father was employed, accompanied his rich countryman up the Nile, and I went with the party. Having travelled much from early childhood, my services were almost as valuable as that of the official dragoman; and that, coupled with my youth and (excuse my vanity!) rather good looks, interested the traveller. At Palmyra we were assaulted by some of the tribe of that desperate old rascal, Sheik Houssein Ihn Egid. Of course, we defended ourselves, and, as the party were numerous and well-armed, succeeded in repulsing the robbers. My father was seriously wounded, and I did not escape scot free.

"On our return to Cairo, after an extended tour, the Englishman settled on my father an annuity, as a recompense for his gallant conduct in his defence, to be paid until his wound healed. But the generosity of this gentleman ended not here. For me he had taken quite a fancy, too, and on returning to England he took me with him. Here I was placed at school, and, having some natural quickness, particularly for languages, my proficiency was considered remarkable.

"For three years my progress gave satisfaction to my benefactor. At the expiration of that time I accompanied him to Germany, in which country we travelled for some time. Aptness in acquiring languages, and close application, soon made me quite proficient.

"But these halcyon days were doomed to end abruptly and sadly. At Berlin my benefactor became engaged in a duel with a Russian count, in which both were killed at the second shot. The agony I experienced when my generous friend lay expiring on the bloody ground may be conceived. I conveyed his remains to England, where they were interred in the family vault.

"By his will I was to receive a thousand pounds, which were promptly paid by his executor; and, having no other friends to attach me to England, I returned to my native city, just in time to receive the dying blessing of my poor father, who had never recovered from the effects of his wound.

"With the money left me by my benefactor I purchased a small house, and placed my mother and young brother in possession. In a year I found it necessary to seek employment. A vacancy occurred at the American consulate; it was awarded to me, and I accepted. My education and perfect knowledge of the duties of dragoman soon elevated me to that position. And in brief, gentlemen—for I hate long yarns—here I am!"

Before the Americans departed from Boulac, the dragoman conducted them to that quarter of the city where fortune-tellers and story-tellers plied their business during the Ramadan feast. The suspension of all work enabled them to command large audiences.

The first open space occupied by a story-teller was

densely crowded. On a raised bench, or platform, stood a small comical Arabian, who, amid peals of laughter, was concluding a very amusing story. His droll face, and rapid declamation in a queer, cracked voice, were extremely amusing even to the Americans, though they understood not a word he uttered. They saw him but a few moments before he concluded his story, and were informed he had occupied six hours in its delivery.

Some ten blocks further on another crowd was gathering to hear a story; and, at the suggestion of Mousah, the Americans drew within the circle, near enough for hearing and seeing. In their dragoman they possessed a graphic and rapid interpreter.

Seated upon a platform covered with a handsome carpet was a fine-looking old man, whose age was reputed to be over one hundred years. Long, snow-white hair flowed over his shoulders behind, and in front, and from his chin, depended an immense beard. His dress was a combination of Turkish and Arabian, neatly arranged, but devoid of richness of material or general ornament. The countenance was thoughtful, placid, and mild, and rather suggestive of melancholy. But when his black, piercing eyes lit up with the interest of his story, their expression became thrilling, and held his audience to the theme with a charm impossible to resist. In his venerable hands he held a gnode, or gourd, covered with sheep-skin, having three catgut strings arranged as on a violin, and over which, with his right hand, he drew a rude bow of horse-hair. The tones drawn from this peculiar instrument were monotonous and sleepy, but during the recital of his story almost ceased. When the ear became accustomed to the sound, it proved not disagreeable, but rather added

to the effect in such part of the recitation as demanded a pause.

The audience became quite large, as the reputation of this old story-teller was very great. Paul, on his return to his hotel, committed the story, as translated by the intelligent Wâdi Mousah, to paper.

The gnode sounded, and everybody listened with attention as the old man began his narration.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STORY-TELLER OF BOULAC.—NOVEL MODE OF OUT-DOOR ENTERTAINMENT IN THE ORIENT.—A TENDER ROMANCE OF ISPAHAN.—THE LOVES OF ASDRUBAL AND ZELUMA.—HOW A PEASANT DARED TO ADORE A PRINCESS, AND ENTER THE LISTS FOR HER HAND.

THE kingdom of Irak Adjemi, in Persia, at one period of time was governed by Saludan Moormus I., a king of indomitable courage and unusual wisdom. The natural mildness of his disposition was mistaken by many of the surrounding sovereigns for weakness of character. Under this false impression, they engaged in predatory invasions, and, committing many outrages, at length excited the ire of Moormus, and he collected a large and well-appointed army, and proclaimed that 'forbearance had ceased to be a virtue.'

"Having cast aside his apparent inertness, like a tornado he burst upon the offending nations, and, by a succession of wonderful victories, brought all Persia in humble subjection to his feet. But such was the equity and moderation of his character, that the guilty instigators and participators in the outrages he had battled to avenge were alone punished. On the general mass of the people his vengeance did not fall. They escaped subjugation and its consequent degradation. This exhibition of generosity added a fame to his name more splendid and

enduring than the many victories he had won. Conquering a lasting peace, he returned to Ispahan, and sank the warrior in the peaceful pursuit of happiness.

"His vast wealth lay not hoarded up in miserly treasure-vaults, but was judiciously expended in the erection of noble edifices, and such public improvements as embellished his kingdom and brought happiness to the people.

"Ispahan, his capital, was beautifully situated on the river Zeinde-Rud. Rich gardens and orchards, with numerous flourishing villages, covered the country for thirty miles around. A short distance from Ispahan the hills of Korason broke the sameness of the scenery, and reared their wooded summits in a gentle elevation. The palace of Ispahan was constructed of pure white marble. Its massive fluted columns, surmounted with exquisite sculptured capitals, and supporting graceful balconies, gave to the main building a truly royal appearance. A court-yard in front contained several fountains, throwing cool jets of water some ninety feet in the air. The water fell bubbling and sparkling into large marble basins, where swans, and other graceful aquatic birds, gambolled in the pure element.

"The garden of this palace the vain people of Ispahan apostrophized as 'the garden of Paradise,' 'the heaven of roses,' 'the garden of gardens.'

"In peaceful occupations the warrior Saludan forgot the battle-field, and exchanged the war-blast of brazen trumpets for the pandæan pipe of peace. At a ripe old age the Angel of Death closed his eyes upon this probationary world, and bore his noble spirit to that land of promise beyond the grave, there to bask in the smiles of our holy prophet in eternal bliss."

"Allah achbar! Allah achbar!" murmured the audience, and the story continued:

"Saludah Moormus, the just and noble, was succeeded on the throne by his only son, Moormus II., then in the vigor of life, and endowed with virtue and vast intelligence. In all things he resembled his father, save in the possession of warlike qualities. Peace and its accessories, commerce and mental culture, flourished under his fostering care. The palace at Ispahan, the capital of his country, was thronged with men of genius and learning. Every repast was a feast not alone for the body, but also for the mind. The luxury of the table all his guests enjoyed in moderation, in no wise obstructing the stately exhibition of learning, that freely flowed from the lips of philosophers, astronomers, historians, poets, mathematicians, chemists, and other representatives of learned professions. Wise men from all parts of the world were welcomed as friends at the magnificent palace of the king. Poets wrote his praises, and philosophers passed judgment on his intelligence and virtues, and heralded his fame through every clime.

"The queen, a lineal descendant of Mahomet through his daughter, was a lady of marvellous goodness and beauty.

"Heaven had vouchsafed to this royal couple but one offspring—a daughter, so lovely in personal appearance and disposition as to claim for her the reputation of being the embodiment of all human perfection. At the age of fourteen her mind was well-developed, for the best of tutors had been employed to perfect her education. Zeluma reigned in the hearts of her idolizing parents, a gem of loveliness and affection. Poets told of

her charms in flattering verses, which Ispahan avowed were not flattery, though they proclaimed that heaven, in forming this enchanting being, had exhausted itself. As she wandered through the gardens, roses blushed with pleasure; the bees greedily swarmed around to inhale her balmy breath; her melodious voice lured the nightingale, the thrush, and the miner, into songs of admiration, as they clustered on the trees that shielded her pathway from the morning sun.

"Earth was a paradise to this beautiful princess. Joy pervaded her existence. She knew no sorrow until Azräil, the messenger of death, entered the palace, and her beloved mother, the queen, faded like a summer sigh, softly and calmly, into the hands of her Maker. The anguish she experienced was as painful as the happiness with which her early life had been blessed was enjoyable. Father and daughter wept bitter tears of sorrow, and the nation joined them in sympathy; for the good queen reigned in the hearts of her people.

"The hills of Korason were peopled by a hardy and unsophisticated race, whose sole occupation was that of shepherds, tending their numerous flocks of sheep. Though near the great city, their intercourse with it was of rare occurrence. The wool-traders usually visited the hills and purchased directly from the shepherd-producers. They were primitive, honest, and simple in their ways, and singularly ignorant of the refinement of civilization, though a great city rose, with its palaces and minarets, full before them but a short distance. This, no doubt, was attributable to the fact that the flocks required their constant attention, and the domestic duties of the females detained them individually in their respective homes.

"Among the inhabitants of Korason sojourned, in seclusion, a hermit of remarkable character. He was tall, dignified, and of grave demeanor. His countenance indicated a powerful mind and unusual culture. He was as calm and fathomless as the sea after the stormy waves were subdued. The rough shepherds treated him with that marked respect and consideration which the ignorant always pay to intellect. They looked upon him as a superior being. All their disputes or difficulties were referred to him for judgment, and his fiat was decisive. His learning awakened their awe, while his frankness and justice inspired their confidence.

"The companion of the hermit was a lad of uncommonly fine appearance. His figure was formed from Nature's most perfect model. His countenance expressed nobility of soul, from the curling auburn hair and high forehead, sparkling blue eyes and aquiline nose, to the beautiful mouth and perfect chin, upon which the down of approaching manhood might, on close scrutiny, be detected. At first, many thought the youth was the offspring of the hermit, as the expressions 'father' and 'son' were common between them. But the minds of the curious were disabused of this idea, on learning from the hermit that the lad was but his ward, in point of law, though, in affection, his more than son. They were not natives of the hills, but came quietly among the people and purchased flocks of sheep, which young Asdrubal attended with assiduity. From whence they came, no one knew, nor was the curiosity of the inquisitive on this subject gratified.

"Among the shepherds Asdrubal became all-powerful. His handsome appearance, brave deportment, and mental

superiority made him a leader at every moonlight meeting in which manly sports were the pastime. In hurling the jareed, pitching the bar, leaping, or trials of strength, none could compete with this acknowledged young chief of the hills.

"On one occasion, a tiger burst upon his flock, and Asdrubal, armed with but a small javelin and hunting-knife, boldly assailed the savage animal, and, after a dangerous conflict, slew him, and carried the bleeding carcase in triumph to the hermit; who, while applauding his bravery, trembled at his narrow escape.

"'My son,' said he, 'I pray you to avoid such dangerous conflicts when so lightly armed. Excessive would be my anguish if misfortune should befall you; therefore, for my sake be not so rash. Better the flocks should perish, than aught of ill happen to you.'

"'Father, I could not stand by like a coward and see the wild beast mangling my charge. Had I but my shepherd's staff, I would defend the poor lambs, who, in their consternation, turn their frightened gaze upon me as their natural protector.'

"'It was bravely but rashly done, my boy. I hope that hereafter you will be better armed for such conflicts.'

"Asdrubal complied with the hermit's anxious solicitation, and, on returning to his sheep, armed himself with a bow and quiver full of arrows. At night he brought home a young lion's whelp that he had slain in the act of springing on a lamb. As attacks by wild beasts were very common, and, through fear of bodily harm, always unresisted heretofore, these exploits of the hermit's son greatly increased his influence among the shepherds.

"Time glided on with the sylvan sameness of a shepherd's existence.

"The hermit devoted himself to books and writing, at the same time continuing his usual instructions to Asdrubal at every convenient moment. The lad grew in manly beauty and intellectual development. His studies were always directed to a higher occupation than that of tending sheep, and the opportunity for such application was increased by the employment of an assistant, who greatly relieved Asdrubal from constant attendance in the field.

"One morning the hermit said:

"'My son, place panniers on the mare, fill them with wool, and go to the city. Sell the wool to our agent, and, with the proceeds, purchase me some parchment, and such domestic necessities as are noted in this list.'

"The mare was soon ready, and Asdrubal, arrayed in his peasant's garb, which, though coarse, was yet neatly made, and displayed to advantage his symmetrical figure, received the hermit's last instructions, and departed on his mission.

"The road wound around the hill in a gradual descent to its base, debouching on the main public highway to the city. As the young man neared the entrance to the public road, he heard the trampling of horses, and, checking the mare, he drew aside to permit the cavalcade which approached to pass.

"It was a gay sight that burst upon his admiring view. The king and all his court, mounted on superbly-caparisoned steeds, were on their way to Julfa, the royal country-seat, some eight miles distant from the capital.

"Asdrubal watched with intense interest the rich dresses of the courtly cavaliers.

"In advance rode the king, in splendid array. By his side, on a beautiful Arabian, was seated the lovely Princess Zeluma, radiant with her unequalled charms. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, while the music of her voice floated in harmonious accents upon the tranquil air.

"Entranced, the young shepherd paused. He was lost to all sight of the king and his courtiers in gazing in rapturous admiration upon the angelic being who appeared to him to be a creation of supernatural loveliness. The cavalcade passed on, but Asdrubal continued for some time to gaze upon that one figure alone, as if his very existence concentrated in her lithe and symmetrical form. When she faded from his vision, a deep sigh came from his heart, and the light of the sun could not dispel the gloom that gathered around him.

"'How beautiful!' he exclaimed. 'How like the Peris the poets speak of in their rhapsodies! The fair lasses of the hill become indifferent in the radiance surrounding this enchanting being. To bask in the sunshine of her smiles would be such perfect bliss, Heaven could offer me no greater happiness. Alas, these are wild thoughts that affect my heart! I must recall to this sad soul her exalted station and my humble lot. Far off she is from me—yes, as far distant as the glorious sun I adore, and may worship in its infinity of space.

"With a mournful sigh he urged his mare onward towards the city, still thinking of the princess and her resplendent charms. He had progressed but a mile, when suddenly he heard the rapid clattering of horses' feet, and, turning his head with indifference to observe who approached so hastily, his unconcern changed to horror.

"The Arabian steed of the princess had become unmanageable, and was fleeing like the wind, leaving the king and his attendants far behind.

"With the speed of thought Asdrubal sprang from his mare and stood ready to arrest the affrighted animal. On he came, with glaring eyes and distended nostrils, foaming at the mouth, and wild with terror. The poor princess uttered shrieks of terror.

"The shepherd awaited the approach, and nerved himself for a struggle which, however dangerous to him, would enable him to save the beautiful Zeluma from destruction. It was evident that her strength was failing, and her ability to retain the saddle rapidly departing from her.

"Like an arrow came the mad steed, but the tried nerves of Asdrubal were equal to the crisis. At the right moment, with Herculean strength he seized the bridle and checked the fiery animal, who fell, and, turning completely over, broke his neck. The active youth preserved the princess from sharing a like fate, by snatching her from the saddle and clasping her fainting form in his arms. All this was the work of a second. The cool head, steady hand, and firm nerves of the youth had thus rescued from a threatened death the princess of Ispahan. Bearing his lovely burden to a running brook by the road-side, he sprinkled the cool water on her brow, and Zeluma immediately revived.

"She expressed her thanks in appropriate language, and gazed with gratitude on the features of her preserver. There was at all times a fascination in the animated countenance of this youth; but now, when his soul beamed from his eloquent eyes, Zeluma, princess though

she was, could not resist the charm, and still calmly rested in the arms of her saviour.

"Brief though the contact, to Asdrubal it was the condensed essence of a life of bliss, and a joy as indefinable and bewildering. But it was shortly ended by the arrival of the terrified father and attendants, who, seeing at first only the dead horse, uttered exclamations of horror, which speedily changed into expressions of joy when Zeluma rose to her feet and sprang into his arms.

"The shepherd youth, in his humble garb, stood unnoticed amid the courtly assemblage. With a feeling of despondency he turned to leave, when the princess exclaimed:

"'Oh, my father, do not suffer my preserver to depart without your royal thanks! But for his manly strength and courage, I would now be lost to you forever.'

"The king approached Asdrubal, and said:

"'Sir peasant, I am deeply grateful for the assistance you have rendered my daughter, the princess. How can I requite you? Accept this purse of gold; it shall be ten times replenished to your advantage, and still, in my estimation, be no adequate reward for your services.'

"Asdrubal made a low but dignified obeisance, and, respectfully putting back the purse, replied:

"'High and mighty ruler, pardon my rejection of this gold. The treasures of your kingdom cannot purchase from me the proud satisfaction of having rescued your daughter. I am already amply repaid.'

"'Your speech and manner belie your garb. Who and what are you?'

"'A shepherd, most noble king, from the hills.'

"'You are the most extraordinary peasant I ever met.

Accept, then, at least this ring, as a guerdon and pledge that, on its presentation at my throne, anything you may ask within the bounds of reason shall be freely granted.'

"The youth gracefully accepted the royal gift, and he was withdrawing from the presence of the king, when the fair Zeluma advanced, and, offering him her hand, said:

"'Receive my heartfelt thanks, and accept this amulet, consecrated upon the tomb of our holy prophet. Wear it, if not for the sacred memories attached, at least as a memento of my never-ceasing gratitude!'

"Asdrubal received from her taper fingers the offering, and, with beaming looks, replied:

"'Beautiful princess, I am honored by your condescension! This kindness thrills me with delight. Upon my heart I will rest your gift, and it will hallow every pulsation.'

"Lowly bending, with looks of modest admiration he withdrew, and the *cortége* passed on.

"It was some moments before Asdrubal recovered from his bewilderment. He felt as if he had lived in dreamland, and was but just awakened from a romantic vision, the delight of which still lingered and bewildered his imagination.

"Vainly he strove to convince himself that fancy had cast its spell upon him. The amulet pressing against his agitated heart gave palpable evidence that all was reality, and the shepherd lad had but recently clasped in his arms the princess whose beauty was the universal theme of panegyric. Listlessly he entered the city and performed the required duty; after which, he returned in the same musing state, living not in the present, but in the brief, visionary past.

"The hermit welcomed him home with words of kind greeting and looks of pleasure. His faint responses excited surprise, which at length found expression in anxious interrogatory.

"'What has gone wrong with you to-day, my son? Your manner is gloomy and distracted, and the natural joyousness of your nature seems to have departed. I trust nothing happened to give annoyance. Come, recount the circumstances that cast their shadows on your brow, and render my hitherto joyous lad the melancholy being who stands before me.'

"'Father, did you ever see a seraph, rescue her from impending danger—nay, even death—and, in the wild excitement of your successful effort, clasp her in all her heavenly beauty to your heart?'

"'What mad, unintelligible questions are these, my son? Are you ill? I fear the mid-day heat has fevered your brain. Let me feel your pulse.'

"'Nay, I am not ill, nor mad; but, while possessed of physical health, there is a fever in my brain, a throbbing of the heart, that you, even in the calm coolness of matured years, cannot fail to appreciate when you learn the cause of my bewilderment, and that which renders me apparently a stranger to my former self.'

"In glowing language the noble youth related to his sympathizing mentor the events of the morning, and frankly confessed that a hopeless passion, suddenly conceived, mastered his discretion.

"'I know, father,' he continued, 'you will smile at my boyish romance, and tell me I might as well strive to pluck a starry orb from yon far-off heaven, as raise my peasant's eyes in admiration to the lovely princess of

Ispahan. The stern reality of your wisdom must convince my reason, overwhelming it with weights of unanswerable argument; and yet, the ambition of my heart, in its love and adoration, lifts it like gossamer, and bids me hope against hope. Do you not remember, dear father, the story told by the Persian poet Hafiz, of the peasant lad who saved the life of the princess of Taos? He loved, and she despised not the lowly saviour of her life, but lifted him from his inferior condition, and placed golden opportunity in his path. Love's ambition taught him how to grasp it. In one brief year the peasant-born acquired wealth and reputation, gaining honors so great that the sceptre raised the shepherd's crook, and their loves became immortal. I, too, would rise above this mean estate, and, if I may not gain her love, will become more worthy of it from the efforts.'

"'My boy, I will not attempt to curb the ardor of your youth. Full well I know the counsel and experience of age falls as morning dew upon the warm and imaginative heart, and passes away like mist before the rising sun. Hereafter employ your time not in idle meditation, feeding the romance of your heart in dreamy fancy, but let the influence of this affection urge you to mental labor, and the acquirement of such knowledge as will enable you to reap whatever fortune may bring within your reach. Allah is great. His ways to us are inscrutable; and yet, my child, he moulds all things for his especial purpose. Go, bathe and refresh yourself in the Rud, and then see that our assistant herdsman performs his duty properly; after which, return for further conversation.'

"Asdrubal obeyed the hermit, and left the cottage.

Long mused the sage. The working of his noble countenance indicated reflections of no ordinary character. At length his thoughts found expression in words:

"'Poor Asdrubal! Little dreams he that this beautiful princess, high-born though she is, has kindled the Promethean fire in the heart of one who, if justice could assert its rights, would honor her father's throne. O holy prophet, the chosen of God, intercede for justice, that virtue may be rewarded and wickedness condemned!'

"After uttering these significant ejaculations, the sage resumed the pen, and occupied himself in writing.

"Time wore on. Asdrubal followed the advice of his guardian, by devoting himself with zeal to the acquirement of useful knowledge. His ardor in the study of the science of war, and constant practice with weapons belonging to its profession, met with no opposition from the hermit. On the contrary, he assisted the youth in these pursuits, and expressed approval at his rapid advancement.

"Asdrubal was again dispatched to Ispahan on duty similar to that which occasioned his former visit. Never had the image of the beautiful Zeluma, since that eventful occurrence, faded from his mind. It still illumined every thought and action of his existence.

"Intense became his emotion on arriving at the spot where the princess had rested on his peasant-bosom. Viewing the locality with reverence, he asked himself if he had become more worthy of the love of one to whom his ambition aspired, and if it was not the madness of folly in an humble shepherd to lift his thoughts to one so far above him.

"'O Fate!' he exclaimed, 'are thy decrees to be inex-

orable? Are there no means of propitiating thy favor? My soul abhors this low estate. Who am I? There is some mystery connected with my history, known, I am sure, to the noble hermit, which he deems it prudent to reserve from me. There must be gentle blood in my veins. I feel it in every impulse of my soul; and a faint glimmering of childhood's memory recalls some scenes of grandeur, soon passing away like a vision from my recollection. These impressions, when expressed to my guardian, appear to give him pain, and bring anxious shadows o'er his brow. His only response is simply: 'My boy, you dream! The Persian poets have instilled too much romance in your brain. Turn from them, and read that which is more practical.' I am sure he was once a man of power. His manner shows it. His knowledge of history, of battles, the tactics of war, and the regulation of armies, confirm me in this belief. When I ask of my parents, and who we really are, he turns away with a deep-drawn sigh, and answers: 'My son, there are secrets not lightly to be divulged. Control your anxiety. When prudent, I will tell you all. Until then, I require your patience.' It is singular he never opposes this high ambition, but, since my confession, has directed my studies, as if there was yet some part in life for me to act above my present occupation. He is honorable, wise, and learned. I will obey his wishes, and bide my time, feeling well assured his intentions are governed by prudence and devotion to my interests. No father ever loved a son more truly.'

"Thus soliloquizing, he entered the city gates. Having fulfilled his mission, an indefinable attraction led him to the palace, there to gaze upon the magnificent edifice

containing the object of his adoration. The marble walls rose high, and coldly frowned upon this daring presumption. To him the golden gates were closed. As he stood looking, wishing, doubting, hoping that his eyes might perchance light upon his love, a brilliant *cortége* of richly-dressed cavaliers passed within the gates. Turning to one of the spectators of this gay pageant, he asked if he could tell him who they were.

"'Yes,' replied the citizen; 'that is young Prince Huron, the son of King Baman, of Farristan, who arrived here two days ago, seeking the hand of our beautiful princess. He is entertained by the good king, her father, in right royal style.'

"Poor Asdrubal was almost paralyzed by the blighting information, and could with difficulty sustain himself.

"'What ails you?' said the good-natured citizen; 'you are deadly pale, and seem quite ill!'

"The poor lad gasped as if it was his heart he swallowed, but, with a powerful exercise of will, recovered himself sufficiently to reply:

"'It was a momentary pain, but it is over. Has the princess accepted of the suit?'

"'That is not known. Our good king, we learn, will not force her inclination. A final answer is to be rendered in seven days. In the meantime the guests are treated with distinguished consideration. Banquets and entertainments are to follow in quick succession. Day after to-morrow there will be a public joust—a trial of arms with the bow and jareed, ending in a conflict with the battle-mace, not of iron, but of hardened gum, that no serious injury can be inflicted on the two parties contending for the victory. The victor of the day is to be

crowned by our royal princess, and receive a scimetar inlaid with gold and jewels.'

"'But this joust is only open for the nobles, is it not?'

"'Any gentleman of good birth, who can appear in the lists appropriately dressed and with a horse properly caparisoned, may take part in the exhibition. No peasant, of course, can afford to participate, as the expenditure would be far above his means. Thus they are debarred. Our good king, unlike his father of glorious memory, has no army, or officers educated to martial exercises; consequently, the lists are open to the ambitious, and those inclined to rough riding and tough blows. Prince Huron leads his own people, and, against our untrained nobles and citizens, anticipates an easy victory, such as he no doubt thinks will enable him to appear to advantage, and win favor in the eyes of our lovely Zeluma. The king was not inclined to the entertainment, but, to gratify Prince Huron, he has consented; and the proclamation announces the terms and programme pretty much as I have related. But here is a copy, to which you are welcome, if your curiosity is not already satisfied. I am glad to see that you look better, and will bid you good morning.'

"Asdrubal hastened homeward, filled with grief.

"'If,' he said, 'she should accept this prince, wretched will be my lot in life! O Fate, avert this misfortune! I will join this joust. On my noble Arabian steed, trained to obey me with perfect docility, I will challenge any horseman in the retinue of Prince Huron to a contest with jareed, bow, or battle-mace. My apparel must be rich, else this peasant-garb will deprive me of the

privilege of entering the lists. My kind guardian shall be consulted.'

"He speedily arrived at the hermit's cottage, and, after giving an account of the result of his mission, related to the sage, with rapid and excited language, the stirring news connected with the arrival of Prince Huron.

"At the mention of that name the hermit started, and eagerly asked him to repeat all that he had heard. With stern expression, and lips moving that uttered no sound, he sat in silence. Some powerful emotion agitated his mind. At last, shaking off the spell, he gazed upon Asdrubal with an expression of intense sorrow, and mildly remarked:

"'So, my son, you would join in this pageant, and leave, for a time, your rural home? It is the effervescence of youth, and I cannot blame you.' Abruptly he left the room, murmuring, 'Blood will speak; it is thicker than water.'

"Later in the afternoon he entered the yard, and manifested much interest in Asdrubal's exercise on his beautiful steed, raised by him from a colt. The animal was of pure blood, splendidly formed, and remarkable for intelligence. His master had taught him to leap, halt instantly at command, and move at will by a touch of the knee.

"'My son,' said the hermit, 'you have a noble animal, and, by constant instruction, have trained him to perfect obedience. Your personal appearance should be in keeping with your steed. Be not uneasy; you shall not be disappointed.'

"At an early hour Asdrubal retired to rest, but the hermit wrote long and earnestly. Completing his task, he opened a chest and drew forth varieties of richly-

decorated dresses, that evidently had once been worn by a person of elevated rank. While inspecting them, a sarcastic smile passed over his countenance, and he murmured: 'My present garb does not indicate that I once enjoyed extensive power and wore these gaudy trappings. Youth and ambition, mingled with vanity, have passed away; old age and sorrow befit my habiliments. But this poor lad, despoiled of his just position, claims, by a natural instinct, an opportunity to absolve the shepherd's ties which fetter him to this lowly sphere. He shall be gratified, even though the happiness may be of short duration. Fate cannot be controlled. This high-born youth, though dressed in rustic garments, soars above his position. The crisis of his life, I feel assured, begins to-day. Well, let it come! My constant dreams are of retribution and justice—inshallah!'

"Selecting a sumptuous robe, and drawing from a recess of his room a handsome saddle and bridle, he placed them conveniently for the young man, and sought his humble couch.

"Great was the delight of Asdrubal, when morning came, to find his wants supplied. In fitting language he expressed his thanks, and immediately made preparations for proceeding to Ispahan.

"The hermit assured the youth that, in the matter of birth, he was entitled to enter the lists, and he should accompany him as a voucher, in case his rights were questioned.

"On reaching the city, they repaired to the khan, or public inn, where Asdrubal proposed to array himself and steed in the elegant apparel which the munificence of the hermit had provided.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GALA DAY IN ISPAHAN.—THE TOURNAMENT.—PEASANT AGAINST PRINCE.—ASDRUBAL'S TRIUMPH.—THE VICTOR CROWNED BY THE FAIR ZELUMA.—DEPARTURE OF PRINCE HURON IN ANGER.

THE joust began at three o'clock in the afternoon. At half-past two, from the court-yard of the khan there issued a beautiful Arabian steed exquisitely caparisoned. Proudly seated on his back rode a young man in magnificent attire. If his figure was perfect, his countenance portrayed even more attractively the perfection of manly beauty. None could behold him without expressing admiration.

"The hermit gazed upon the lad with fond pride, but he sighed heavily as some recollection of the past floated through his mind. Raising his hand to wipe away a tear, there fell from his bosom, unperceived, a package.

"Asdrubal sprang from his horse and recovered it, and, as he returned it to his guardian, the superscription,

"'His puissant Highness, in the prophet's love,
"'Moormus II., King of Irak Adjemi,'

caught his eyes. But this circumstance elicited no remark. He was aware that the hermit wrote many epistles, and the directions on some he had previously seen were calculated to give him a vague idea of his protector's former greatness.

"Fronting the palace, the grand square of 'Maidan-Shat' covered an area of some ten acres, circled by convenient walks, and shaded with venerable and majestic poplars and stately chinars. The centre was open, and unadorned save by an emerald coating of luxuriant grass. In the middle of this park a large amphitheatre had been erected, with seats shaded by a covering of white canvas. The canopies over the thrones of the king and princess were of cloth of gold. Richly-embroidered tapestry separated them from the populace.

"The thrones were of sandal-wood inlaid with precious stones, and rested on rich Persian carpets. That on the right of the amphitheatre from the entrance, in the direction of the palace, was the largest and most stately, being appropriated to the king. To the left, and but a few feet distant, stood the throne of the princess. Though rich and tasteful in its adornments, it was festooned with flowers and evergreens, as if its final decorations had been completed by the delicate hands of the softer sex.

"The left or western end of the lists remained open, in order to permit the flight of arrows and swift jareeds to pass uninterrupted. It was also intended as the grand entrance for the participators in the exercises; though several other portals were constructed at regular spaces for the convenience of the spectators.

"At half-past two the amphitheatre was crowded. The upper seats were retained for the gentry of the city, and the lower benches appropriated to the peasantry, without an attempt on their part to intrude beyond their allotted sphere.

"The banner of Prince Huron floated on the left of the king; that of Ispahan on the right of the princess.

"At the western opening the grand marshal, with his mounted aids, awaited the entrance of the combatants, and examined the claims of those of Ispahan for the privilege of the joust.

"Martial music swelled upon the balmy air, and all eyes were directed to the entrance, as the king and princess, in elegant apparel, appeared at the head of the mounted guard of the palace—a guard rarely called into requisition save on state occasions, and then merely for the purpose of display.

"On the appearance of the sovereign and his court, the spectators simultaneously rose to their feet, and reverently made the customary salaam. Riding once around the circle for the satisfaction of the multitude, the royal pair dismounted at their respective thrones, where pages and ladies-in-waiting thronged to render homage and attendance.

"The moment the king was seated, the marshal, through his heralds, summoned the combatants to appear. The call was promptly answered by Prince Huron. He was clad in splendid armor, and, mounted on a large black Tartar horse, with proud arrogance dashed into the arena, at the head of thirty handsomely-dressed followers. Twice they rode around the lists, receiving sufficient applause to flatter them without its being an evidence of marked partiality. Passing the throne of the princess, with a supercilious obeisance Prince Huron drew up his train in front of his colors, and remained stationary.

"The marshal examined the credentials of all belonging to the city of Ispahan who were aspirants for a participation in the coming friendly contest; and, as they were slowly entering to the number of twenty-nine, the official halted them, and cried aloud:

"'Gentlemen, your number is short!'

"This exclamation was interrupted by the appearance of Asdrubal, who approached with a mien so majestic that the marshal instinctively bowed before him, and, without examination, waved to him to join the combatants. Then, amid the clang of cymbals and trumpet-blast, the gentlemen of Ispahan rode gayly round, though not with the discipline and perfect assurance of the strangers.

"The applause was enthusiastic, for it was their own people the audience cheered and encouraged. Asdrubal brought up the rear, alone. His fine bearing and unsurpassed equipments, together with the spirited movements of his Arabian, excited curiosity and admiration. As he passed the throne of the fair Zeluma, a flush suffused his handsome countenance, and he bent gracefully to the pommel of his saddle. Her bright eyes caught this look of admiration. It recalled a countenance she had dreamed of many a night. Calling a page, she whispered:

"'Quick, child! learn the name of yonder gallant cavalier—the last who passed.'

"With low salaam the slave disappeared from among the royal attendants.

"The party of Asdrubal, having made their last circuit, drew up in front of their banner, near Zeluma's throne.

"The marshal approached, and asked to whom he should address himself as their leader.

"They had failed, in their ignorance, to make a selection. After a slight pause, with one accord they turned their eyes to Asdrubal. His commanding appearance

and superior horsemanship had promptly impressed them with confidence, and he became by unanimous voice their chief. He modestly declined the honor, but the marshal cut short the objection by proclaiming there was no time to renew the election. Briefly announcing the laws by which the tournament was to be governed, he withdrew to his station.

"Two targets, well padded, to prevent the arrows from passing through, were placed near the open part of the arena, some forty yards asunder. About twelve yards in front of each target a rope was tightly drawn across the course, at an elevation of five feet. All arrows were to be shot as the horse made the leap at the barrier. Failing in this, the rider lost caste, and the privilege of further participation in the contest.

"At the trumpet-blast, and amid loud cheers, Prince Huron and his party obeyed the signal. In single file they rode swiftly at the barrier, and discharged their arrows with accuracy, not a rider failing in a single requirement of the law. Again they formed before their standard, and now Asdrubal gave the order to charge. He was obeyed amid the applause of the excited multitude. Firmly and swiftly the young shepherd rode his gallant steed to the barrier. Rising like an antelope high in air, ere his delicately-shaped hoofs had again touched the ground, the arrow of Asdrubal pierced the centre of the target.

"His followers were less fortunate. Though none drew bow out of time, yet a number shot wide of the mark. The marshal awarded the triumph of this portion of the joust to Prince Huron and his riders. Asdrubal received a challenge from the prince for a personal trial

of his skill, which was eagerly accepted, and resulted in the triumph of Ispahan, much to the gratification of the audience.

"New targets were provided, and jareeds placed in the hands of the combatants. As with the bow, so with the short lance, Asdrubal maintained his superiority. His followers proved unskilful, and the success of their leader could not rescue the party from defeat. This created but little excitement among the audience, as the entire interest now centred in the rivalry between the commanders.

"In the individual trial with the jareed our hero shone still more conspicuously. His attitudes were graceful and his aim unerring. Prince Huron was irritated at his second discomfiture. He eyed the victor with undisguised wrath, but the look was haughtily returned.

"Zeluma watched with eagerness the contest. Her hopes were all in favor of Asdrubal, in whom, without exactly knowing why, she had become intensely interested. At each success the pulsation of her heart rapidly increased, and a blush of pleasure mantled her cheek.

"Presently the page returned, and in a subdued voice said:

"'Most noble princess, I cannot learn his name. He is unknown; but the desire of the people is that he may win the prize.'

"'Allah grant it!' murmured the gentle Zeluma.

"The joust was now to conclude with a general *mêlée* with the mace, which, though of hardened gum, was by no means a gossamer wand, to fall with the lightness of snow upon the head of an unlucky recipient. The elasticity of the weapon prevented any serious consequences, though the blow might occasion a temporary inconvenience

"Prince Huron, whose irritation had greatly increased, whispered to his chamberlain:

"'Now I'll meet this young upstart where his sleight of hand will avail him not. Speedily his gay plumage shall be soiled with the dust of the arena!'

"The contending parties were arrayed at opposite ends of the lists, awaiting the signal to charge. Amid trumpet-blast and loud huzzas the combatants met. The shock caused the ground to tremble, and the dust for a few moments nearly obliterated a view of the strife.

"When a clear observation could be obtained, numbers were unhorsed, while their steeds were running wild. The leaders displayed skill and adroitness; but Asdrubal maintained his preëminence, amid the shouts of gratification from the populace. The contest continued with numerous changes of fortune, until, at last, Prince Huron and Asdrubal were alone in the arena.

"There was a cessation of hostilities for a few moments, when the prince, no longer able to restrain his rage, exclaimed:

"'Now, intruder, prepare to receive a punishment due for your audacity!'

"Furiously he rode upon the shepherd; but Asdrubal met him with so much coolness and address that the attack was completely foiled. In turn, Asdrubal assailed the prince. His noble Arabian, under perfect command, moved with the fleetness of the wind, as directed by his master.

"Spell-bound the audience witnessed the struggle; and Asdrubal, for the first time exerting all his strength, literally overwhelmed and confused the prince with such rapid blows, that he brought him senseless to the earth.

"Then rose wild shouts of delight. Ispahan, through her champion, had triumphed, and defeated the lordly representatives of Farristan.

"Had the princess been observed during the progress of the fray, her eager gaze and expression of anxiety must have attracted attention. Every doubtful movement of Asdrubal excited a nervous shudder, every success a blush of pleasure; and when the day was won, joy lighted up her countenance.

"The herald proclaimed the champion of Ispahan the victor. Amid renewed applause Asdrubal was escorted to the throne of Zeluma. Dismounting, slaves came forward to hold his steed. He waved them back, and, at a word, his noble steed knelt, and remained immovable. Advancing himself with modest mien, he bent the knee, and awaited the pleasure of the princess

"Zeluma, clothed with all the grandeur and majesty of royalty, approached the youth, and placing the wreath upon his brow, she said:

"'I crown you champion of this day's joust. Upon a brow more deserving, the wreath of Fame could never rest. May Allah bless, the holy prophet preserve you!'

"He raised his eyes to thank her, when, with an exclamation of astonishment, she said:

"'My preserver!' Pressing her hand to her heart to check its throbbing, she continued: 'This recognition renders my duty the more pleasing, as my gratitude is now coupled with my admiration. Relinquish your *incognito*, and assume the high position I am sure rightfully belongs to you.'

"'Sweet princess, would it were in my power to obey! The mystery that clings to me time only can dispel. Be

my position what it may, devotion will ever sway my heart to you.'

"The prime minister handed the princess a magnificently-jewelled scimetar. She threw the sash to which it was attached around the young man's neck, saying:

"'Receive this Damascus blade. Draw it in the cause of justice and honor alone. I know I place it in worthy hands.'

"She pressed the scimetar to her lips, and surrendered it to his grasp.

"'If ever misfortune should render it necessary for you, lovely princess, to call upon your people for defence, this weapon shall flash between you and danger!'

"Bowing gracefully, he retired. At his command the Arabian rose. The victor vaulted lightly into the saddle, and, drawing the scimetar, he rode at full speed from the arena, while peals of applause followed him.

"The court retired with all its usual ceremony, and the crowd dispersed. On entering the palace, a mysterious letter was handed the king.

"At the khan Asdrubal resumed his peasant-dress, and, with the hermit, passed from the city homeward. The young man's thoughts were upon the lovely Zeluma. His mind indulged in romantic visions, and he pursued his journey in silence. Over the hermit came also that serious and reflective mood so often seen, when his countenance resembled the ocean in its calm and passionless moments.

"The attendants of Prince Huron conveyed him to the palace, where he speedily recovered from his bodily inflictions, to give vent to angry exclamations. Chafing at his discomfiture before the princess, his anger became

more excessive on learning that his vanquisher was unknown.

"Ispahan had become distasteful to him, and he determined to demand an immediate response to his application for the hand of Zeluma. Her beauty won his admiration, and his vanity suggested that she could not be indifferent to his station and personal appearance.

"While the king was reading the mysterious document, the prince's note was also handed him. Finishing both letters, he repaired to his daughter's apartment. Drawing her affectionately to his side, he placed the letter of Prince Huron in her hand. When she had read its contents, her father said:

"'My beloved daughter, ever considering your happiness, I have always resolved that your marriage should be left entirely to yourself, and not subjected to the cold and unfeeling policy of state. Tell me frankly, does this young Huron find favor in your sight?'

"'No, dear father—no! On the contrary, his conceit and arrogance have rendered him repulsive to me. Do not urge this suit! It would entail nothing but misery; though, if I thought it was your heart's wish, I would wed him.'

"'Enough, my daughter! At first I thought it possible you might become attached to him; and if so, the worldly advantages would warrant my approval. Information, mysteriously received to-day, and your evident repugnance, changes all my views, and gladly shall I decline the suit.'

"'Thanks, my father—thanks! Mortified vanity will make the prince your enemy; so, be warned, and beware!'

"The king replied:

"'We are all in the hands of Allah. What he wills, must be—*inshallah!*'

"Fondly kissing his child, the king retired, to answer the solicitation of Prince Huron unfavorably. The moment the door closed upon the king, Zeluma clasped her hands fervently, exclaiming:

"'Thanks to Allah for this relief! Prince Huron is hateful to me. Ah, how constantly the countenance of the young hero of this day's combat rises to my memory! I must strive to obliterate the dangerous impression, but not prove ungrateful to my preserver. Alas, 'tis vain! My honest heart will drown the voice of pride, discretion, and position. I'd rather be a peasant-girl, with his stout arm to lean upon, his noble bosom for my pillow, than revel in all the state and splendor that begirt my father's throne. With him to toil, with him to live, even in poverty, would be happiness so great, I would hourly utter thanks to Heaven that granted such a boon.'

"She called her slaves, and bade them sing songs of love, until the soothing balm of slumber brought dreams of Asdrubal.

"On the following day Prince Huron left Ispahan with his gallant retinue. On his brow there rested an expression of undisguised anger.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE OLD KING DIES AND HURON DECLARES WAR.—CONSTERNATION IN ISPAHAN.—WANTED—A COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—ASDRUBVL APPLIES FOR THE SITUATION, AND IS COMMISSIONED.—GRAND HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT AND VICTORY FOR THE RIGHT SIDE.

SOME few weeks after the departure of the prince the amiable King Moormus was attacked by fatal illness. He rapidly sank, and the physicians pronounced him past recovery. When informed of their opinion, he calmly replied:

"'The will of Allah be done! He is the only true God, and Mahomet is his prophet!'

"Calling the sorrowing Zeluma to his side, he conversed for hours, imparting instruction as to her duty in the responsible position she would soon be obliged to occupy as queen of Irak Adjemi. From his ministers he exacted solemn promises to watch over and guard his beloved child from indiscretion and political errors. In order to secure her peaceful ascension to the throne of her ancestors, he commanded that her coronation should take place immediately in his presence.

"The weeping princess was accordingly crowned, and invested with the insignia of royalty in the death-chamber of her dying parent. The court officials witnessed and sanctioned the ceremony, swearing on the Koran allegiance to their new sovereign.

"Having settled his worldly affairs and issued an affectionate farewell to his subjects, confiding his daughter, the young queen, to their care, he addressed himself to Allah, and with the setting sun his spirit took its flight to Paradise. The remains were consigned to the mausoleum of the kings of Ispahan, and Zeluma reigned in his stead.

"The poignancy of her grief had but partially subsided, when warlike rumors reached the court. The father of Prince Huron, indignant at the rejection of his son, was assembling an army, as rumor asserted, for the purpose of conquering the kingdom of Irak-Adjemi, and forcing its young queen to become the bride of Huron.

"Zeluma called her counsellors to her aid. Many and anxious were their consultations. They all felt that the country was in no condition for war. Arms, accoutrements, munitions, and leaders, were wanting. Indeed, all the essentials for successful defence were required. The counsellors of the queen, though wise and able men in times of peace, seemed to be completely paralyzed when thus called to a new field of action. As the horizon clouded and the horrors of a bloody contest were about to burst upon them, their minds appeared to be incapable of grasping the situation or coping with its difficulties. Consequently, valuable time, that should have been employed in energetic preparation, was expended for nought. Procrastination, and suggestions for compromise, were the empty results of their ministerial consultation.

"Poor Zeluma groaned in despair. Her keen perception of the necessity of action availed not against the slow, lumbering ideas of her well-meaning but incompetent advisers.

"One morning a slave announced to the queen that a

hermit waited, who desired to see her alone. Accompanying the request came the amulet presented by her to Asdrubal. The recognition produced great agitation in her mind. It awakened an idea that her preserver was dead, and with his last breath had returned to her the cherished gift. In excessive anguish she granted the interview.

"When the hermit of Korazon hills entered and made his salaam, she hardly waited its conclusion ere hastily asking:

"'Is he alive?'

"'Mighty queen, he is! The amulet was lent to insure this private interview, upon which probably depends the salvation of your throne.'

"'Speak freely to me, father; you come well recommended. I will listen, and, moreover, follow your advice, believe me.'

"'O queen, I come to warn you of the errors of your counsellors, and, if it be your will, to offer you advice from one who, in days gone by, had weight in other kingdoms, and with a mighty power.'

"'Proceed, good father! Tell a poor, bewildered girl how to save her people and her throne!'

"'May my head fall, O queen, if I say aught but right, or give thee ill advice! I am well informed of the affairs of the king of Farristan. This morning, at break of day, unknown to those around, a courier arrived to me from the city of Shairaz. By him I received news of the gathering of a mighty army by Prince Huron, to crush you in your helplessness, and, having conquered your kingdom, to claim, as a condition of peace, your hand in marriage.'

"'I will flee to the desert—starve in the wilderness—die from my own hand, ere wed Prince Huron!'

"'Allah grant that such alternative may never be yours! But listen. Your counsellors are men of learning, educated in peaceful times, living in such harmony with the outer world that, on the first blast of trouble, they lose their minds, and are bewildered. Men of energy would by this time have made ample preparation to breast the approaching storm; but they have done nothing but *hope* for the best. Allah helps all who help themselves. Inertness he never countenances; and, if they persevere in their present course, your enemies will wrest from you the throne of your fathers.

"'Now, O sovereign, if I am permitted to speak freely, I would utter these words: First, that in every city an edict should be issued, ordering the immediate manufacture of arms and munitions of war; also, that men be enrolled and camps of instruction established. A commissariat, for the collection of supplies, you will also need. Appoint a general of ability, if one can be found, for the command of your army. Do these things without a moment's delay. Your firmness will vanquish this general apathy.'

"'My thanks are yours, good hermit, for directing me to the path of duty. I have felt the necessity for prompt action, but no one, until now, has aided me with practical advice. I pray you, tell the preserver of my life that I shall remember his promise, when at my hands he received the scimetar.'

"'Rest assured, fair queen, he will never fail you. At the right moment Asdrubal will appear, and prove worthy of your confidence. Here is a list of recommenda-

tions, the fruit of years of experience. Act upon them as if they were your own, that jealousy, the bane of men in power, may not retard the speedy defence of your kingdom. May Allah guard you through this trial!'

"The hermit withdrew, and, when alone, he murmured:

"'She is a noble woman, and her heart is Asdrubal's. My knowledge of human nature assures me this.'

"The grand vizier manifested much astonishment at the energy of his youthful queen. Her orders were copied from the papers left by the hermit, and his thoughts were so clearly expressed that with natural intelligence she grasped every point. By imperative directions, couriers were dispatched to the governors of every city in her dominions. Agreeably to the suggestions of the hermit, men were promptly enlisted. But, alas! there was no competent chief to lead them on to battle.

"The illness of Prince Huron caused delay on the part of the enemy, and gave Zeluma a respite, which was energetically improved by the manufactory of arms, and general preparation for the coming struggle.

"Of all her grandfather's officers, but one yet survived, and his advanced age he pleaded as an excuse for declining to again arm for a conflict. The absolute necessity of the case, and great distress of his sovereign, however, overruled all objections, and the old man, Hackmet Miram, reluctantly consented to take the field. Under the grandfather of Zeluma he had distinguished himself for activity and boldness as a commander; but then he was in his early prime, ambitious, vigorous, and well-drilled in his profession.

"The army at length advanced. It was an incongruous mass, deficient in the great essential of success—competent and intelligent officers. In the absence of knowledge, discipline, and, of course, efficiency, could not exist.

"By the advice of the hermit, the queen ordered another army to be raised and equipped as a reserve, to be used in the event of misfortune, as well for the defence of her capital as to take the field and retrieve any discomfiture that might be sustained by the first army.

"Prince Huron marched into the queen's territory. Fahliyan, Babahan, and Dorak fell. Hackmet Miram moved tardily, and, by his dilatoriness, the enemy advanced unresisted towards Shuster, on the road to Ispahan. At last, on the plains of Jenipi, the two armies met, and a fierce battle ensued. Superior discipline, and the difference in age and vigor between the opposing generals, gave the victory to Huron. Queen Zeluma's army was routed, and panic seized upon the entire nation.

"Prince Huron, flushed with success, demanded a general capitulation, and the hand of Zeluma.

"Her timid minister advised compliance with the terms; but she returned an indignant refusal. To the counsellor she said:

"'I will wed the meanest peasant in my kingdom who will free me from this tyrant, rather than purchase peace at such a hateful sacrifice! Where is your loyalty to your queen? It appears to be merged in cowardly personal considerations. Quick! issue me a proclamation: That I, Zeluma, the queen of Irak Adjemi, will give my hand in wedlock to the man who shall successfully lead my armies to victory, and rescue me from the misery of falling into the power of Prince Huron.'

"The old vizier believed her mad, but dared not disobey; for there was the look of her grandfather in her eyes, that brooked no refusal or hesitation. The proclamation was issued.

"On the hills of Korazon young Asdrubal had collected five hundred brave shepherds, whom he had constantly drilled in arms and taught to be soldiers. The hermit, too, by some unaccountable means, had perfectly equipped these shepherds, and a finer band of warriors had never assembled.

"The care of the flocks and herds was left to their women. When the hermit showed to Asdrubal the proclamation of Zeluma, his countenance lighted up with joy.

"'Allah,' he said, 'in his infinite mercy has opened the floodgates of his goodness, and showers opportunity on my head. Father, I now feel your admirable teachings were not in vain. With this knowledge, and a firm heart, I believe I can lead the armies of my queen to victory.'

"'My son, great is the responsibility; but, as Allah is my judge, I do believe you are now capable. To-morrow, then, you shall appear as becomes the rank to which you aspire. I believe the queen will select you in preference to any rival who may appear.'

"In compliance with the tenor of the proclamation, the queen assembled her divan in the immense court-yard of the palace. A pure white canopy shielded her throne and its surroundings from the rays of the sun. Here she awaited the application of any one possessed of sufficient confidence to apply for the office of commander-in-chief of her armies. The youthful queen in silence sat. Her love for Asdrubal, and confidence in his devotion, had to

a great extent prompted the edict, and she waited anxiously for him to appear, believing in her soul that he would come.

"Sombre and sad the old men of the court maintained their places. After long delay, the grand vizier rose, and, making his respectful salutation, addressed the throne:

"'Most noble and puissant queen, it is evident that your singular proclamation (I speak with reverence) meets with no response. So great is the responsibility, and so absolutely wanting is the knowledge of military affairs in our unhappy country, that none dare, even with such wonderful inducements, to appear and attempt the task. Would it not be well, and comport with dignity, to dissolve the court?'

"'No, vizier,' replied Zeluma, firmly. 'Allah will yet raise me up a champion!'

"At this moment, from the archway, in a superb military costume, Asdrubal entered, and made his low though proud obeisance. The heart of the queen bounded with joy. Tears of happiness sprang to her lovely eyes; but, by a powerful effort, she conquered her emotions, and in a subdued voice asked:

"'Do you come, sir, in response to the proclamation?'

"'Under an able master I have long studied, impelled, no doubt, by Allah, the all-wise ruler of the universe. With his blessing and guidance will I lead your armies to victory.'

"'And I solemnly believe you will. If Heaven so directs, the tenor of the proclamation shall be observed. Grand vizier, proclaim this cavalier generalissimo of all our forces!'

"Kneeling at Zeluma's feet, Asdrubal fervently kissed her hand, and said:

"'When next we meet, it shall be to announce my task as done. If not again, an early grave will prove my devotion. Beautiful queen, for a time, farewell!'

"The court was dismissed. Zeluma hastened to her apartment, and, when alone, exclaimed in ecstasy:

"'Asdrubal, thou noble youth, the holy prophet will grant thee victory. Allah, Allah, smile upon my love, and vouchsafe me peace and happiness!'

"The shepherd-band were ordered to assemble for prompt departure to the scene of conflict. When Asdrubal made his appearance, seated on his faithful charger, it was the first time they had seen him in gorgeous array. Their admiring looks followed him, for the shepherd had disappeared in the brilliant soldier.

"Asdrubal assumed command of the second army. He vigorously enforced discipline, and established schools of instruction for officers and men. The soldiers felt the control of a master hand. The *débris* of the scattered and defeated army was gradually collected, and distributed throughout the ranks. On several occasions instances of insubordination occurred, but they were met with such prompt punishment that the seeds of discontent were utterly destroyed.

"Prince Huron continued to approach with his victorious army towards the pass of Koh-iherd, which was near the centre of Zeluma's kingdom. Asdrubal had instituted such a strict patrol that no information could pass to the enemy by spies or traitors; and, consequently, Prince Huron approached in perfect confidence, sure of obtaining possession of Zeluma and her kingdom.

"Asdrubal, with the promptness of genius, had resolved to be first at the Louriston gorge, to which the enemy were advancing. By forced marches, he arrived in time to fortify and conceal his position. A reconnoissance revealed the existence of two passes some ten miles distant, one on each side of his fortified position. This was a happy discovery, and he determined to turn it to advantage.

"Dividing the army into three divisions, he selected two of his best and most reliable generals to command the wings, reserving to himself the centre. He knew that a determined assault would be made at the main passage, through which Prince Huron projected his march. From his pickets he received the information that the enemy, in fancied security, were carelessly advancing, and that they would probably appear early in the morning.

"At once Asdrubal dispatched the flanking corps to pierce the newly-discovered openings on either hand. His plan was, that, while the prince was attacking him in front, his wings were simultaneously to fall on the flanks of the enemy. If these attacks proved successful, the result would be promptly known to Asdrubal, who with all his forces would charge the enemy's front. Thus surrounded, they would encounter overwhelming defeat.

"At dawn of day, Asdrubal mounted his steed and reviewed his troops. The shepherd-battalion was held in reserve, to be used only when necessity called for its aid. The young general felt assured that on its prowess he could implicitly rely, should the conflict become desperate or doubtful.

"Scarcely had his forces been placed in position,

before the head of Prince Huron's column appeared, marching unconscious of the foe in their path. Brief was their infatuation; for, as the first column entered the gorge, arrows, stones, and javelins flew like hail-storms into their astonished ranks.

"Seized with a panic, they were breaking their ranks, when Huron, who was not deficient in personal courage, rallied them, and brought them back to the assault. Desperate was the hand-to-hand conflict, and conspicuously shone the bravery of each hostile general.

"Prince Huron hurled his whole force against Asdrubal, and at one moment pressed so far into the gorge, that it was necessary to order the shepherds to the front. The effect of their splendid discipline was instantaneous. The enemy fell back, broken and confused. At this moment shouts resounded on both flanks, and Asdrubal, comprehending the cause, made a final charge, and swept everything before him.

"The enemy's flanks were doubled up and thrown in confusion on their centre, and the wildest tumult reigned. Orders were disregarded, and in the *mêlée* our young general encountered the prince, and at one blow disarmed and wounded him. The vengeful scimetar was raised to exterminate the author of this unjust war, when Prince Huron claimed a surrender, and asked for his life. Withholding his arm, Asdrubal delivered him to his faithful shepherds, with injunctions to guard him carefully, and slay him if he attempted to escape.

"The defeat became a rout; but the manœuvring of the cavalry prevented the escape of the fugitives. By three o'clock every man of the invading army was killed, wounded, or captured. Thirty thousand breathed their

last upon the bloody field, and forty thousand were taken as prisoners of war. Vast was the booty obtained. All the spoils taken from the cities which had fallen into the enemy's possession were recaptured. It is said that the prisoners and train of spoils, on its march to Ispahan, extended fifty miles.

"The first information of the victory received by the queen was the arrival of Prince Huron as a captive.

"Ispahan was given over to rejoicing; but, if the inhabitants were elated at the glorious news, what language can depict the joy of Zeluma!

"With wonderful vigor and alacrity Asdrubal recaptured city after city that had previously fallen into the hands of Prince Huron, and eventually not an enemy stood on the soil of his country save as a prisoner. By means of his cavalry he concealed his movements from the enemy, and surprises were therefore of daily occurrence. By forced marches he suddenly and unexpectedly appeared before the capital of the king of Farristan. Not a moment was allowed for parley. The guards were surprised, and the gates fell into the hands of the army of Irak Adjemi. So complete became the panic, that feeble resistance only was offered. Asdrubal captured King Baman in his palace. On beholding his conqueror, the king was bewildered. Some horrible recollection seized upon his mind, and he swooned.

"Leaving the king under guard, Asdrubal proceeded to the council-chamber, and there proclaimed a new government, over which, at his own request, he placed the hermit.

"Thus, in four months was the kingdom of Irak Adjemi restored to more than its pristine grandeur, and its old renown in arms again sustained.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ZELUMA RESOLVES TO MARRY HER GENERAL COMMANDING.—A MUSTY OLD LAW INTERPOSES.—GRIEF IN COURT CIRCLES.—THE HERMIT TURNS UP WITH A REVELATION.—ASDRUBAL THE RIGHTFUL KING OF FARRISTAN.—THE DIFFICULTY SETTLED, AND THE STORY WINDS UP HAPPILY.

LEAVING his army in charge of one of his generals, Asdrubal, with his shepherds as a body-guard, repaired to the capital. His reception by the inhabitants was an ovation. At night the city blazed with illuminations, and music filled the air. The khan in which the conqueror tarried was surrounded by crowds of admirers, nor did they disperse until the beams of the morning sun shone upon the jubilant city.

"At an early hour a message from the palace informed the young general that the queen would give him audience.

"Dressed in sumptuous apparel, at the appointed moment he appeared at the palace-gate, and received admittance to the divan. There, seated on her throne, Zeluma, queen of Ispahan, shone forth in majesty and beauty.

"Asdrubal advanced, and was about to kneel, when, rising from her seat, the queen intercepted the movement. Placing both hands in his, she said:

"'Asdrubal, my brave general, welcome! Welcome to a throne which thou hast worthily won!'

"But, as they stood clasped in each other's arms, the old grand vizier arose, and said:

"'Mighty queen, your servant has a sorrowful duty to perform. The edict, in all its features, cannot be fulfilled. The law forbids it; and your coronation-oath binds you to respect the law.'

"Zeluma turned her eyes upon the vizier, and, with a haughty voice, asked:

"'What law interdicts a queen from keeping sacred her plighted word?'

"'The law of the kingdom of Irak Adjemi, my sovereign. Its language is thus: "It is decreed that no female member of the royal family of the kingdom of Irak Adjemi shall contract or fulfil a contract of marriage with any one whose birth and station are not equal to her own." This law, O queen, you promised, on the day of your coronation, to maintain. That oath was registered in heaven, and cannot be annulled.'

"Zeluma became as pale as death. Turning fiercely on the vizier, she demanded to read the law. The old man tremblingly placed the volume in her grasp. She read the record over and over, until the words seemed to burn into her brain.

"'Holy prophet, sustain me in this hour of misery!' she said, in a flood of tears. 'My cup of joy was full, and now the hand of inexorable Fate has dashed it from my lips! But it shall not condemn me to a life of perpetual misery. I will resign this hated crown, since it must needs crush the sunlight from my heart and leave me in perpetual darkness.'

"The grand vizier again bent low in trembling obeisance, and thus expressed himself:

"'Great queen, hear your counsellor speak. The throne you cannot surrender. It is not a bauble, to be cast aside at will. The law placed the crown upon your brow—that brow anointed with the holy oil from Mecca. Your coronation was a sacred, indissoluble marriage with your people, whose interests you swore to protect. A queen you are, and a queen you must remain.'

"'Oh, that I had been born a peasant, then! Asdrubal, speak for me! My heart is not made of iron—it breaks! it breaks!' And she fell upon his bosom.

"The young general stood like one thunderstruck. So high had soared his hopes, that now, to behold them crushed by an absurd, antiquated law, almost bereft him of his senses. His eyes wandered in a dreamy maze around the silent council-chamber. Suddenly a flame shot from them, as if the beacon of hope had again been lighted. At the extreme end of the audience-chamber the old hermit stood, viewing with a calm, unruffled countenance, the scene before him.

"'Oh, Asdrubal, beloved Asdrubal, I am doomed to despair!' moaned the distressed Zeluma.

"A deep voice echoed through the chamber:

"'Daughter of a race of kings, despair not. Allah achbar, on him is our dependence when sorrow wrings the soul. The law, it is true, cannot be broken, and your oath is binding; but, O Zeluma, know that, in wedding Asdrubal, your oath remains inviolate. You link your fate not with the shepherd of Korason, soldier of renown though he be, but to Hafed Kosru, king of Farristan!'

"There was a sensation in the divan, and Zeluma and her lover stood transfixed; while the grand vizier de-

manded to know on what authority an unknown hermit presumed to make an assertion so bold.

"'On the authority of Shamnabar, once grand vizier to Kosru I., king of Farristan, who now stands before you!'

"A murmur of astonishment arose in the chamber; for in all Persia, in times past, no vizier enjoyed a more exalted reputation than Shamnabar; and fifteen years of seclusion had not diminished his fame.

"'When,' he continued, 'the noble young prince who now stands before you was but six years old, his uncle, the late King Baman (for he no longer lives), intrigued at his brother's court, with a party of wicked adherents, to obtain, through the most horrible of all crimes—murder—possession of the throne. This young prince was in the habit of spending much of his time in my home, adjoining his father's palace. The beauty and prattle of the child won my affection. I purchased toys to amuse him, and, though he frequently was absent from the palace in my company, his attendants felt no alarm, or sought for his return.

"'On the fearful night when the designs of an unnatural brother were to culminate, the prince, by mere accident, early in the morning fell asleep in my chamber. On going to arouse him and send him to the palace, his profound slumber checked me. I felt that I could not disturb him. God had placed this feeling of sympathy for the child in my breast, so that I might become the instrument of saving him.

"'At the hour of midnight, an old friend, whose integrity had been tampered with, feeling the stings of upbraiding conscience, hurriedly and in extreme distress

rushed into my apartment. He aroused me from uneasy dreams, and, to my horror, revealed the dreadful tragedy that had already been enacted at the palace. The king, my noble master, with three sons, were murdered; and the conspirators had issued orders to have this young prince found and slaughtered, too. "Fly from this spot!" he exclaimed. "Horses are at the door. Ten miles distant you may conceal yourself in my country palace, and thither I will send you apparel and money. Take this most unfortunate prince with you. Let this act of mine palliate, as far as possible, my own crime."

"'The danger was too great to permit the indulgence of further conversation. Dressing with dispatch, and throwing a warm mantle over the prince, I hastily mounted, and, unperceived, rode from the city.

"'On the following night my chests arrived, and the faithful servant who brought them also delivered to me a large amount of gold, and some of my most valuable jewels. A note accompanied these effects, which was couched in the following language: "Diligent search has been instituted for the prince and yourself. The conspirators fully believe you both to be concealed in the city. Take two dromedaries for your luggage, a horse for your personal use, and put a wide distance between you and this wicked usurpation. Conceal from the prince his real rank; for, if words of indiscretion should be spoken, the assassin's arm will reach you both. Flee, then, with secrecy and promptness, and do not believe your old friend lost to all honor, though weak you may justly term him."

"'Without delay I fled. In Ispahan the dromedaries and horse were sold. On the adjacent hills of Korason I

bought a shepherd's cot. There, secluded and unsuspected, I lived, teaching my young charge not as a shepherd lad, but in the higher branches of learning. To ward off the slightest suspicion, I made him tend our flocks. The humble shepherd he was, save in marked intelligence, lofty ambition, and a soul as pure as the truth of heaven.

"'On the capture of the city of Shairaz by our young general, I was with him. The king became his prisoner. When the general appeared, this wicked uncle gazed at him with a look of horror, and exclaimed: "Has the grave given up its dead?" and, with a groan of agony, he swooned.

"'We left him contending with the grim monster who meets the wicked on their entrance into the dark shadows of eternal death. He died, hearing the shouts of joy that rose upon the air from the liberated people.

"'I am here with all the officials of Shairaz, and, by the courtesy of your Majesty, would at once crown our prince, that he may return to his people, their king indeed!'

"Low bent the ministers in reverence to the young king of Farristan; while Zeluma, sinking upon her knees, kissed the hand of the monarch of her heart.

"On the following day, in the grand mosque of Hassan, before all the dignitaries of Ispahan and of Farristan, Asdrubal (as Zeluma persisted in calling him) was crowned. Immediately afterwards the royal pair were married, and thus the two kingdoms became united.

"The hermit, now Grand Vizier Shamnabar, increased his reputation for wisdom and justice. It was owing to his genius and far-reaching policy that Persia became

once again consolidated, and grew to be a mighty power among the nations of the earth.

"King Kosru reigned in absolute power for many years. The marriage with Zeluma was blessed of Heaven. No clouds shaded their horizon, from the rising to the setting sun, and in the course of time's revolution Persia was happily ruled by the beautiful and good—the offspring of Asdrubal and Zeluma."

The old man concluded, amid the deep attention of the audience. For a few moments after the close of the story perfect stillness reigned; then murmurs of approbation broke forth, and everybody moved towards the platform to deposit in a box the customary contribution. No one failed to make an offering, if it was no greater than the widow's mite. During this action of the audience the patriarchal story-teller sat with his chin resting on his bosom, and eyes closed as if in meditation.

So our Americans left him, and repaired to their palace, to perfect arrangements for an early departure on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PORT MAHON ONCE MORE.—THE REEFERS' MESS BROKEN UP.—A PARTING SUPPER AT CATCHIO'S.—TOM VALZE'S GREEN BAIZE.—"MALA FORTUNA."—THE GAMESTER OF THIRTY YEARS.

MOUSAH found no difficulty in obtaining possession of a loaded canjiah for the passage of the gentlemen to Fouah. She was to start at daylight. Early dawn found the party on board, making themselves comfortable for the voyage back to canal Mahmoudie. The breeze blew lightly, but the swift current floated them rapidly towards their destination. Gradually the domes and minarets of "Cairo the Magnificent" faded from view; but it was not until night that the immortal Pyramids disappeared under the southern horizon.

Before daylight they arrived at the mouth of the canal. A boat was on the eve of leaving for Alexandria, and immediately the travellers reëmbarked. Midnight brought the journey to an end. Remaining on board for the night, the frigate was not reached until seven o'clock on the following morning. At meridian the ship was outside the harbor, under full sail, and making splendid time to the northward and westward.

Nine days brought Mount Toro in sight, and in a few hours, with a brisk Levanter, the ship entered and was moored in old Port Mahon. Mail-bags were brought on

board, and letters distributed and perused. There were tears shed by some over black-sealed envelopes, and joyous exclamations by those whose tidings were of a happier character.

The married officer receives his mail in fear and trembling. Many months may have elapsed since domestic information has reached him, and in that interval of time his anxious mind dwells on the uncertainty of earthly joys, and the melancholy changes that may have contracted his family circle.

The reefer has no responsibility. His elastic heart never indulges in sad reveries. To him the cares of life have no reality. His jocund temperament rides him like a bubble on the waves of youth to that ocean of maturity, where the struggles of life bring storms and hurricanes by the score.

The duty of the ship being paramount to every personal consideration, all hands were soon busily engaged in unbending sails, sending down spars, breaking out the hold, and other nautical disruptions incidental to an overhauling and refitting for the next cruise.

Shortly before the arrival of the *Nautilus* at Port Mahon, a store-ship with provisions for the squadron arrived. As she was to return to New York in a few days, the opportunity was seized by the commodore to send the sick and invalided of the squadron home in her; and Mr. Randal was placed in charge, with instructions to report to the Department on his arrival in New York.

The schooner *Shark* was also ordered home by the Department; and those young gentlemen whose probationary service had expired were to take passage and

report for examination before the official board. Paul Forbes and Midshipman Benton were among the number.

The captain of the schooner *Shark* had for some time past failed in health. A medical survey became necessary, and it resulted in his being invalided, and ordered to take passage home in the store-ship. Lieutenant Walford, as the senior lieutenant on the station, was placed in command of the *Shark*. Paul was to continue his duties as aid to the commodore until the schooner was reported ready for her winter return to the coast of America.

The breaking up of pleasant and affectionate associations cast its shadow over the inmates of the steerage. Gathering for the last time around the old white-oak table which for nearly two years had been the rallying-spot for all their mirth and good fellowship, they realized at last how dear they had all become to each other.

The night before Randal was to sail in the store-ship, a few of his more intimate friends invited him to partake of a farewell supper. The spread was to come off at the house of Catchio, that gastronomic wonder of Port Mahon, whose *cuisine* had been the theme of praise by countless midshipmen for the previous thirty years.

"Who," exclaimed Paul, in a fervor of anticipation, "has visited this naval depot of the American squadron, and can ever forget Catchio and his unrivalled suppers? And when far away at sea, masticating the salt horse of Uncle Sam's unsavory ration, who is there that yearns not for the date-fish, the partridges, and fresh eggs of the prince of caterers?"

Incomparable Johnnie! The writer even now, after the lapse of years, can recall thy round and cheery figure, begirt with apron pure and white as the snowflakes of

thy native Andalusia, thy *cuisine* tricot gracefully extended like a marshal's bâton, whilst thou enumeratest the contents of thy unrivalled larder. Those were happy days when Johnnie was in his prime, and life to the American middies was in its rosy morn.

Paying parting visits to the fair señoritas of Mahon consumed the early portion of the evening. At nine o'clock the party assembled in the billiard-room, expecting to wind up with this universal game; but the tables being engaged, all hands partook of a glass of "monkey soup" (that emanation of Johnnie's genius, which Byron should have tasted and immortalized), and repaired to a room in the rear, "to observe," as Randal said, "the mutations of that fickle goddess 'Fortuna,' the child of Jupiter Eleatherius."

A crowd was here assembled around a large table covered with green baize. Occupying the back seat, with the cards which he manipulated with gingerly affectation, behold Tom Valze! Poverty had pulled down the hidalgo-pride of his once wealthy family, and "Tom the Dandy," who had strutted his brief hour amid the *salons* of aristocracy, found his level at last as conductor of a monte-table.

To do him justice, in spite of this Lucifer-like fall, Tom continued to retain the Beau-Brummel polish that had characterized his early career. Scrupulously neat in person, mild and insinuating in manner, Tom "cleaned you out" with ease and grace, his friendly smile always checking the angry ejaculation ready to spring from your lips under the baneful influence of misfortune.

Commissioned officers, midshipmen, army officers, and citizens eagerly watched the cards, sometimes calling out

"*spero*" for a pause to place their bets. The stakes were generally small, but the winnings of the bank, in the aggregate, made the game profitable, and Tom Valze was thus enabled to indulge his taste for personal decoration, and live in comfort.

There was nothing in this gambling-room to interest observers, save the eccentricities of a better, who, many years before, had received the sobriquet of "*Mala Fortuna.*" For twenty-eight years this sobriquet had adhered to him, until his fame and name at monte had become historical. He was small, thin, and cadaverous; his nose was hooked, and his visage was sharp and lugubrious. For thirty years he had been a resident aide-de-camp of the governor, on a small stipend of twenty-four dollars per month, which he vainly strove to increase by nightly visits to the "Tiger." Though constantly "scratched," his parsimonious greed increased his passion for play. At this time he was over sixty-five years old. Regularly, at nine P.M., he entered the saloon of "Fortuna." For some moments he would stand watching the run of the cards, biting his lips, and thumping his breast when a prediction failed. At length, nervously taking out his slim purse, containing probably three "pesaters" (sixty cents), he would select a five-cent piece. Devotedly crossing himself and uttering a *paternoster*, the coin would be placed on his favorite card, generally the seven, *cavalio*, or ace. While the cards were running, the expression of his countenance defied analysis. It was a foretaste of purgatory. He wins, perhaps. The *enormous* bet is clutched with eagerness. The high-wrought muscles of his face are relaxed, and, with a grin, he mutters, "*Buono cavalio!*" The ace is placed on the table.

Struggling through the crowd, his trembling hand again deposits a five-cent piece, with the same accompaniment of crossing and prayers. He loses. Stamping his feet, tearing his hair, and beating his breast, out bursts the malediction so familiar for years to the votaries of the gambling-hell: "*Mala fortuna! Mala fortuna!*" It was impossible for the assembly to repress their smiles of amusement, though the expletive was anticipated. Thus, up to midnight old "*Mala Fortuna*" indulged in his customary execrations, at which time he departed, muttering, as he passed out of the door, "*M-a-la for-tu-na! caramba!*"

In a suppressed whisper, a *muchacha* announced that the banquet was on the table; and our party bade the "Tiger" and his keeper, the oily Tom, good-night, none having suffered from a prudent conflict with the renowned beast.

In the supper-room, with a napkin on his arm and a smile of ineffable complacency on his countenance, stood the gastronomic monarch, welcoming his hungry subjects to his board.

"Gentlemen, dere is de porker-staker, de partridger, de woodum-cocker, de heggs, de toaster, de caffa, de *dater-fisher!* What more yŏu want, eh?" And he laughed a jolly laugh of triumph, as if he challenged complaint or further demands on his artistic skill.

With marvellous avidity the gentlemen applied themselves to the extermination of the viands. When the victory was won, like so many Alexanders, they sighed to think there was nothing more for subjugation.

"Ah!" groaned Randal, "in all the regrets rending my aching heart on leaving Port Mahon, there is no sor-

row so afflicting as that I experience, beloved Johnnie, in bidding you farewell. When you are about to shuffle off this mortal coil, and return to that paradise of cooks from whence you came as a special loan to suffering humanity, send for me, that I may eat your exit fry with friendly sigh, and perform the last obsequies over your earthly remains, by rearing with affectionate solicitude a mausoleum as high as Toro's mountain, formed from the shells of the date-fish your genius has excoriated. As a pilot-beacon, it shall be so placed that, in ages to come, the navigator in these seas may exclaim, 'Cleopatra has her needle, Pompey his pillar, Titus his arch of triumph, and Catchio the Great his monument!' *Requiescat in pace*, as the learned have it. Fellows, I'm too full—of—feeling—to give utterance to the excess of sentiment that rides me down like a main-tack! We will for the last time together—on this cruise, at least—gladden the inner man, and let the lips smile while the heart may ache, by drowning all our sorrows in a bowl of Johnnie's ever-to-be-remembered and ever-sighed-for 'monkey soup.'"

"You shall have him, Misser Randal," said the flattered Catchio. "And I hope, sir, dat dis is not de las-um time I shall have much pleasure in serving a *caballero los quiero mucho*."

This was the longest speech mortal man ever heard the hero of the *cuisine* utter. It was appreciated.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT AT MALAGA.—THE GOVERNOR DEAD, AND HIS DAUGHTERS GONE.—ALARMING RUMORS.—PAUL SEARCHES THE CITY.—RESCUE OF CARMINA AND ZARA.

AT break of day the sick under Randal's charge struggled on the quarter-deck of the store-ship, and, as the bark passed the squadron, received three hearty cheers expressive of good-will. The schooner *Shark* has the cornet at the fore, "all boats and officers on board;" friends have separated, and some eyes are dim. Even the stoutest of the reefers feel that it is not unmanly to shed a tear at parting with their old messmates.

"Walk away with the deck-tackle, and be d—d to you! *Tempus fugit*, as the learned have it," was the order from abaft.

"'Billy Blowhard' has begun his furrin lingo, boys, and you'd better bend your backs and walk away!" growled an old forecastle-man whose time had expired, and who was now bound home to be discharged.

Receiving the usual cheers as a parting salutation, the little schooner glided out of the quiet waters of the harbor, and plunged into the heavy sea.

Paul had been much grieved and disappointed, on arriving at Port Mahon, to find no response to his last letters to the Malaga sisters. Painful rumors regarding the arbitrary arrests and execution of Spanish officials on

mere suspicion had reached him. Many names were mentioned, but not that of General O——.

As no news is good news, Paul hoped for the best; but the reperusal of Carmina's last letter again awakened anxiety, and he longed to reach Gibraltar, where the schooner would tarry for a short period, hoping there to receive answers to his recent epistles. The wind for a few days blew moderately, but, gradually hauling ahead, raised an unusually heavy swell, which tossed the little craft like a cork upon its restless bosom. On the port-tack they headed for the coast of Spain, which was sighted at nine A.M. Nearing it, the cathedral towers and clustering buildings indicated a city which the master pronounced to be Malaga.

Hoping to get a favorable slant by standing close into the land, the schooner's direction was not changed seaward. At three P.M. the harbor of Malaga opened fully to view, only one mile distant. It then fell calm, and in a monstrous sea the little craft rolled annoyingly, perfectly helpless, without one breath of air to keep her under control.

Paul was looking over the starboard quarter with a spy-glass, endeavoring to pierce the distance and see if there was any familiar appearance about the palace. His earnest gaze discovered nothing, and with a sigh he turned from the examination.

"*Cui bono*, as the learned have it. There is no use in looking, Mr. Forbes. Small vessels like ours rarely attract the attention of fair señoritas. Are you acquainted with any of the ladies of Malaga?"

"Yes, sir. When last here, I parted with two dear friends, lovely young girls, the daughters of Governor

O——. Their last letters were full of sad forebodings, originating from the distracted state of the country."

"Ahem! so you keep the fire burning by way of correspondence, when absent? *Hic et ubique*, as the learned have it. Go where we will, d—n me if there is not some one who is always spooney! Now, Mr. Forbes, you may talk of *two* lovely girls as much as you please; but I'm too old a salt to be humbugged out of the opinion that there is *one* particular pair of bright eyes peeping in the window of your reefer-heart."

"No, sir; those friends are sisters, beautiful and interesting; but my affection is the same for both."

"*Gratis dictum*, as the learned have it. I've seen that kind of weakness before. Just prior to joining this squadron, I was on duty at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Attached to the receiving-ship belonging to the vessel was a passed midshipman who also made the acquaintance of two lovely sisters. It ripened into a love for both, and both, it appeared, were in love with our Magnus Apollo, who *non conscire sibi*, as the learned have it, continued his attentions, first thinking that Jane was his decided weakness; but when blooming, blushing Lucy hove in sight, he clewed up and anchored by her side. Feeling a necessity for mooring with an open hawse to the piano, Jane agitated the ivory, and from that quarter a hurricane of charms, or, as his messmates said, *heavy squalls*, burst upon him, making his anchor drag. At midnight, when he came on board, the officer of the watch became his confidant, and in his sleeve enjoyed a laugh at the weakness exhibited by 'Admiral Dandelo'—for such was his sobriquet among the officers. One night it was Jane, the next Lucy. If he paid attention to

Lucy, Jane took to her couch, and the doctor was sent for, and *vice versâ*. Poor Dandelo vibrated for some time between the sisters. He could not, in our country, wed both; so the midshipmen suggested that he should turn Turk, migrate to Constantinople, and there open a harem. Finally, in deep despair, and at the suggestion of a messmate, he spun a teetotum, and Lucy won. Jane went into hysterics and took to her bed—talked of a convent—the silent tomb, and all that sentimental lingo. Dandelo was in despair; his heart trembled with misgivings. Matters had proceeded too far for the entry of a *nolle prosequi*, as the learned have it; and his messmates, hasting on the teetotum results, Lucy became his bride. I attended the party. Jane was radiant in not borrowed, but natural, charms; and by the Lord, sir, the amount of grub that *disconsolate* damsel stowed away would have astonished Apicius. So the furore of her passion simmered into sisterly affection. Mr. Forbes, take woman singly or in doublets, and d—n me, sir, if they will not rake you fore and aft, until necessity compels one to strike his colors! Sisterly affection! Whew! dangerous, sir, I tell you! *Nusquam tuta fides*, as the learned have it.

"See how the barometer stands. I do not like this heavy swell; and those *cirro stratus* clouds are now running into mackerel-tails in rather an ominous manner."

Paul reported the barometer to be falling quite rapidly.

"Well, sir, we are close in with Malaga, and under the lee of its breakwater a gale can be rode out free from wear and tear of rigging and canvas. Mr. Jones, get out and man the sweeps, sir."

The delight of Paul on hearing these orders cannot be

expressed. Shortly he would embrace his two lovely friends, dispel their fears, and bring smiles to gladden their hearts.

The little schooner at once felt the influence of twenty sweeps, and rode rapidly over the undulating seas towards the port, now less than a mile distant. The harbor was soon entered and the vessel moored.

The moment all hands were piped down, Paul obtained permission to visit the shore. With a small bag in hand, as it was his custom to carry comb and brush, and tarry the night at the governor's, he hurried with eagerness to the palace. On arriving at the gate, to his astonishment, he found it closed. Knocking, a sentinel inside inquired the object of his visit.

"To see General O——."

"Begone! He's dead," replied the soldier, crustily.

Paul leaned against the gate, overcome with anguish. General O—— dead!—the kind father and honorable, high-toned soldier dead! It seemed impossible. And yet, the harsh, angry tone of the announcement was unmistakable. It sounded, too, of animosity. Turning from the palace, which became in an instant an object of detestation, he hastened to the American consul, and from him learned that just four weeks before, at daylight in the morning, General O—— was dragged from his chamber and shot in the court-yard, by a peremptory order of the Government. He was not granted time to shrive, to see and bless his daughters, but condemned to meet his death ere the sun smiled upon this great wide world of joy and sorrow. No explanations were made. The people heard of the execution, and indulged in unavailing grief. His family the new commandant ruth-

lessly ejected from the palace; and those who should have sheltered, feared to do so lest the brand of suspicion might light on them also.

The consul could give the distressed midshipman no information about the ladies. He only remarked, that such general distrust and suspicion existed throughout the unhappy land, that no official life was safe. No one was free from the cruelty of the despotic government of Isabella II.

Poor Paul! his misery had culminated. Where were now his dear friends, his adopted sisters? No one knew. He was resolved to find them, if it became necessary to ransack every house in Malaga.

With the assistance of the kind consul, detectives were called into requisition and promised liberal rewards to find the ladies before the next day. Paul himself explored the streets, gazing at every window with a nervous, anxious expression, that sometimes caused him personal annoyance; but unfalteringly he continued his search. At last night closed in darkness, and, reluctantly, for the time he abandoned the search.

Returning to the consul's, no news awaited him there, and his anguish became extreme. To sleep was impossible; the torture of his mind would not permit repose. The wind howled around his chamber, and added to the gloominess of his feelings.

At midnight one of the detectives notified him that he was on the trail, and hoped in the morning to conduct him to the señoritas.

The night passed wretchedly with the midshipman. At length morning dawned, and, hastily descending from his chamber, Paul awaited with impatience the arrival of

the detective. About seven o'clock the man came in, and informed him that he had discovered the abode of the girls, and would lead him to it instantly. Hastily following him, Paul was taken to a common-looking house in a questionable quarter of the city.

"There!" said the conductor, "the ladies are in that hacienda. They were domiciled only yesterday. They had better have died than have passed its wicked portal." Paul scarcely heard him. Without knocking, he dashed in, shouting:

"Carmina!—Zarah! Dear girls, it is Paul, your brother, that calls!"

A shriek, not of despair, but of hysteric joy, was heard in one of the rooms above. A door burst open, and down the stairway came both sisters, pale and emaciated. They rushed into Paul's open arms, and fell crying upon his bosom. It was some moments before they could command utterance, and then they overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude and love.

"Oh, Paul, our prayers have been heard! The Holy Virgin has sent you to our rescue, and in time to save us, thank God! thank God! Take us away quickly from this horrible place! The air is pollution!"

"Procure your wardrobe, and we will at once depart," said Paul.

In a few moments the sisters were out of the house, escorted carefully and tenderly by their young hero.

"Walk fast, Zarah!" said Carmina. "If that old woman returns and sees us fleeing, she will endeavor to detain us on some wicked plea. Let us hasten!"

Almost in silence Paul conveyed them to the Hôtel Britannique, kept by an Englishman, at which house the

officers of the frigate had been in the habit of sojourning. Paul took them into the ladies' parlor. The proprietor appeared to be greatly displeased. Calling the midshipman aside, he said:

"I keep a respectable 'ouse, sir, and cannot allow any rampaging like this. You must take your cattle elsewhere."

Paul could scarcely control his indignation. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him appearances were rather peculiar. So, curbing his anger, he replied:

"I know that you keep a respectable house, and for that reason I have brought these poor orphan girls, daughters of the late murdered General O——, here for protection, having rescued them from impending ruin. My purposes, sir, are honorable and humane. As you are a man, I claim for them kind and respectful treatment, such as the unfortunate have a right to expect."

"I'm an Englishman, sir, and would not wrong a woman. General O—— I 'ighly respected, and, if they *are* 'is daughters—poor things!—it is not in my 'otel 'ospitality shall be wanting!"

The sisters were speedily ushered into a chamber. Paul begged them to seek some repose while he reported on board, promising to return at once for their protection.

The storm still continued violent, but, as there was a gang-board from the schooner to the mole, Paul found no difficulty in reaching the deck. He immediately repaired to the cabin, and explained the distressing cause of his failing to report on board at daylight. The commander listened attentively, and seemed much moved by the recital.

"Mr. Forbes, in your deeds *esto perpetua*, as the

learned have it. I have always considered you a most worthy young gentleman, but this conduct pleases me beyond measure. You shall have all the time that can be given for the completion of your charitable and praiseworthy intentions. Have these poor girls no relatives to whom they can be sent?"

"Yes, sir; they have an aunt in Andalusia, who will be but too happy to receive them. As yet, no explanations or plans for the future have been made. They were too much excited and hysterical to enter into conversation; so I left them in their chamber, to recover their composure."

"You are right, sir. Now, my suggestion is, that these ladies be sent in the *diligence* to their aunt immediately, in order that you may see them off; for, you know, when this gale abates, I must depart. Permit me, Mr. Forbes, to aid you with my purse. It is not a long one, but never too short to do its duty under such distressing circumstances."

Paul could not refuse the offer of the warm-hearted captain, who, strange to say, appeared too much affected to indulge in a quotation.

Much feeling was expressed by the officers of the vessel, nearly all of whom had known the ladies and enjoyed the hospitality of their father. Funds accumulated even beyond what Paul had deemed sufficient; so, thus fortified, he started for the hotel.

While passing through the street, a pale, sickly-looking young woman gazed earnestly upon him for a few seconds, then rushing forward, exclaimed, in broken English:

"Oh, Mr. Forbes, I'm so glad—so glad to meet you!

Do tell me where my dear young ladies are! Do you not remember me? I'm Catlena, their maid."

The poor girl was worn, wasted, and changed. It was hardly possible that any former acquaintance should remember the rosy-cheeked, buxom lassie of a few months ago. Paul soon recalled her to mind, and felt and expressed much pleasure at the meeting. Indeed, nothing could be more opportune. When he informed Catlena the ladies were safe, after long suffering and great sorrow, she wept, and exclaimed:

"Oh, how I thank you for this news! It lifts a terrible load from my mind. Since the mournful event that cast them friendless from the palace, severe sickness, brought on by exposure in endeavoring to find them, has confined me to my bed. Yesterday, for the first time in nearly one month, I have been able to leave my room. To-day my inquiries have been renewed. Your appearance before me seemed directed by the Holy Mother; and now I shall soon clasp my dear young ladies to my heart again!"

Paul asked her to go with him at once to the hotel. She replied that her absence from them would be brief. A duty connected with their interest required her attention for a short time. She parted hurriedly from Paul, and he proceeded to the hotel.

On arriving, the now polite and smiling landlord ushered him into a private parlor, where Carmina and Zarah awaited his return.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CARMINA'S NARRATIVE.—THE PLEASURES OF LIVING IN SPAIN.—CHARACTERISTIC BARBARITY.—HOMELESS AND UNDER THE BAN.—AMERICA TO THE RESCUE.—SYMPATHY FROM "OLD BLOWHARD."

THOUGH pale and sorrow-stricken, the countenances of the sisters were more composed. Saluting Paul affectionately and with endearing language, these suffering creatures seated themselves on either side of him. Carmina related with wonderful self-control the unhappy events that had darkened their lives since their last meeting.

"Now, dear, true-hearted Paul, I feel that it is but proper you should hear our history. It is a painful story. The blush of false shame might mantle the cheeks of many maidens in unveiling scenes that modesty would prompt them to pass untold. Duty to myself and Zarah demands that to you I should rise superior to ordinary feminine weakness, and explain all, without reserve."

"Dear Carmina," said Paul, "do not distress yourself with the painful recital. Know that I am unable to conceive an idea inconsistent with the saintly purity of Zarah and yourself."

"Then listen, Paul," replied Carmina. "Some time after your departure, our dear, murdered father (I can mention his name now, my brother, without watering it

with a tear—the fountain is dry), became gloomy and silent. We questioned him affectionately. The cloud would pass from his noble brow when he saw our anxiety, and the old, sweet smile return. Answering, with an effort to be cheerful, he would say:

"'Alas, my daughters, poor Spain is torn asunder with this horrible civil war! It is sowing dragon-seed, breeding distrust and suspicion, assailing the most honorable in the land. The knowledge that I have not passed unscathed, often conjures the shadows your smiles so soon dispel.'

"While strictly loyal, our father's kind heart could never close its portals against the miserable and unfortunate. His mercy seasoned justice. These heaven-born attributes were used against him by the jealous and unscrupulous sycophants of a sanguinary power. My father, like every man of eminence, was not without his enemies. Firm in integrity, abhorring a mean or cowardly act, his lofty soul looked down upon the viper-herd with a scorn that made them hate though fear him. His destruction became their object. With a corrupt court it was no Herculean task to damn a conservative gentleman with secret charges of disloyalty. The plot was well matured. Circumstances aided in their infamous scheme. The wife of a Carlist general, in her innocent mountain home, was captured, brought to Malaga, and by the military commandant incarcerated in a horrible dungeon.

"The act being irregular, and disrespectful to the governor, my father, on hearing of it, arrested the officer and liberated the lady. Nay, more; as she was in delicate health, and fast fading from her unhappy life, he provided comfortable quarters, and had her treated as if the

same God had created us all human beings. The mine was sprung, and our father was accused of being a traitor. The evidence, adroitly concocted, caused the issuing of an order from Madrid that must forever disgrace the throne of Isabella. An officer of unblemished character was condemned to death on *ex parte* evidence. Nay, more: the execution of the infamous edict was intrusted to the commandant, who had been privately restored to duty.

"You have heard with what ruthless barbarity he performed his wicked mission. Without foreknowledge, at break of day torn from his chamber, deprived of a confessor, or the consolation of bidding his lone and wretched daughters a last farewell, our father died. We reached the court-yard window to hear the volley and see this noble parent prostrate on the ground. We did not swoon, but started, with shrieks of anguish, to receive his last sigh. Rudely were we forced back. We were ordered to leave the palace without a moment's delay. A wild despair seemed to possess us both. Like frenzied beings we rushed to our chamber. The doors were open, and our trunks, with clothes from the open wardrobe, had disappeared. From one of the bureaus, the key of which was suspended round my neck, I obtained a small purse of money and some jewelry. We left the accursed spot, I know not how.

"We obtained a volante, and, ordering the driver to take us to a fair-weather friend, we suffered the first pang of extreme mortification, and the knowledge of our utterly desolate condition. The family who had been the recipients of favors and courtesy from our dear father, 'regretted their inability, under the political aspect of

the case, to entertain us,' orphans and outcasts as we were. So we passed on, from one old friend to another, meeting with the same cowardly reception.

"Paul, in my indignant despair I even laughed; but it was the laugh from a heart that had become in a few brief hours so hardened that I could not shed a tear.

"Our driver, low-born though he was, possessed some of the milk of human kindness. Seeing our distress, he informed us of a quiet, retired boarding-house, where the people would receive us without question.

"There necessity drove us. The house was barely decent in its exterior. Alas, gilded palaces and palatial mansions had rejected us, and a shelter, however humble, became welcome to such outcasts as we were.

"The keeper, a stout, stern-looking matron, received us, and when we asked if she could give us accommodation, she answered brusquely:

"'Yes, if you can pay. I want one week in advance.'

"The room to which we were shown was not seductive; but we were wretched, miserable, and exhausted. Her terms were complied with; and when in the solitude of this humble apartment, the pent-up ocean of grief burst its bonds. We wept bitter, bitter tears, for such sorrow as ours rarely comes to human hearts.

"On the following day Zarah became seriously ill—so ill that medical attendance had to be called in. For weeks the poor child lay suspended between life and death. My misery and anxiety, thus increased, became almost insupportable. What with the insolence and exactions of our unamiable landlady, to say nothing of the thieving propensity of a hired nurse, the slender purse we had depended upon for aid in joining our aunt in

Andalusia melted down to but a few gold pieces of the smallest denomination. Some of our jewelry had been purloined, but that which remained would, if properly disposed of, bring sufficient to pay the *diligence* fare. Though we wrote to our aunt the moment an abiding-place was found, yet no answer came—arising, no doubt, from the unsettled state of the country.

"At last Zarah was convalescent, and, for the first time in nearly one month, we were enabled to enjoy the fresh air under a large fig-tree in the front yard. On our first indulgence in this luxury a terrible misfortune occurred: the jewelry on which our hopes depended for rescue from our present miserable condition, was stolen. When the landlady was informed of it, and requested to institute some proper search, her insolence became excessive—nay, brutal. She informed us that her patience was exhausted with two troublesome, lazy, would-be ladies, who, in her opinion, were no better than they should be. She demanded the amount of her bill. It emptied our purse, and we were absolutely paupers.

"Seated under the shade of the friendly tree, the abject misery of our condition could hardly be realized. What to do we knew not, but we prayed for death to relieve us. While indulging in excessive grief, an old lady passed several times along the street, on each occasion eying us with an expression of sympathy and maternal kindness. Finally she approached, saying:

"'Excuse me, my dear children; are you not the daughters of the late dear, good General O——?'

"Between our sobs we answered in the affirmative. Fondly embracing first one and then the other, she expressed her sympathy and affection in delicate terms—so

different from the harshness manifested to us during the last month, that we were quite overcome.

"'Poor, unfortunate children! for the last three weeks I have been searching all Malaga to find and rescue you from trouble and sorrow. Your late father upon one occasion befriended me, and saved me from great misery. I owe him a debt of gratitude that never can be fully repaid. You must permit me, then, my darlings, to so befriend his daughters that the vast debt I acknowledge to be mine may be partially cancelled. You must both come to my house, and remain until I can convey a message to your aunt, and place you safely in her charge. Come, sweet girls, your sojourn here is irksome! Bring the slight wardrobe you possess, and at once accompany me. The quiet, peaceful home to which I will lead you is not far distant. Do not hesitate. Your father, in his noble generosity, saved me from want; he made a liberal investment, and it is but just his poor orphan children should draw the interest.'

"The woman's eyes were suffused with tears when mentioning our dear parent's name. Her look was good and benevolent. In our utter destitution, this relief seemed like an act of Providence. We accepted, and, without a word to our insolent landlady, departed.

"A brief walk brought us to the habitation where you found us, dear Paul. Showing Zarah and myself into a small parlor, refreshments were produced, of which we partook. We declined the wine she pressingly urged us to indulge in, as a tonic beneficial to the delicate state of our health. We were conducted to a pleasant bed-room, and left alone.

"Worn out by the vicissitudes of our painful life, we

sought a slight repose, that glided into profound slumber. From this sleep we were aroused by a knock at our bedroom door. I opened it, and our new friend entered. In her hand she held a large bundle. Placing it on the table, she turned to me, and said:

"'Come, my dears; you must get up and dress yourselves nicely. Here are clothes that will fit you. A number of friends are to spend the evening here, and I wish you to dry these tears, and assist me in entertaining them.'

"Quite astonished, I replied:

"'My good friend, you really must excuse us! Our mental as well as physical condition forbids our appearing in company.'

"'Mental and physical humbug! You do not expect to be lugging your dead with you forever? Come, all this is sheer nonsense! Two such pretty girls must not hide their lights under a bushel. Up and dress, and come down!'

"The tone of her voice, and her look, were so different from her former manner, that a vague feeling of terror came over us. Commanding myself to the best of my ability, I answered, with assumed firmness:

"'Excuse us. If you mean well, and have not forgotten the interest due on a debt of gratitude, permit us to remain quietly in this apartment, for we cannot and will not join your friends.'

"Flaunting out of the room, in undisguised rage she muttered some half-understood threats, and we were once more left alone. Zarah sprang to the door, locked, bolted, and barricaded it; then, throwing herself into my arms, exclaimed in anguish:

"'Oh, sister, sister! for what are we reserved? This is a wicked woman. She has, through the complicity of our late landlady, enticed us here. We must get away. Better die in the public highway than breathe the air of pollution!'

"Despair reduced us to calmness, and we determined to escape on the morrow, with the purpose of begging our way on foot to Andalusia.

"It was evident that company had assembled below. Many loud and jarring voices could be heard as the hours of horrible suspense rolled on, intermingled with laughter, singing, and blasphemous language.

"Earnestly we prayed to Heaven for relief and rescue. On several occasions our door was attempted, but the bolt and barricade resisted the drunken effort to force it. Once during the awful night the woman who had played the pious, grateful Christian, and enticed us to her den, tumbled, in a beastly state of intoxication, against our door, and indulged in fearful, infamous threats.

"Eventually, the wine, or spirits, overcame the party, and silence reigned. Clasped in each other's arms, we passed a night of terrible anxiety and alarm. Morning came. It was some time before any movements below were heard.

"About seven o'clock the vile old wretch knocked at our door, and in coarse, vulgar language, proclaimed that hereafter her orders must be complied with. She would not put up with false delicacy or affected nonsense. She then announced her intention of going to market, and, on returning, expected to find us in the parlor, agreeable, and ready to enjoy life as she might direct. It was evident that she was still under the influence of her night's

indulgence; for she staggered, and left the house, as you know, without locking the door or taking the key with her.

"Praying to the Holy Mother for strength and direction, we were about to go forth and seek the charity of this heartless world, when your loving voice called, as if from Paradise. God had not deserted us, praised be His holy name!"

The sad history ended, Carmina and Zarah rested their heads on Paul's shoulders. They had wept their bitter tears, and, now that their night of sadness was passing away under the bright sun of friendship and brotherly protection, smiles, like soft moonlight through the midnight clouds, brought back to Paul's delighted sight their looks of old.

Suddenly remembering a forgotten message, he exclaimed:

"Why, my pets, I have neglected to tell you that, while on my way to the hotel, I met your maid Catlena. She was nearly frantic about you. The poor girl has been desperately ill, and looks more like a ghost than her former self. She promised to be here very soon, having first to attend to some business which concerns you both."

"Poor Catlena! She did not appear on that sad morning. Something must have happened to keep the true girl from us."

At this moment there was a bustle in the passage.

"Mind how you handle those chests, you careless louts, you! They belong to my young ladies, and you shall not harm them. There—put them down, and begone!"

Paul opened the door. With a wild cry of delight the fond girl rushed in. First embracing Carmina and

then Zarah, she uttered endearing words between her sobs.

When she had sufficiently recovered her composure, she said:

"And now, my darling ones, let me tell you how it came to pass that on that horrible morning you did not see me. Jacobi—you might as well know it right out—was my sweetheart. Afore day, when the soldiers came to murder my blessed master, Jacobi had to let them into the palace, and the corporal, who was a friend of his, told him what they had come for. Poor fellow! he liked to have fainted; but, like a sensible man, Jacobi comes to my room-door, and knocks. I gets up, and he asks me to pardon his impudence, and quickly, without waiting my forgiveness, tells the awful story. He waited, but not long; for in a few moments my clothes were on, and we consulted.

"'The corporal,' said Jacobi, 'told me that, as soon as the commandant arrived, the general would be shot, and his daughters bundled into the street as they stood—a punishment for all traitors and their brood.

"'Now,' said Jacobi, 'I thought you'd like to save some property for those lovely young ladies, and the sooner it is attended to the better, as I think these rascally soldiers will ransack the rooms for booty!'

"We managed to get the assistance of another servant. The palace was now all commotion. You had hurried to the reception-room to try and see your father and receive his last blessing. Hastening to your chamber, I seized upon three empty trunks in the ante-room, opened your wardrobe, packed all the dresses, and forced your bureau-drawer, where I knew your money and jewelry were

kept. In short, I left nothing of real value, except in one bureau, which I had not time to break open. Jacobi conveyed the luggage to his own room. By the time this was accomplished, all was over. You had been turned out, and I could not find you, though I hunted all Malaga through the entire day and night.

"The trunks Jacobi succeeded in having conveyed to his mother's, where I found a home, in time to go to bed, sick nearly unto death. For three weeks I lay burning up, knowing no one, and, as Jacobi's mother said, talking only of my young mistresses. When my senses returned, I came near losing them in real earnest. A recruiting sergeant pressed my poor Jacobi into the army. They tore him from the house, from his mother and his love, to fight against Don Carlos in the cause of Queen Isabella, for whom he felt no regard after the murder of his beloved general. We wept bitterly, and promised to remain true to each other; but I'm afraid a Carlist bagnet or leaden ball will plant Jacobi on these rugged mountains where the fighting is going on. Oh, my! this poor heart has had its grief!" And the honest girl indulged in a fresh burst of sorrow. When it had passed, she continued:

"This conscripting of my sweetheart threw me back into another fever, so that when, at last, it left me, I was nothing but skin and bones. Your chests are in the passage, my dears. Nothing is lost; so, come, and let me dress you in the new black silks. There is money and jewelry among the clothes, and, the sooner I'm relieved from the responsibility, the better I will feel."

Zarah and Carmina were deeply affected by the fidelity of Catlena; but as the good nurse thought their present

faded apparel should give place to more becoming colors under their bereavement, they retired, and left Paul, promising not to keep him waiting long.

While the young ladies were absent, the smiling landlord introduced into the parlor no less a personage than Captain Walford.

"I've called, Mr. Forbes, to pay my respects to the daughters of the late General O——. They may not feel disposed to receive visitors, but I come as a friend—*salvo pudore*, as the learned have it."

"Their misery, though excessive, is still under control. They will, I am sure, be pleased to see you."

Paul then gave his commander a minute detail of all that had happened to the young sisters from the death of their father up to the present moment. He listened with rapt attention. When the narrative was concluded, the warm-hearted commander paced the room in excitement.

"Poor girls!" he muttered. "What terrible sufferings! What heroism and purity of character have they not displayed, overcoming apparently insurmountable difficulties!—*constantia et virtute*, as the learned have it. But tell me, is the present commandant of this city the scoundrel who, lost to all manhood, treated these poor children so much like a brute?"

Paul assured him he was the individual.

"And to think, sir, that I called upon him officially this morning, and absolutely touched his bloody paw! D—n it, sir, it makes my blood boil with indignation! Had I known of his conduct, international courtesy might have gone to the devil before I'd have darkened

the door of such a brute! Such a man is *hostis humani generis*, as the learned have it."

Delivering himself of this quotation with considerable excitement, he struck the table a forcible blow, and stamped his feet with excessive anger.

At this moment the door opened, and the sisters, seeing an angry stranger in the room, were about to withdraw, when Paul called to them to enter. He introduced his captain, who, he said, was giving vent to a natural indignation on learning of the wrongs they had suffered.

Carmina blushed, and answered Paul with a look of reproach, which faded the moment Captain Walford approached, and with tender solicitude expressed his sympathy and friendship. There was such an honest, frank manner in this peculiar gentleman, that no one could harbor distrust or feel a want of confidence in him a moment after the first meeting.

"I called, my young ladies, to assist Mr. Forbes in the duties of friendship. Being a married man, with a responsibility, *inter nos*, as the learned have it, I consider a fundamental protection is thus guaranteed by my condition in life. A young gentleman who has not crossed the Rubicon may be everything that is pleasing in the eyes of the sex; but a man of domestic character is better calculated for a sage adviser. So, my dear children, consider me *justum et tenacem*, as the learned have it, with an amount of antique wisdom astonishing to my naval buttons."

The sisters could not but smile at this eccentricity of manner and speech; but he was not unknown to them, as

Paul had often indulged in humorous descriptions of every marked character he had heard of in the service.

Both girls were now becomingly robed in black. Their beautiful countenances, though pale, had lost the look of despair which had been so painful at the first interview.

"I have listened to Mr. Forbes' recital of your sufferings. It would be but a waste of words to express how deeply you possess my sympathy. Mr. Forbes informs me you have an aunt in Andalusia. Do not misunderstand me when I urge your immediate departure for the protection of that relative: first, because there is no telling how far the enmity of that brute, the commandant, may yet impel him to proceed; secondly, our tarry depends entirely upon the contingencies of the weather. This gale may cease to blow in twelve hours, and then you would be left again unprotected, and forced to trust to questionable friends for assistance in departing from this city. The landlord informs me the *diligence* leaves at six this evening. I have enjoined his silence in regard to your presence in this hotel, *prudens futuri*, as the learned have it. An excellent motto, by the by, and should not be disregarded."

Carmina listened attentively, and, when he had concluded, replied:

"Your advice accords with my own views. Indeed, our maid is already preparing the baggage, and in a short time we will be ready to depart. It will pain us deeply to be forced to separate so soon from you, Paul, our more than brother!"

Convulsive sobs from both sisters prevented further

utterance. After a painful pause of some moments, the agitated voice of the commander broke the silence:

"*Necessitas non habet legem*, as the learned have it. I can fully appreciate the sorrow that afflicts your young hearts, for it is not an ordinary occurrence to meet in adversity so true a friend as Mr. Forbes. I will bid you farewell for the present, but shall do myself the honor of playing the part of guardian at the hour of your leaving."

When Captain Walford departed, the girls and our middy gave full vent to their feelings. But one hour was left them for the enjoyment of each other's society; and Fate whispered that this parting would probably be forever.

Thus, in tender sympathy and unreserved expressions of endearment, the time passed away. Our friend the captain appeared, the *diligence* was at the door, the luggage secured, and there remained but the last embrace, the faintly-uttered, sad farewell.

The postilion's horn sounded, and the weeping sisters were borne by Captain Walford and Paul to the vehicle. Crack went the whip, and the impatient horses started at full speed, bearing away the sad-hearted girls from Malaga.

The landlord positively declined remuneration, nor would the ladies receive monetary assistance, as the recovery of their chests, through the fidelity of the devoted Catlena, placed them above want.

Ere the *diligence* started, Paul engaged one of the guard, for a handsome consideration, to bring a letter from Carmina announcing their safe arrival. The man promised to deliver it on the following evening.

Sadly, yet with a feeling of proud satisfaction, Paul repaired on board, and gratified his friends by informing them of the happy results his devoted friendship had produced.

Several of the officers, and among them Paul, were invited to a supper-party at the English consul's that evening, but the captain and surgeon alone accepted.

CHAPTER XXX.

UNEXPECTED RETRIBUTION.—A CARD-PARTY AT THE ENGLISH CONSUL'S.—CAPTAIN WALFORD'S DUEL.—TARDY JUSTICE TO THE LIVING AND DEAD.—PAUL'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE PEARLS OF MALAGA.

DURING the mid-watch, Paul paced the deck, his thoughts busy with the events of the past few days. The gale had not abated, but continued fiercely, hurling waves in massive volumes against the ponderous mole, over which the foam and spray dashed on board, drenching those whose duty rendered it necessary to be on deck. At two A.M., Paul was astonished to learn that the captain, so inseparable from his command, had not returned. At the conclusion of his watch he retired to his hammock, not inappropriately termed the "reefer's dream-bag," and no doubt again met Carmina and Zarah in those realms of fancy more common to seamen than to your sleepers of the land.

At eight o'clock A.M. the officers, as usual, were gathered, smoking, and lounging about the deck. A carriage drove to the mole, from which stepped the American consul, Captain Walford, and the surgeon. They looked grave, and the captain was unusually pale and silent. Receiving the official salutes, the three repaired to the cabin, and remained in evident consultation for some length of time. At last the consul left, and the doctor

came on deck, with an order that the captain must not be disturbed unless a change of weather occurred.

Something of importance had taken place, and curiosity, of course, was excited. It was not for some hours to be gratified, except in the case of Paul Forbes, whom the surgeon invited to walk with him, as he had a matter of moment to communicate. They were not absent long. On their return, it was evident that Paul had received intelligence that greatly excited him. He immediately opened his desk, and wrote the following letter:

"My dear Carmina and Zarah:

"I have no language to express my misery when the *diligence* bore you away, and left me alone, standing like a statue of silent grief. I felt as if cast by Fate upon a wide desert, with nothing around to relieve me from utter desolation. Yet, I own I was selfish, and should have uttered pæans of joy to think your trials were over, and, from scenes of misery, you were hastening to your kind aunt, who has no doubt ere this clasped you to her bosom and soothed your anguish.

"I did not intend to write before receiving the promised epistle informing me of your safety; but events so tragic and startling have occurred since your departure, and involving so prompt a punishment on your worst enemy, that I hasten to impart the history of the affair, as related to me by our surgeon, who in his professional capacity witnessed the event. I gather the following account from his personal statement:

"Last night the English consul entertained a large party of prominent persons at supper. From this vessel, Captain Walford and the surgeon alone attended. Whist

and other games of cards were a part of the entertainment. Our captain, with the French consul as his partner, enjoyed several games. About ten o'clock the commandant of the city entered the room. After greeting his acquaintances, he recognized Captain Walford, and immediately approached, with extended hand and smiling countenance. To the consternation of all present, the captain rose from his chair, eyed the Spaniard sternly, deliberately folded his arms, and turned his back. The insult was both cool and deliberate. The commandant flushed in the face, then became deadly pale, and with forced composure left the room.

"The French consul was sent for. He soon returned, with a note demanding explanations, and a proper *amende* for what he termed a gratuitous and uncalled-for insult, induced, the commandant was willing to believe, from some unaccountable mistake or misconception. Captain Walford called our consul to his side, and requested him to inform the commandant that his official recognition of him in the morning as a gentleman occurred before he had met the daughters of the late murdered General O——, and that American officers never grasped the hand of an assassin.

"'Of course,' said our consul, coolly, 'you have weighed the consequences of such a hostile message, and have decided to meet him?'

"A direct challenge, of course, passed, was accepted, and the meeting arranged for six on the following morning. Our surgeon received directions to render his professional services on the occasion. In order to relieve the party from social trammels, the captain, consul, and doctor quietly withdrew, and repaired to the American con-

sulate. Here our captain occupied himself in writing, and making such personal arrangements as were customary under the circumstances. The fire-eating consul overhauled his 'barkers,' as he termed them, and entertained the doctor with numerous stories connected with their history in various like affairs 'when he was younger, and more addicted to such social indulgences.'

"By midnight every arrangement was concluded, and both retired to seek a brief repose.

"At five this morning the three Americans entered a carriage, and through a Levant gale drove to the rendezvous. They waited but a few moments, when the French consul, with the commandant and surgeon, also arrived. It seems that the Frenchman insisted that his principal should remain with him all night—afterwards rather intimating his fears that, if the commandant had been left to himself, his action would not have been entirely free from treachery.

"Having accepted the position as second, the chivalric Frenchman determined to regulate the affair according to his national idea of honor. The paces were measured off, and it was easy to perceive that the natural pride of the Spaniard alone supported him, but did not altogether conceal some trepidation of spirit. On the other hand, our captain was pale, but as cold and inflexible as adamant. The antagonists were placed in position. The Frenchman won the word, which was to be given in Spanish: '*Alerte!—fuego!—uno—dos—tres!*'

"At the word 'one,' the commandant fired. His ball cut the collar of Captain Walford's coat, but neither startled him nor drew his fire, which he reserved for the word 'two.' Scarcely had it passed the Frenchman's

lips, when a light-blue smoke issued from the mouth of the pistol, and was followed by a sharp report, a heavy fall, and the murderer of your father lay stretched upon the earth, a ruddy stream gushing from a death-wound through the breast. The surgeon probed the wound, and pronounced it mortal. The body was placed by the seconds in a carriage, and the French consul conveyed it to the palace.

"Ere the seconds left the ground, a declaration, drawn up in duplicate, was signed by them, in which the origin of the affair was fully explained, and affirming the meeting to have been honorably conducted, and in strict accordance with the recognized Code of Honor. The French consul promised to furnish the commanding officer with a copy, in order that no personal annoyance should occur to Captain Walford.

"As the late commandant (who died ere reaching his residence) was universally detested by both officers and men, no trouble was anticipated, nor has any occurred. So you see, my dear girls, retribution came from a source least expected. The ways of Providence are inscrutable!

"Duty now calls me to the deck. For a time, farewell. This letter will be completed for the guard, who is to bring my anxiously-looked-for epistle. He returns again at six.

"3 P.M.—I obtained relief from deck, to inform you of a more startling piece of news than that already imparted.

"At one o'clock, an officer, an old friend of your respected father, arrived from Madrid with orders to assume command of this place—nay, more: to arrest the late commandant, and try him for forgery, false evidence,

and other heinous offences. It appears that the friends of your father in Madrid, on hearing of his execution, insisted upon a careful revision of the evidence by which he was unjustly condemned. It resulted in the utter repudiation of all the charges, the exculpation of his honor, and the exposure of the false evidence forwarded by the commandant.

"The excitement in Malaga is intense. A mob would not permit the burial of the dead body of the wretched man. When too late, honors are paid to the memory of your father. None were so laudatory as the cowardly 'friends' who turned his orphan daughters from their doors! One cannot but pity the weakness of poor human nature."

At four, as Paul was about to leave the deck, a horseman, recognized as the courier, rode to the mole. Delivering a letter, he received the promised reward, and pledged himself to return at five for an answer.

Paul opened, and read:

"DEAR, GENEROUS BROTHER:

"We have arrived in safety. Our reception by the kindest and best of kinswomen was all our sad hearts could desire. Folding us in her arms, she wept, covered us with kisses, and called us daughters of her heart. As yet, our sufferings have not been told. The courier waits; he can give us but a few moments' time, so it must be employed in pouring forth our gratitude and affection for you. God in heaven bless you! is the prayer of your devoted sisters,

"CARMINA and ZARAH.

"P. S.—We will send you a letter to Gibraltar, in care of your consul, with directions to forward to America if your vessel does not touch there."

Paul concluded his letter in time for the courier. The gale gradually expended its wrath, and every one thought the schooner would be enabled to sail in the morning At four A.M. a light breeze blew from the hills overlooking Malaga. Daylight, with rosy tints heralding the coming sun, appeared in the eastern horizon. Sail was made, the hawsers hauled on board, and instantly the little craft departed from the harbor. When some ten miles away from the mole, a calm—the usual successor of a storm—left them helpless on the Mediterranean Sea. And thus they lay for three days, drifting about at the mercy of every "cat's-paw."

On the morning of the fourth day a favorable African wind ruffled the sea, and bore the schooner swiftly on towards Gibraltar, where, at night, she arrived and anchored.

On the following morning the consul sent on board many communications. Paul became the recipient of one from his gentle Malaga sisters. It breathed eternal affection and never-ending gratitude. The commandant of Malaga had reinterred the remains of their idolized father with military honors, and had issued orders for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory, and restored his confiscated property to the rightful heirs. Thus, as far as a repentant Government could do honor to the dead and justice to the living, all in its power was done.

Paul answered the letter, and, ere nightfall, the dim

outline of the crouching lion of Gibraltar faded like a shadow amid the broken clouds of the eastern horizon.

When the sun rose on the following morning, no classic land loomed up, and the long, rolling seas of the Atlantic told a new story.

CHAPTER XXXI.

REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN NAVAL OFFICER.—NORFOLK AND ITS FAIR BEAU-CATCHERS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—SPOONY MIDSHIPMEN HALF A CENTURY AGO.—WALFORD'S FIRST LOVE.—PAUL GOES TO BALTIMORE FOR EXAMINATION.—GARLIC BILLY'S REVENGE.

TWENTY-NINE days of light winds and generous breezes, storms, and calms, found the schooner *Shark* passing between the frowning forts of Monroe and the Rip-Raps. A few hours, and the little craft lay snugly moored at the sheers-wharf of Gosport Navy Yard. Officers and men were permitted to go on shore, a watchman of the yard becoming the custodian of the vessel until the following day.

High in spirits, the reefers disentangled themselves from their crowded lair. The sight of oysters in every style of cookery brought to memory scenes of old delights, beautiful maidens versed in naval lore, picnics to the Dismal Swamp, and those genial flirtations so often ending in partnership for life.

Paul dined with his commander, who had recovered his elasticity of spirits and regained his old quaint humor under the influence of Norfolk's surroundings.

"Well, Mr. Forbes, although you have run the gauntlet of the Mediterranean, it does not follow that you will so easily escape the fair damsels of this city, where heart-

disease among young officers is a permanent epidemic. I feel for you—*dominus vobiscum*, as the learned have it."

A merry twinkle of his eye bespoke amusing reminiscences, and Paul determined to draw him out.

"I presume, in the early days of your naval career, you have often fitted out and sailed from this port?"

"You are right, my lad. For many months have I messed with thirty or forty reefers on board of the old *Macedonian*, before she was torn up and the new ship built. Wild boys they were—wilder than the present generation, though, as now, jollifications and love-makings formed the principal part of their nomadic existence."

"Were the young ladies of those times as pretty and interesting as of the present day?"

"Mr. Forbes, a leopard cannot change its spots, neither can a Norfolk girl be otherwise than beautiful and d—d dangerous. At school, their first-class reader is 'Dorsey Lever.' Every communion-Sunday they study the Navy Register; and when standing on the 'Bridge of Sighs,' with spooney midshipmen by their sides, they become instructors of astronomy, nautical romance, and the abstruse science of knotting and *splicing*. *Ex uno disce omnes*, as the learned have it. Their real and personal estate can be summed up in a few words: Pompey, oyster-tongs, and a piano. With these endowments, they launch upon the ocean of hymen, weather matrimonial cyclones, and raise recruits for the service. The only objection to them, according to my view, was the inevitable piano, and disposition to capture one *nolens volens*, as the learned have it. In days gone by (I do not believe times have changed much), the arrival of an eligible midshipman—one who studied hard, and promised well for a

single number in his date—became fair game. There was no infringement of delicacy, but as a waif on the sea of events, liable to be wrecked or stranded, he was regarded. Humanitarian mothers formed their daughters into benevolent societies, with the special object of leading the unsophisticated reefer into Paradise and rescuing him from single wretchedness and Billy-Pughs. The combination rarely failed. Bright eyes, dulcet songs, and unrivalled tactics, soon won the prize. The examination over, he became a passed midshipman and a Benedict, all in the space of one revolving moon in time —*E pluribus unum*, as the learned have it. In my day, sir, one could not wander through the fashionable streets at night without hearing from every respectable parlor the jingling of a piano or twang of Spanish guitars. I have heard the 'Captive Knight' and his grief from twenty separate voices, in passing along. That, though, did not indicate the presence of a reefer; but if the song, perchance, should be 'Beats there a heart on earth sincere,' 'The last link is broken,' or 'Come, rest in this bosom,' the outside party knew full well some reefers were caged, and undergoing the process of conversion to the true faith. Many a young gentleman has landed in this nautical city flattering himself with the idea of being an iron-clad, and impervious to the rifle-eyes of the Norfolk belles. Poor, deluded wretch! the bolts of Venus soon pierce his armor, make him douse his colors, and surrender at discretion."

"But, sir, how came you, and so many others, to escape?"

"In the most sanguinary conflicts, many live. All wounded do not die."

"Then I may infer that, while weathering the storms, you suffered in your spars and rigging?"

"*Rem acu tetigisti*, as the learned have it. My initiation into the labyrinth of Love's primeval bowers having occurred at so juvenile a period of my reefer apprenticeship, there is nothing disloyal to Mrs. Walford (the choice of my matured, and, I believe, happier fancy) in the relation of my young experience. By the by, French keeps royal old wine! Like himself, it improves on age and frequent testing. So, pass the sherry! Talking much induces thirst; and you know the old hackneyed adage, *in vino veritas*, as the learned have it.

"Well, sir, at the mature age of fourteen I became a midshipman in the navy. Orders to the sloop-of-war *Peacock* brought me up to this place. I was messed on board the receiving-ship, among a party of sentimental, guitar-playing, lady-killing midshipmen. The association was peculiar, and their influence directed my course. Though very young in point of fact, I fancied myself quite a man, and expected the same consideration from ladies that they extended to gentlemen of maturer years. They laughed at my precociousness, yet encouraged my weakness. The personal esteem I thought I inspired flattered my vanity, and brought serious ideas of matrimonial indulgence into my foolish pate. A young and pretty girl of fifteen, who fancied herself a lady at the age of discretion, became the object of my fond adoration.

"The passion was returned, and my attentions (I afterwards learned) afforded intense amusement to the father and mother, who threw no obstacles in the way of what they considered innocent amusement. But we were seri-

ous. Every Sunday I attended mass with her, the family being among the very few respectable Catholics of the place; and, though just as much of a Protestant bigot myself from education, the difference of faith, so far, did not disturb our mutual attachment. I danced with my love, carried her satchel to school, wrote amorous notes, and exchanged locks of hair—which, as you know, Mr. Forbes, is all in the programme of love-making. Early every morning we walked in the square together, making love and vowing eternal fidelity. At last we emerged from the poetic present, and indulged in practical anticipations of the future. The moment I had passed my examination (the matrimonial starting-post of Norfolk), Susan was to be mine.

"What gorgeous aërial palaces we reared, and peopled with our darling progeny! Susan seemed to think all this quite natural; but at the culminating point she paused, and was buried in reflection. I questioned with anxiety this sudden silence. Winding her arms around my neck, she softly whispered:

"'Robert—our—our children must be reared in my faith—as Catholics!'

"'Oh, no, Susan; that would be unfair!'

"'But, dear, I insist upon it!'

"'Well, do not let us disagree, but compromise. The girls shall be Catholics, and our boys Protestants.'

"'Indeed, sir, I cannot consent to such an arrangement.'

"'If so, I will not budge one inch from this resolve.'

"'Then, sir, we will consider the engagement broken.'

"'As you please, miss.'

"In silence and anger we left the romantic square. I escorted her to the paternal mansion. She entered with-

out a word, and I repaired on board, indignant, yet exceedingly miserable. That day my notes, lock of hair, ring, etc., were returned to me, and she demanded back her own. Appetite left me. Moody and wretched I paced the gun-deck, regarding myself as the most ill-used man that ever wore the Government uniform. An old midshipman became my confidant. He perused my letters, pretended to sympathize, but betrayed me to the mess, whose butt I became for many months.

"I made one cruise, then another. Time worked its perfect cure in more respects than one. My egotism vanished, and thoughts of matrimony troubled my brain no more for many years."

"Did you ever meet with your first love again?"

"Yes; some six years after, at the White Sulphur Springs. I was dancing in a cotillion. My *vis-à-vis*, a sprightly, dashing lady, seemed to be afflicted with an overwhelming amount of humor, and her laugh and looks indicated that I was the object of this mirth. It annoyed me. I examined my dress and my boots, arranged my cravat, and ran my fingers through my hair, fearing there might be something wrong or ridiculous in my apparel. It was of no use. Mischief gambolled in her eyes, and every time she caught my confused looks, Mr. Forbes, she absolutely roared.

"'Confound the woman!' I said to myself. 'If she's married and has a husband, he shall answer for this impertinence!'

"The dance concluded, I led my partner to her seat, and, in no good humor, started for the punch-bowl, to soothe the irritation to dignity. A gentle hand fell upon my shoulder, and a merry, musical voice whispered:

"'Oh, no, Susan; the girls may be Catholics, but our boys must be reared in my faith, as Protestants!"

"The recognition was instantaneous. Her husband joined us in the laugh, and three jollier, merrier people never recalled youthful absurdity with greater gusto."

Paul laughed very heartily, and thanked the captain for his anecdotes, observing that, as soon as his detachment arrived, it was his intention to proceed to Baltimore, where the board would meet, and apply himself diligently to study, carefully avoiding feminine seductions until the fiery ordeal was over.

As it was time for the play to commence, Paul bade adieu to Captain Walford, and proceeded to the venerable Avon Theatre. The performance was execrable, the audience slim, and he left in disgust. Stopping at Billy Pugh's (of memory famous), bivalves on the half-shell, washed down with juleps, brought midnight, and the well-known cry:

"Walk up, gem-um! de las' boat a-gwien o-var—a-gwien o-var!"

He was ferried across by the African Charon. The Portsmouth boarding-house gained, profound sleep invigorated his body; and when called to breakfast, the landlady had no cause to accuse him of a want of appetite.

The schooner was dismantled. Orders came to pay off the crew and place the officers on leave; with the exception of the midshipmen, who, entitled to an examination, received instructions to report in Baltimore at the expiration of three weeks.

All midshipmen appearing before the dreaded tribunal were required by law to present not only journals, but also letters of approbation from the different captains

under whom they had served. Captain Walford without hesitation gave his midshipmen the desired documents, all of which savored of his peculiarities. The following he handed to Paul Forbes when bidding him a cordial farewell:

"U. S. SCHOONER SHARK,
"NORFOLK, VA., June 10, 18—.

"This is to certify that Midshipman Paul Forbes has served with me on board of the United States frigate *Nautilus*, and also on this vessel, under my command.

"I consider him to be *merum sal*, as the learned have it, and richly entitled to the especial consideration of the Naval Board of Examination, who, in passing him with high distinction, will act *pro bono publico*, in accordance with the expressions of the learned. These judicious convictions are hereby submitted, and I have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"ROBT. WALFORD,
"*Lieut. Comdg. U. S. N.*

"*To the Honorable Members of the Naval Board of Examiners, Baltimore, Md.*"

The recipients of like certificates were highly amused; but, being aware that Captain Walford's idiosyncrasy was well known in the service, in which he was highly esteemed, they concluded to present them.

Paul arrived in the Monumental City, and prudently secured a quiet boarding-house, where, undisturbed, he could devote himself to those preparations the ordeal of examination demanded. His zeal was unabated until the meeting of the board and the gathering of the class,

amounting to some seventy anxious and expectant aspirants for professional advancement.

Proceeding to the Exchange Hotel, where the examinations were to take place, before reporting, he tarried in the ante-room, to glean, if possible, some information as to the character of the officers who were to fix his status in the navy.

A classmate by the name of Taylor, who unfortunately failed on his first trial, and was now about to embrace his last chance, offered to enlighten him.

"Well, Forbes, as you are a stranger to the 'bilgers,' I can post you from personal knowledge.

"Our President is 'Quicksilver Jimmy,' known to fame in our last struggle with John Bull. The natural gallantry and astuteness of his character is marred by impulsiveness and an unfortunate tendency to sudden prejudice. If his first impressions are favorable, no one is kinder or more considerate; but if, on the contrary, a prejudice is conceived, his ferret-eyes and crockery-smashing voice will promptly enlighten your anxious mind that that 'Jordan is a hard road to travel.'

"The second investigator of professional fitness is 'Garlic Billy.' Once he enjoyed reputation as an officer and seaman. Excessive piety, subsiding into fanaticism, has despoiled him of every genial attribute. He may be considered as but an echo to the capricious 'Tartar Jimmy.'

"Our third Triton is 'would-be literary C——,' who is deaf as a ring-bolt, but kind-hearted—and—incompetent. Profess to court the Muses, and demean yourself as if convinced he hears you; then, the helm, though called a 'monkey-tail,' will elicit an approving smile. Through

the blessings of his fractured tympanum I trust to weather the breakers and obtain a safe offing.

"Number four looms up before my alarmed fancy like an ancient Venetian headsman, bloody, decapitating axe in hand, vulture eyes gleaming with anthropophagi ferociousness, as he slaughters reefers without satiety.

"The heart of Jack G——, our royal Bengal tiger, was constructed out of lignum-vitæ. If anything harder existed, Nature would have used it. Strange to say, his voice is devoid of harshness; it is moderate, low, and alarmingly clear, as it pierces through you. Nevertheless, every inch of him is the accomplished seaman.

"The junior is 'Handsome Charlie,' the Beau Brummel of the navy. A more chivalric or high-toned gentleman never broke a biscuit. Professionally—well, he can handle a ship; but, Paul, I rather fancy marlinspike is not his specialty.

"The professors are two in number: Mr. W—— and good old Don R——. Of the former I have nothing to say that is flattering, only, that he certainly is no offshoot of the mathematician of Syracuse. Don R—— is the residuum of a noble original. Night suppers, garnished with liberal libations of whiskey, have somewhat despoiled the fine old fellow of that professional reputation so well deserved in days now vanished. His honesty and impartiality no incidental weakness can obliterate. Fresh and serene, he will now control his branch of the examination.

"There, I've given you a faithful sketch of the immortal seven who are to decide upon the relative merits of seventy anxious aspirants for naval glory and renown.

"I suggest that you report without delay. Jimmy is an exacting individual."

Accordingly, Paul appeared before the officials, presented his orders, registered his name, and departed without cause of complaint.

Sedulously continuing his studies, the ante-room was only occasionally visited, to observe the condition of his name on the "roaster." While there, he witnessed with considerable personal interest the feverish anxiety with which all entered the examination-room, and not unfrequently, with much pain, the look of anguish that marked the return of unfortunates. No announcement of the result was needed; it was invariably impressed with joy or sorrow on the different countenances. They received congratulations or sympathy from their companions, who were free from jealousy or petty feelings.

In the regular course of rotation, Paul's turn arrived. Armed with his journals and certificates, and feeling the importance of the trial, the reefer subdued his emotion, and entered with quiet self-possession. The veteran commodores perused his letters, and appeared to be considerably amused over that of Captain Walford.

The "Bengal Tiger" muttered savagely that he had never known an officer who indulged in Latin to be worth his salt as a seaman.

"Well, sir," said Jimmy, with some asperity of manner, "if, perchance, that officer ever performs duty on your quarter-deck, you will find a man of ability, whose professional knowledge is second to none in the service."

"It would be an anomaly," responded the Tiger.

Handsome Charlie warmly remarked:

"Lieutenant, or Captain Walford, with a few harmless

eccentricities, is a naval expert of the highest order of merit."

Here the dispute ended. The president turned Mr. Forbes over to the tender mercies of the Bengal Tiger, and his trial commenced. Answering the first general questions, he proceeded to launch his ship, masted, rigged, bent sails, stowed the hold, got in and mounted guns, received powder, shot, and shell, stationed officers and crew, got under way, and proceeded to sea.

"Hem!" ejaculated the Tiger, "very good, if it *is* parrot-like!"

Paul mastered his indignation, and bowed politely, determined that the harsh examiner should not confuse him. Departing from the general published systems, the Bengal Tiger proposed original and difficult questions, which the young gentleman answered promptly. All the accidents that could be conceived by a seaman's brain were hurled at Mr. Forbes, who exhibited so much readiness in his answers that he won the attention of the entire board. Knotting, splicing, bending cables, and tending ship at single anchor (the commodore's specialty), the reefer proved himself perfectly familiar with.

The last question propounded related to the hoisting of all a frigate's cutters when under way, and pressing through the waters under some critical necessity. Paul quickly comprehended the bearing of the question, remembering that, during the late war with England, the Tiger, as sailing-master of a famous frigate, by his thorough seamanship, when the wind rose, saved all her boats, that had been towing, to escape from the chasing squadron of the enemy. He answered accordingly. The vulture-eyes softened; vanity triumphed. A smile of

pleasure irradiated the stern countenance, and the Tiger actually complimented a midshipman!

This section of the ordeal concluded, Handsome Charlie examined the reefer's knowledge of practical gunnery, but with so much courtesy that Paul felt perfectly at his ease.

Navigation and its adjuncts wound up the score. The don put Paul through the phases of Bowditch. They navigated the trackless ocean, and passed to the glittering stars and fickle moon. Charts were projected, instruments explained, and the professor expressed his perfect satisfaction.

While the certificate was under preparation, Tartar Jimmy, whose prejudices were favorable, asked a few questions on international law. The document was duly signed, congratulations were offered, and Paul left the "lemon-squeezers," to receive the hearty greetings of his friends.

The board completed their labors, rejecting twenty-eight unfortunates. Some, it was thought, passed by especial favor. Out of the number who failed, but one case excited a murmur of disapprobation—that of Henry Logan, who came from the woods of Michigan, and in personal appearance resembled a grizzly. His face was not inaptly compared to a nutmeg-grater. With awkward figure and an ungainly manner, the first impression he gave was by no means favorable. All these deficiencies faded from sight as he conversed, for his mind was a magazine of knowledge and an engine of great power. His admiring friends had exhibited much solicitude for his success, and only feared his rough appearance might militate against him.

Paul, influenced by sincere regard, volunteered to aid him in all things. The offer was accepted, and when the process of improvement began, it excited no small amount of amusement, and particularly with Logan himself.

"I have no objection to your putting me through a course of sprouts," said he, "but, Paul, my friend, rest assured of one thing: all your ability, backed by your friendship for me, will never convert Henry Logan into the most remote approach to a *Narcissus poeticus*."

Forbes drilled him in his profession, in attitudes and graceful movements, governed his diet, carefully interdicting anything that would stimulate, applied cosmetics to his ruffled face, and in two weeks so completely revolutionized his countenance and improved his movements, that his friends hardly knew him.

The day of trial came. Zealous friends assisted him to dress with taste; and when fully rigged, for the first time in sixteen days a looking-glass was allowed to him. Long and earnestly he gazed upon the image reflected therein. An expression of astonishment was pictured on his countenance. At last, shaking a fist at the mirrored face, he exclaimed:

"Is that me? or is it some trick of fancy, appearing to torment me into the absurd belief that Henry Logan is, after all, a good-looking fellow? Now, if this will only last long enough, I will marry a fortune, and live in Paris!"

At the appointed hour Logan appeared before the board. No aspirants of the entire class were better posted, or more perfectly competent to triumph, under the most searching investigation of a just examination.

Unfortunately, Garlic Billy had been his commander

when the frigate lay in the harbor of Lisbon. While at the mole, in charge of one of the ship's cutters, a drunken English chaplain insulted him so rudely that he pitched him into the Tagus. Garlic Billy brought Logan to trial. The evidence of English officers acquitted him; but his fanatical captain could not forgive or forget this rough handling of a parson.

The prejudice worked to Logan's disadvantage with the board, in spite of the manly effort on the part of Handsome Charlie to secure justice and sustain merit. So warmly did he express himself, that the president, Quicksilver Jimmy, deemed it his duty to call him to order.

Poor Logan was thus cast out into the cold. Friendly sympathy warmed his genial soul, and he breasted the storm with manly fortitude, sustained as he was by the general acknowledgment of his unrequited merit. On the following year, untrammelled by fanatical prejudice, he passed with distinction; and if life had been prolonged to him, few officers would have enjoyed a higher reputation. A few years later he fell a victim to the pestilential miasma which swept away many noble spirits in the long and desperate Seminole war.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PAUL IN NEW YORK.—AN OLD FRIEND TURNS UP.—MR. RANDAL'S EXCITING NARRATION OF MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES.—LIKE ALL HEROES IN NOVELS HE RESCUES A YOUNG WOMAN FROM A BURNING BUILDING.—FORTUNATELY IT IS EMILY.—A HAPPY REUNION, UNDER PLEASANT AUSPICES.

WHEN the board adjourned, Paul proceeded to New York, to meet by appointment some Southern kinsfolk. His warrant as a passed midshipman in the navy came to hand, and Paul then felt that his cadetship had ended, and that he had won a standard position in a profession he so dearly loved.

With his warrant, other letters were handed to him. One, with a coronet-seal and foreign post-mark, he recognized to be from Lord Colfax. It had been written some five months previous to its reception, first going to his home in Virginia, from thence forwarded to Baltimore, and finally reaching its destination in New York.

The contents were friendly, and gave flattering evidence of the sincerity of Lord Colfax's esteem. As he opened the folds of the letter, a note fell from them, which he seized and read with eagerness. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAR PAUL:

"My father, being much occupied, has intrusted me with the sealing and directing of this epistle to you. The

temptation to write a few hasty lines is irresistible. Your interesting letter from Gibraltar gave my father and mother a pleasure which I shared in more fully than they dreamed of. Do not fancy that my memory falters, or that I will ever forget those happy hours in Leghorn. They are engraven on my heart. My dear mother is in such delicate health, it has become necessary to leave our English climate and seek one more congenial for an invalid. My father has decided upon Madeira, and we sail in a few days. How delightful it would be to me, if, perchance, duty should bring you to that beautiful island while we are there! I hope at some future day to meet you again. Affectionately,

"ROSE."

Paul Forbes had been constant in his affection for Miss Colfax, though calm reflection convinced him of the barriers that separated them—he a subordinate officer in the United States Navy, and she one of England's aristocratic beauties. Under these practical considerations he desponded, though he could not cease to love. Like a youthful romancer, he often indulged in the almost unnatural expectation that Miss Rose would cling to her first affection with fidelity, and eventually triumph over every obstacle to the consummation of "Love's young dream."

This brief and unexpected note from the lord's daughter excited his hopes and added fresh ardor to his affection.

The non-arrival of the expected friends made time hang rather heavily, particularly after his sudden relaxation from engrossing studies. Theatres cloyed him, and

all other public places of amusement and general interest ceased to be attractive. Afflicted with *ennui*, early one afternoon he sat in the small balcony of Cozzine's Hotel, gazing vacantly at the busy surroundings, and dreamingly recalling past associations beyond the Atlantic.

Suddenly a cheery, familiar voice dispelled his lethargy. It was Randal's. The young man sprang from an elegant carriage drawn by a pair of noble bays.

"Paul Forbes!" he shouted, while mounting the steps. "It is Paul Forbes, by all the heathen gods! Aha, my boy, I am wild with delight! It is really Paul, *in propriâ personâ*, as our quaint Walford would have it. God bless you, my dear fellow! But how thin you look! Did the 'bilgers' push you hard—reject you? I knew they could not! Phew! I'm out of wind! Fat, my boy—plethoric! Happiness shortens my breath. Now you may speak, while I recuperate my bellows; for it is easy to observe, my powers of endurance have somewhat weakened since we floated down the Nile, and rode on the back of a pyramid."

Paul assured Randal it was no more nor less than his friend and late messmate who appeared in natural flesh and blood.

"But, Ned, what sudden and inexplicable fortune has so enlarged your seven hundred and fifty per annum, as to enable you to indulge in this splendid turn-out—aye, and absolutely to retain it at your will?"

"Paul, I perceive you fancy that this is a hired affair. Such an insinuation I utterly scorn. Look at me, sir, and expire not with astonishment when you learn that your optic-rays embrace the veritable owner of the barouche

aforesaid! To you this is wonderful, I know; but New York is a city of wonders, and Paul Forbes shall witness more. But not a word! Jump in!"

When both were seated, Randal, in a voice of assumed sternness, shouted:

"John! Home!—You are astounded, Paul, and look for an explanation. I shall not gratify you, sir, until my ranch is reached; then, under my vine and fig-tree, the grand *dénoûment* will be trotted out, amid the acclamations of the assembled multitude."

The carriage stopped before a handsome mansion. Randal leaped out, and lugged Paul with him into the house like a wild man, singing out at the top of his voice:

"Emily! Emily!—Mrs. Randal! With all speed appear! I've captured Paul Forbes, my friend—your friend—everybody's friend! Tottle down, my rose-bud!"

Our hero gazed in bewilderment around the elegant apartment, while Randal, laughing immoderately, enjoyed his surprise. In a few moments a tall young lady entered the room, with a beaming countenance. She did not wait for an introduction, but offered Paul both hands with warmth.

"Most welcome, Mr. Forbes, of all friends! You are indeed most truly welcome!"

Paul blundered out a handsome acknowledgment, in spite of his confusion and bewilderment.

Recovering from his mirth, Randal, with a great pretence of ceremony, said:

"Passed Midshipman Paul Forbes, of the United States Navy, I have the honor to officially introduce to

your distinguished consideration and brotherly affection, Mrs. Randal, of 'soft-soap' renown!"

The announcement excited much merriment, which Paul was now enabled to enjoy.

"Yes, my boy. On my arrival in New York, Emily sent for me, remarking she must have her Edward, or cease to live. The natural humanity of my disposition influenced me to prevent a case of suicide; and, to save life, I sacrificed my independence, and bestowed upon this lovely applicant my hand and *fortune*."

"Mr. Forbes, you are no stranger to the long-range of Mr. Long-Bow!" laughingly exclaimed the wife. "His steerage habits still cling to him. However, you shall have the true story, and put this unblushing fibber, if possible, to shame."

"All in due time," said Randal. "The inner man is indicating the dinner-hour; and, as the story is a long one, let us fortify for the infliction."

A pleasant conversation ensued, shortly interrupted by the pompous butler announcing dinner.

Around a luxurious board were seated Mrs. Leonard (Emily's mother), Mrs. Randal, Paul, and the ex-passed midshipman. Randal had already informed his friend of his resignation from the service.

After the dinner had been enjoyed, a significant nod from the host caused the removal of the cloth, and the consequential butler placed a decanter of old Madeira on the table. Its circulation was prompt, and under its genial influence Randal told his story.

"Well—or *imprimis*, as the learned have it—I arrived in New York with the floating hospital, reported, was soon relieved of all responsibility, and placed on leave of

absence. Mindful of the modesty of my purse, I put it not to the blush, but again moored myself to the old boarding-house of tender memories. The only familiar face that greeted me belonged to my simple and kind-hearted landlady. Those who formerly smiled a friendly greeting to 'the captain,' had vamoosed to parts unknown.

"It is singular, Paul, how, breathing again the atmosphere of a place where intense feeling has been excited, how nervously anxious one becomes to revive that past, and again see each and every locality connected with events treasured in memory.

"My first steps were directed to the mansion of my lost Emily. I passed the door; a strange name was plated there. Turning the corner, with the shuddering desire of gazing at that fatal garden, great was my astonishment to find it had disappeared, and on its site a row of stately houses stood. I hurried into Canal street. The flourishing grocery was gone, and had given place to a large dry-goods establishment. No one in or about those premises could give me any information about Mr. Leonard. The 'City Directory' never crossed my mind. All inquiries failed, and, with a feeling of despondency, I believed my Emily to be lost to me forever. Strange as it may seem to you, Paul, I felt confident she would not forget me, nor cease to love me, in spite of paternal opposition.

"Society I tabooed; excursions were detestable. By chance, I made the acquaintance of a gentlemanly actor. He was a man of merit, interesting, talented. We became intimate. Through him the green-room was reached, and the tinsel-heroes of the drama became my

principal associates. One evening, Forrest, in Othello, drew me to a proscenium-box, kindly secured by my actor-friend. I had no desire to witness the farce, and as my friend had ended his services for the night as Cassius, I accepted an invitation to accompany him to his rooms for the enjoyment of oysters and brandy. He resided some distance up-town, to avoid interruption and temptation from his studies. The night was cool, and the air braced me like a tonic. I enjoyed the walk, the association, the supper and its libation. At midnight I bade this kind friend adieu, and was retracing my footsteps to my solitary chamber.

"I had progressed but a few streets, when the cry of 'Fire!' startled me. Bells rang, and engines rattled over the pavements. Listlessly I followed the direction taken by the firemen, and arrived at the scene of conflagration. Two buildings were wrapped in flames. Approaching quite near, my attention was suddenly arrested by the agonizing shrieks of a woman in distress. She was wringing her hands with agony, calling on the firemen, in a voice of anguish, to save her daughter. One of the hardy firemen replied:

"'Too late, my lady!—too late! No one could enter that house and escape a dreadful death!'

"The impulse to dare—perchance to save—came over me, and, rushing to the suffering mother, I asked:

"'What chamber does your daughter occupy?'

"'Oh, *that*, brave sir!—that one on the second story, to the left!' she exclaimed, in agony. 'Save her, for the love of God!'

"Throwing off my coat and tossing it to the distracted mother, I said:

"'My name is Edward Randal. If I am never seen alive again, it will be because I perish in the effort to save your daughter.'

"While I was dashing through the crowd to reach the ladder resting on the designated window-frame, an effort was made by the firemen to frustrate my intent. Pushing me back, they exclaimed:

"'Madman, you will throw your life away to no purpose! Do you think, if the girl could be saved, we would not do it?'

"Enraged at the interruption, with unnatural might I hurled them back, and began ascending the ladder-rounds. 'Down! down! down!' cried the frightened multitude. 'Pull him back! pull him back! He's mad!'

"Nerved to desperation and steerage chivalry, dear Paul, I pushed on towards the window. The roar of voices was hushed; nothing was heard but the howling of the flames as they hissed like fiery serpents around the devoted building. I reached the window, smashed in the sash, and sprang into the room. I found a young woman lying senseless on the floor. Clasping her in my arms just as the flames burst into the room, I rushed to the window. Inky smoke darkened my means of escape. 'O God,' I ejaculated, 'give a breath of air, that we may be saved!' An answering gust of wind cleared the atmosphere. I saw the ladder-rounds. Amid falling cinders and the shouts of the multitude I slowly and cautiously descended. Oh, how my heart beat with joy and pride as the danger was gradually left behind!

"When some eight feet from the ground, I felt the ladder move. Down, down it settled, and then followed

a dull, hollow, unearthly sound, making the very ground to quiver as the huge building sank to its burning foundation.

"I bore my burden, I knew not where. Voices blessed and cheered me. A woman kissed me frantically. I heard no more. Human endurance was exhausted. I swooned upon the pavement.

"The revival of consciousness brought with it excruciating torture. My hands, arms, neck, and body were swaddled in bandages. My parched lips showed the raging fever within. By my bed stood a physician, feeling one exposed pulse, and giving, in a low tone, medical directions.

"'Where am I?—and what has occurred?' I exclaimed, feebly.

"'Be quiet, Mr. Randal,' said a gentle voice; 'the doctor forbids conversation. Rest assured, the preserver of my daughter's life is very dear to me; and nothing that gratitude can accomplish will be neglected to assuage your suffering and bring back health.'

"An anodyne was softly administered by a tender and delicate hand—so softly and gently, that it made me long to view the ministering angel. The room was deeply shaded, and only left the imagination full play. Had this occurred while we were in Europe, I certainly should have fancied some lovely princess was my nurse.

"For days my bodily anguish was dreadful. Gradually the pain diminished, and my appetite returned. When the first signs of hunger manifested themselves, I mentally exclaimed, 'Ned Randal, you are all right, my boy, particularly if your beauty is not spoiled!' I asked for a light. They feared for my eyes; but so urgent

became my importunities, that they reluctantly withdrew the curtains.

"Standing by my bed, in all her beauty and freshness, was my beloved Emily! (Pardon the flattery, my dear! The theme is exciting as well as romantic, and I must indulge in the poet's license.) With a shout of joy, I would have jumped out of bed to embrace her. Gently restraining the impulse, she pressed her lips to mine, and murmured, 'Edward, you rescued me from an awful death! My life henceforth is dedicated to your happiness!'

"It was a brief interview, Paul, but so replete with bliss, that I felt like one rescued from the tortures of the damned, and transported to Paradise.

"In brief, my friend, from that time my improvement was rapid. I could soon enjoy an easy-chair, and quietly listen to an explanation of all the events that had followed my unconsciousness. Mrs. Leonard said that, when I had rescued Emily from the burning house, I fainted. A friend and neighbor of hers, seeing my condition, and learning that I was the hero of the night, caused me to be conveyed to her house.

"In time, the damages caused by the fire faded, and 'Richard was himself again.' Emily explained everything that required explanation. Her father fancied neither me nor my profession, and regarded my association with his daughter as likely to disrupt some of his preconceived plans for her future. Discovering what he deemed to be improper conduct in the garden-scene, he used it to enforce the writing of the letter that terminated our association. Fortunately, her departure for the country caused the loss of my package, and the impudent response never reached its destination.

"Twenty months ago the old gentleman suddenly died intestate, leaving a large and untrammelled estate. Coming into the possession of an ample fortune, Mrs. Leonard moved to a more congenial section of the city, and into the mansion from whose destruction by fire her daughter Emily was singularly and providentially rescued by her lover; for, in spite of all my vagaries, the soft-soap lassie ever truly reigned queen of my heart.

"During my illness, Mrs. Leonard purchased and furnished this house as a wedding-present—not to Emily, but for her Salamander.

"Restored to health, I demanded my reward. Emily, like an honest debtor, paid my bill, and I receipted it at the sacred altar. Never having observed a cloud upon her brow, I flatter myself Emily is a happy wife.—Are you not, my dear?

"Pass the rosy, Paul. I see my story has moistened all eyes. A sure cure is, to moisten the lips with the mellow juice of the grape. We will dissolve into a mutual admiration society, and drink to 'our noble selves.'"

The genial reunion was startled by a loud ring of the front-door bell. In a few moments the butler announced, in a loud, pompous voice:

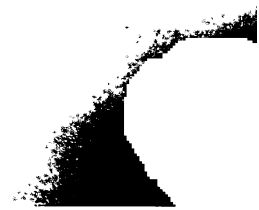
"Mr. and Mrs. Pembrook, nurse, and infant."

Rapturous was the greeting. Mrs. Randal and her mother had met the Pembrooks at Saratoga, and, consequently, introductions were unnecessary.

Ienze appeared to be the personification of happiness. Her bliss was reflected in the countenance of her manly husband, as he returned her gentle glances of faith and love.

The old friends and new gathered around the board, and the sparkling epernay flowed freely as the gentlemen recalled the scenes of the past, and listened with earnest sympathy to Paul's narration of the sad tragedy which closed his romantic association with the beautiful sisters of Malaga.

Although earnestly solicited to remain, Paul declined accepting his friend's hospitality for the present, and, bidding the party good-night, went musingly to his hotel.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

SAD NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—PAUL'S DISTRESS.—RETURN TO VIRGINIA.

ON the following morning our young gentleman was aroused from his deep slumbers by the loud voice of Randal at his door.

"Hallo, Rip Van Winkle! Paul Forbes, arouse thee, my jolly sailor-boy! Do you intend to caulk away *ad infinitum*, as the learned have it?"

When the bolt was withdrawn, Randal rushed into the room with his usual boisterous manner.

"Well, old fellow, are you aware that it is four bells?" (ten o'clock.)

"No, Randal; I have slept too profoundly to be conscious of any knowledge of time. Sit down. I'll soon be rigged, and ready for my breakfast."

"Well, dash ahead! At twelve o'clock I propose to take Pembrook and yourself to the navy yard. Though no longer a member of the national aquatic fraternity, I regularly, from old custom, visit the yard on the first of every month. Would you believe it, Paul, that, after my marriage, and divorce from the navy, I called on the purser from force of habit on pay-day? The old chap gave me a month's pay, as had been his wont; but on my leaving, he was reminded that I was no longer an officer in the service. He became quite irate, and was on the

point of having me arrested as a swindler, when I re-entered his office and returned the check, with an apology for the confounded absence of mind that caused me to commit such an absurdity. Old Banyan looked dubious, and was about to indulge in some expressions of anger, when a general laugh at the oddity of the circumstance disarmed him, and we parted very good friends. Though, if I had left the yard without restitution, there is no doubt I would have enjoyed an acquaintance with the Tombs—which would have effectually cured me of my nautical idiosyncrasy. It is hard, Paul, to wean one's self from Uncle Sam's milk, after passing so many years in his nursery."

"That was just like you, Randal! And I should not be astonished at any time to hear of your visiting some sea-bound frigate and assuming charge of the gun-deck, merely from absence of mind and force of habit."

"You are unusually slow in donning your rigging, my boy. Such was not your way in the other days 'when we went courting.' Bear a hand and titivate! In the mean-time, I will con over the morning *Herald*."

"Gracious heavens, this is terrible! And our acquaintances, too!"

"What is that?" asked Paul.

"I'll read. It is a paragraph from the London *Times*:

"'We are shocked to learn, from the statement of the only surviving officer of the ill-fated *Antelope* (the full particulars of whose loss we published yesterday), that among her unfortunate passengers were Lord and Lady Colfax and daughter. This melancholy intelligence is authenticated by the arrival of the steamer *Banshee*, as

she brings letters confirming the departure from Madeira of the distinguished persons whose unhappy fate we announce to-day.' "

Paul sank upon the sofa with a heart-rending groan, and gave way to excessive grief.

Randal looked distressed and confused.

" Indeed, my dear fellow, I had entirely forgotten your great interest in the Colfax family—knew there was quite an intimacy with the daughter when in Leghorn, but thought it a mere boyish fancy, long ago washed away by the Levanter spoon-drifts. Pardon my carelessness about letting out this sad news. I am very thoughtless."

His friend sobbed bitterly, and Randal felt that consolation was beyond his power, and that in solitude the sufferer would find the best relief. He left, promising to call again in the course of the day.

Some time elapsed before Paul acquired sufficient composure to again mingle among the kind friends who lavished sympathy upon him in endeavoring to mitigate his distress.

Finally, he bade Randal and his family farewell, and returned to his home in Virginia; the great physician—Time—alone having the power to heal his sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PAUL IN LONDON.—ROSE RESURRECTED.—SHE ADDS A CHAPTER TO THE BOOK.—ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—EXEUNT OMNES.

SOME six months have elapsed since Paul parted from his friends in New York, a portion of which time he passed with kinsfolk in the valley of Virginia. His sojourn at home was interrupted by a turn of happy fortune, that, like the magic carpet of Prince Houssain, transported him to London, where we now find him right royally domiciled in Grosvenor Square.

At this moment he is engaged in the perusal of a novel, written by a friend, in which Paul Forbes figured conspicuously as one of the *dramatis personæ*. Over his shoulder, also interested in the manuscript, leans a graceful lady, who interrupts the reading with a musical laugh, and exclaims:

"Why, my dear husband, your friend has consigned me to a watery grave, giving as his authority for my summary disappearance from the pages of 'Nautilus,' the London *Times*. It is evident the gentleman is but a chance reader of that distinguished journal, for he seems to be ignorant of its having, at a subsequent date, resurrected me in the most flattering manner—nay, more: heralded with a flourish of trumpets my happy passage

of the matrimonial Rubicon. You must add a final chapter, Paul, and let the romantic and sympathizing readers learn that your Leghorn sweetheart is not a mermaid, wandering through the coral caves of Neptune's wide domains, dressed in sea-weed and adorned with cockle-shells."

"Your indignation is very natural, my dear," said Paul; "but the offence is excusable when it is considered that my friend resides in Richmond, Virginia, and was no doubt ignorant, until recently, of your rescue from the *Antelope*, and change of name. With your aid the chapter shall be written, as the curious always like to hear of marvellous escapes."

"It is certainly rather a novelty in literature," said the young wife, "for one of the characters in a book, who has been consigned by the author to an untimely grave, to reappear, and in her own person tell her story. It must be done, however; and if your friend does not fancy the addition, he can launch his craft as he pleases. The history of my rescue from the *Antelope* must be related in my own way, and as briefly as is possible when a woman is the narrator.

"The steamer *Antelope*, in which we sailed from Madeira, was considered a stanch vessel, well commanded and officered. For forty-eight hours the weather was delightful, but during the night of the second day a fearful storm arose, that severely tested the ship's capacity. However, no alarm was felt until the following night, when the passengers were aroused by a crash under the stern, and the vessel falling off into the hollow of the waves, where she rolled frightfully and was boarded by heavy seas. We soon learned that the racing of the

engine had broken the shaft, and the propeller was consequently wrenched from its position. It was some time before sail could be set to bring the steamer head to sea, and then the whispered report of a leak produced great consternation.

"The vessel pitched fearfully, and it was next to impossible to stand without support. About two in the morning, Mr. Hardy, the chief officer, whispered to my father that the steamer would founder in a short time, and desired him, without excitement, to come with his family to the starboard after life-boat. We were soon seated, and firmly secured to the thwarts. To the appalling ocean-scene were added the shrieks of the passengers. All the efforts of the captain to dispose of them judiciously among the boats utterly failed, and a scene that beggars description was enacted amid the howling of the storm and sinking of the vessel.

"Mr. Hardy labored incessantly to collect those assigned to his charge, but without success. Only four of the unfortunate passengers besides ourselves could be induced to enter the life-boat. Two seamen attended the falls, and one the gripes, all secured with life-lines. (You see, Paul, my adventures have taught me some smattering of seamanship.)

"While waiting with the hope of saving others, the ship gave her last death-lurch, and disappeared, amid cries of agony too awful to describe. Our boat was torn from the davits by a rolling sea, and away we were borne on its boiling foam. Death seemed inevitable, for the waves broke over us, and nothing but superhuman exertions on the part of our brave crew relieved the boat

from water when temporarily becalmed between the mountain seas.

"As the bailing lightened the life-boat, the air-tight compartments floated her buoyantly, and all felt that there was yet hope. Mr. Hardy steered with skill, and to his seamanship, under Providence, were we indebted for our miraculous escape.

"When the dull, leaden day dawned, nothing was to be seen but wild billows and murky clouds. Towards noon the storm moderated, and gleams of blue sky broke through the gloom overhead.

"'The hurricane has done its worst,' said Mr. Hardy, speaking for the first time since leaving the *Antelope*. 'With the blessing of Heaven we shall yet reach the shore, or be taken up by some passing vessel.'

"A murmur of thanksgiving was uttered by the despairing and half-drowned party. By three in the afternoon the aspect of affairs had much improved. The sea subsided, and the sun shone forth with cheering warmth upon our shivering party. Later, the wind moderated sufficiently to enable sail to be set, and our helmsman headed northeast, expecting, unless rescued, to reach the coast of Ireland.

"'We certainly have great reason to be grateful to God for His merciful protection!' said my father. 'I trust we may soon be picked up by some friendly bark, before suffering comes in the form of starvation and thirst.'

"'Do not distress yourself on that score, my lord,' said Mr. Hardy. 'Under every thwart you may observe well-secured breakers of water. In the air-tight compartments I have stored provisions for at least twelve days. As

soon as the sea abates, they can be produced without danger.'

"Before sunset the circular tops of the tanks were unscrewed, and, to our delight, blankets, meat, bread, and wine were brought forth. It is needless to say how much this our first meal in the life-boat was enjoyed. When the sun went down, wrapped in the blankets, we sank to slumber. Monotonous days were passed in anxious watching for vessels. Several were observed in the distance, and we saw their white sails disappear with a sadness at heart which can hardly be described.

"Mr. Hardy was careful, and catered judiciously. When occasional rains occurred, the sail was lowered for the purpose of catching water to replenish the supply. All danger of our becoming anthropophagi was averted by the forethought of the intelligent chief officer.

"On the morning of the ninth day the sun arose in grandeur, marking out an unusually well-defined horizon, except directly ahead, where some singular clouds broke the sameness of the view. Mr. Hardy gazed upon them with earnest attention, and suddenly exclaimed:

"'Thank God! land is in sight!'

"Startling indeed was this announcement.

"'What land do you think it is?' was the general question.

"'As for some days we have been headed off to the southward by the changing wind,' he replied, 'I am confident that we are running for the coast of France.'

"The sea was smooth, the breeze strong, and the boat rapidly neared the shore. In a short time, to our great joy, domes and spires appeared in view.

"'How fortunate,' said the mate, 'to make a harbor at

once! I have no idea what port it is; but it matters little, so we land in safety.'

"Numerous vessels passed quite near, and from one we learned that our destination was La Rochelle.

"In a few hours we were settled in a pleasant hotel. The relaxation of my nerves after their late unusual tension brought on an attack of brain fever. While delirious, the only secret of my life was betrayed.

"My parents, I afterwards learned, were startled and distressed, as their plans for my future were not connected in any way with Mr. Paul Forbes.

"In time, by the aid of skilful physicians and good nursing, I recovered, and we started for 'home, sweet home.' Our advent in London produced quite a sensation. After numerous congratulations and demonstrations of affection and regard, we settled into our old domestic ways, and then I wrote to you, Paul. The letter was placed among others to be mailed. It attracted my father's attention, as he recognized the handwriting. I was summoned to attend him in the library. Mamma was present.

"'Rose, my dear,' said my father, 'two circumstances have occurred which cause your mother and myself to fear that you cherish a secret affection. Are we correct?'

"As you may suppose, Paul, I was startled; but, having determined to embrace the first opportunity for making a full confession, I spoke out frankly and fearlessly:

"'You are correct, father.'

"'From your language when delirious in La Rochelle, we have supposed that the young American naval officer, who attracted our friendly regards while in Leghorn, is the person on whom you have bestowed your love.'

"'It is even so, sir.'

"'But, my child, he was a mere passing acquaintance, of but one day's association!

"'It was quite long enough for me to respond to his avowed affection, which has but increased with the lapse of time.'

"'Rose, I can excuse this romantic episode, but must condemn its clandestine feature.'

"'It is the first time in my life, dear father, that I have withheld my confidence from you and mamma. My motive was, to let time test my heart. The trial has been made, and developes no change of feeling. In this request for an explanation you but anticipate my intended action.'

"'You know nothing of this young gentleman,' resumed my father, 'beyond his official position. Love at first sight is an absurdity. Be reasonable, my dear child, and disenchant yourself of this folly.'

"'It is impossible! I love Mr. Forbes dearly; and, in extenuation of the sudden affection, I have merely to urge the example of my honored parents, who both loved on first acquaintance, and wisely confided their happiness to each other nevertheless.'

"This home-thrust produced a smile from both parents, and thus the interview ended. Some months passed, during which time my loyalty to you was taxed in vain.

"One morning, during breakfast, as usual, the mail was placed before my father. He opened a letter stamped 'British Legation, Washington City,' and soon became absorbed in its contents. Mamma inquired if his communication was more interesting than his breakfast.

"Smiling, he replied:

"'Yes, my dear, for the time of its perusal. But, as Rose is interested, she can read it, and spoil her breakfast while I enjoy mine, as

> 'Tidings doth it bring, and lucky joys,
> And golden times, and happy news of price.'

"The document was from the British Minister residing in Washington City, and responded most satisfactorily to certain inquiries as to the character and standing of Mr. Paul Forbes. My noble father, affectionately considering the happiness of his daughter, withdrew further objections, and you were invited to visit England.

"Thus, love at first sight proved no absurdity, and passed as an inheritance to the second generation. And now, my dear, you are moored with golden anchors to my side, no more to roam, like a stormy petrel, from sea to sea."

"Many thanks, dear Rose, for thus aiding my literary friend! I am sure he will be grateful."

"Well, Paul, if *he* is not, the softer sex will be, as it announces that Rose is 'resurrected,' and now the happy wife of the ex-reefer Paul Forbes."

The yarn is spun. Into "ordinary" the *Nautilus* is moored, her *dramatis personæ* discharged. Dismantled, and shorn of her beauty, as a hulk she remains, until in later days she is repaired for another cruise, not in classic seas, but in more familiar waters, where the war-trump unhappily sounds, and the Federal blue meets the Confederate gray in deadly and unnatural strife.